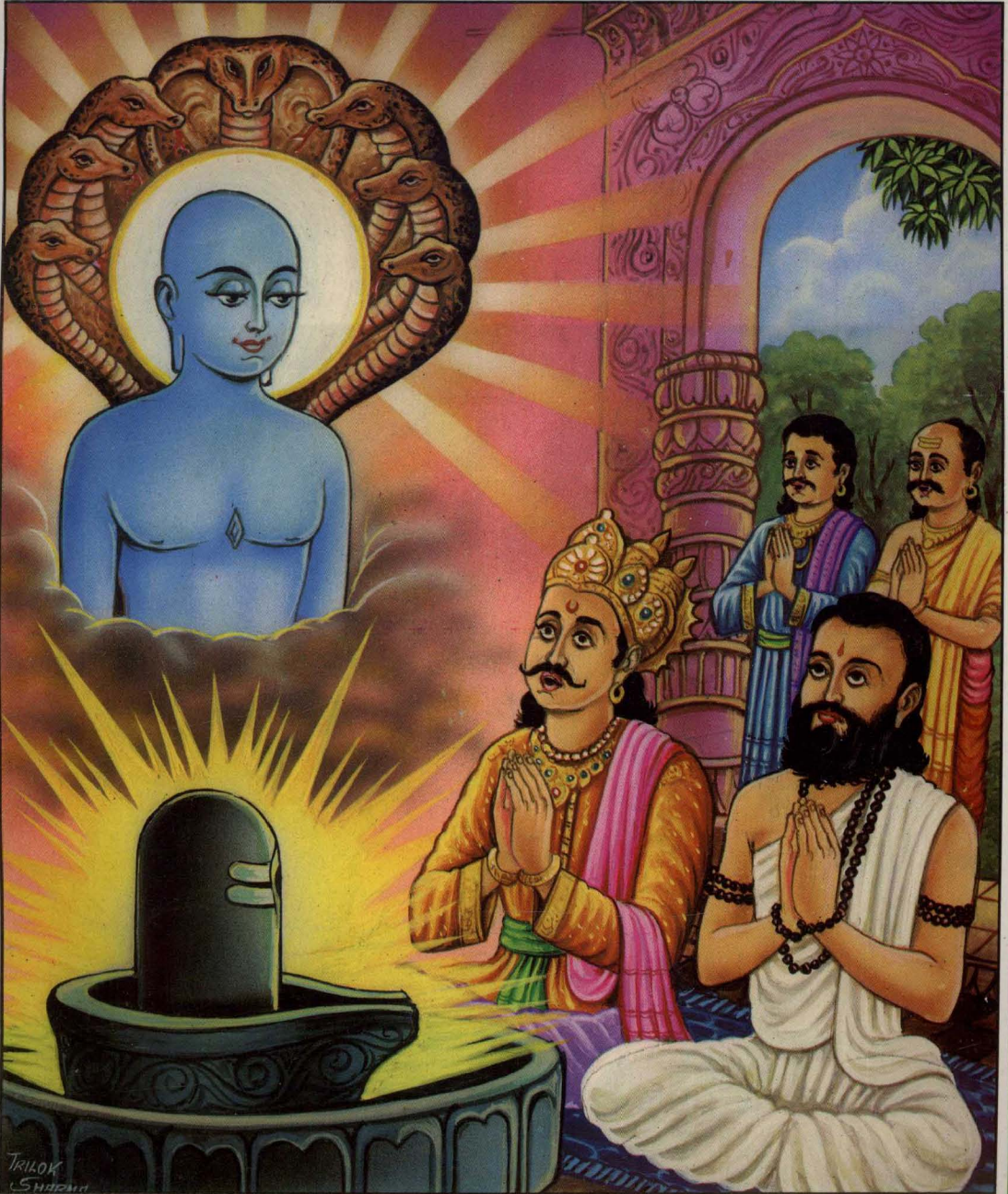




A Mahavir Seva Trust Presentation

Emperor Vikramaditya

Vol.
50-51-52
Rs. 75.00



EMPEROR VIKRAMADITYA

Other than Shri Rama and Shri Krishna, the only one whom sovereign Indian history remembers as a founder and propagator of policy of justice and public welfare all over India is Emperor Vikramaditya.

The popular Indian calendar is named after Emperor Vikram. The current year being Vikram Samvat 2058 confirms the antiquity of Vikramaditya. Historians believe that the Vikram calendar started sometime around 56-57 BC. This was the most glorious and peaceful period of Emperor Vikramaditya's reign. He honoured scholars and was a scholar himself. He revered and respected all religions and their leaders.

Acharya Siddhasen Divakar was a contemporary of Emperor Vikramaditya. He finds a place in Jain history as an epoch maker scholar and author. He wrote many important books that rank highest in the fields of logic and philosophy. Acharya Siddhasen was a supporter of the radical and revolutionary thinking in Jainism. With his intellect and knowledge he amply promoted the Jain order. Influenced by his scholarship and strength of austerities, Emperor Vikramaditya became an ardent supporter of Jainism.

We are indebted to Vidvadratna Pravachan Prabhavak **Acharya Shri Jinottam Surishvarji M. Sa**, the successor of Pratishtha Shiromani Vidvad Varenja Acharya **Shri Sushil Surishvarji M. Sa**, who has kindly written this picture-story for us.

—**Srichand Surana 'Saras'**

Written by :

Acharya Shrimad Vijaya Jinottam Surishvarji M. S.

Editor :

Srichand Surana 'Saras'

Managing Editors :

Dr. Mansukhbhai Jain, Sanjay Surana

Translator :

Surendra Bothara

PUBLISHERS

MAHAVEER SEVA TRUST

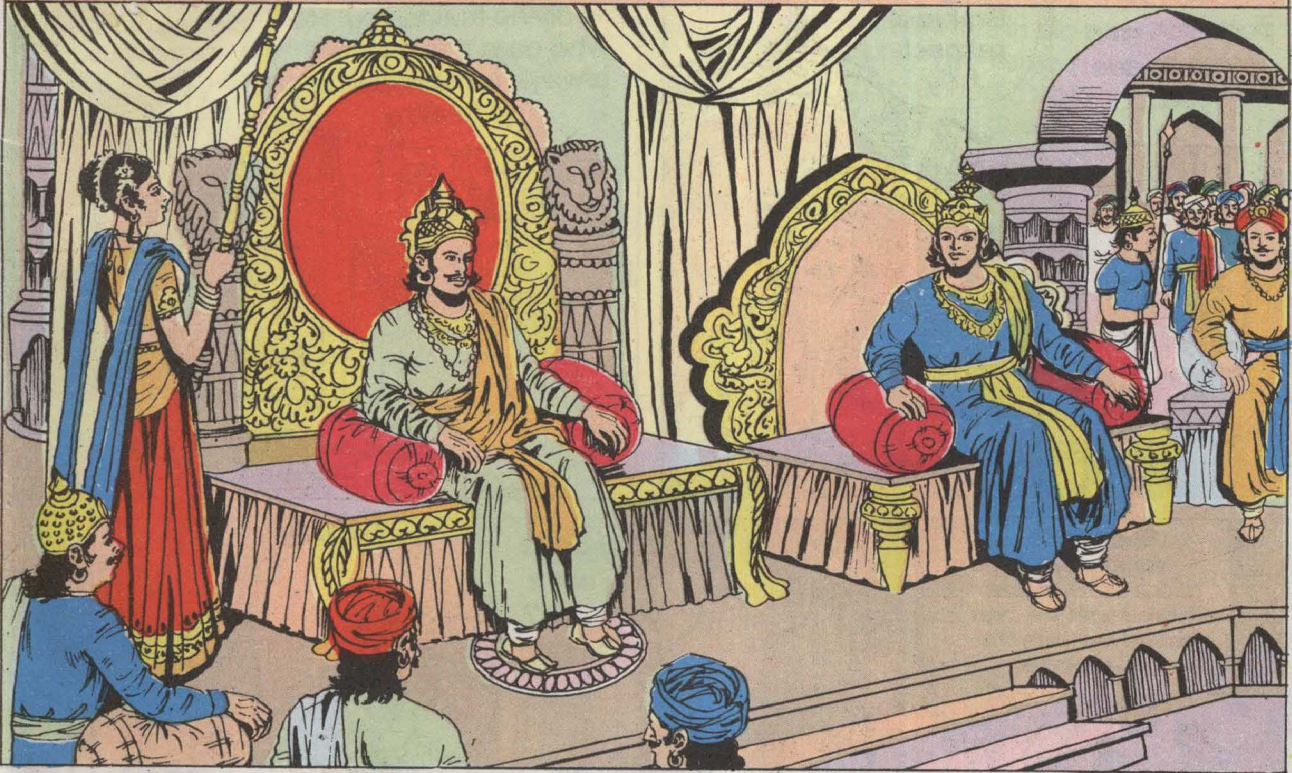
A-7, SAGAR NIWAS, 1ST FLOOR, OFF MANCHHUBHAI ROAD, MALAD (E),
MUMBAI-400 097. PH. (O) 28811397

SHREE DIWAKAR PRAKASHAN

A-7, AWAGARH HOUSE, OPP. ANJNA CINEMA, M.G. ROAD,
AGRA-282 002. PH. : (0562) 2151165, 2525020. E-mail : sansuman21@rediffmail.com

EMPEROR VIKRAMADITYA

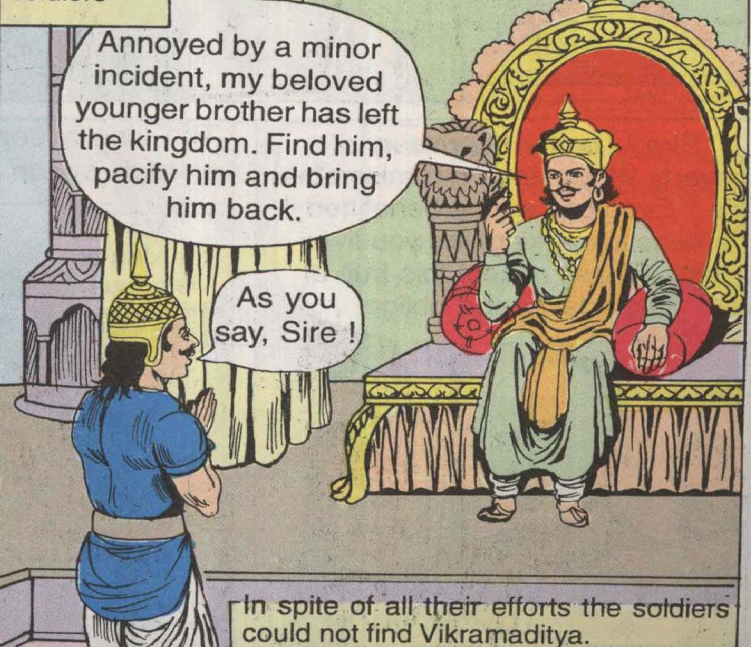
King Gandharvasen of Avanti had two sons—Bhartrihari and Vikramaditya. After the death of their father, Bhartrihari became the king and Vikramaditya the crown prince. Bhartrihari was a learned and just king. He loved his younger brother very much and appreciated his intellect, justness and other virtues.



One day Queen Anangasena, Bhartrihari's wife, insulted prince Vikramaditya. Hurt by this Vikram left home without telling anyone.



When Bhartrihari came to know of this, he instructed his soldiers—

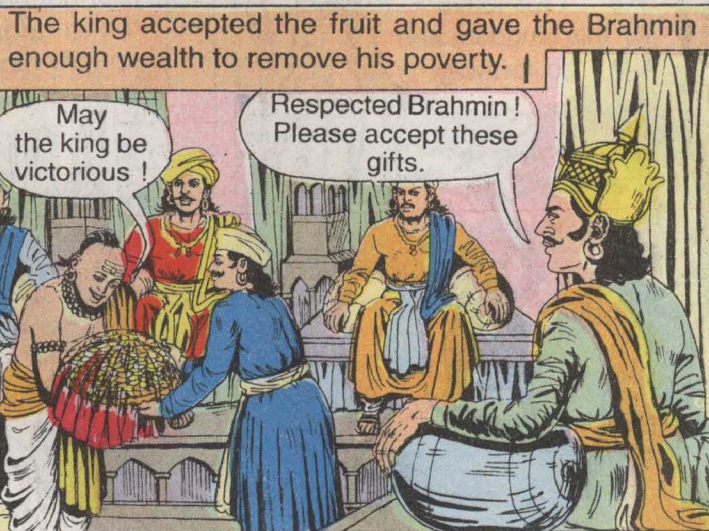
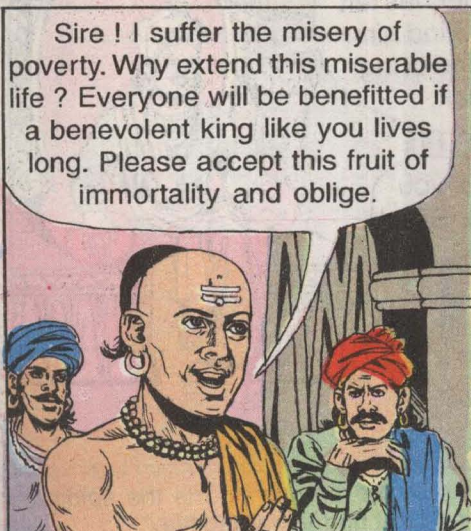
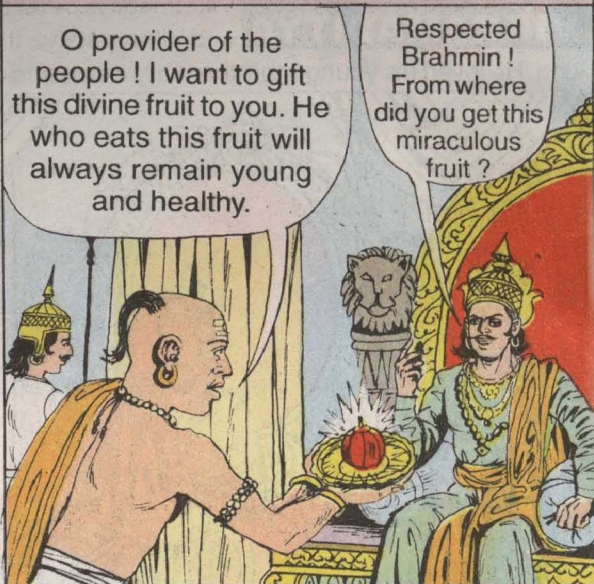


In spite of all their efforts the soldiers could not find Vikramaditya.

One day while a gloomy Bhatrihari was sitting in his court, the guard came and informed—

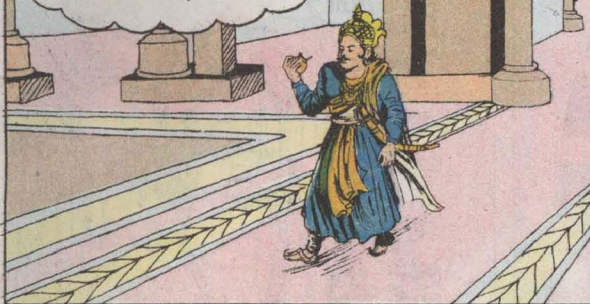


Blessing the king, the Brahmin offered a fruit to the king—



In the evening, on way to the palace Bhartrihari thought—

Why eat this fruit of immortality myself. It would be good if I give it to my beloved queen.



On arriving in the palace Bhartrihari told the queen—

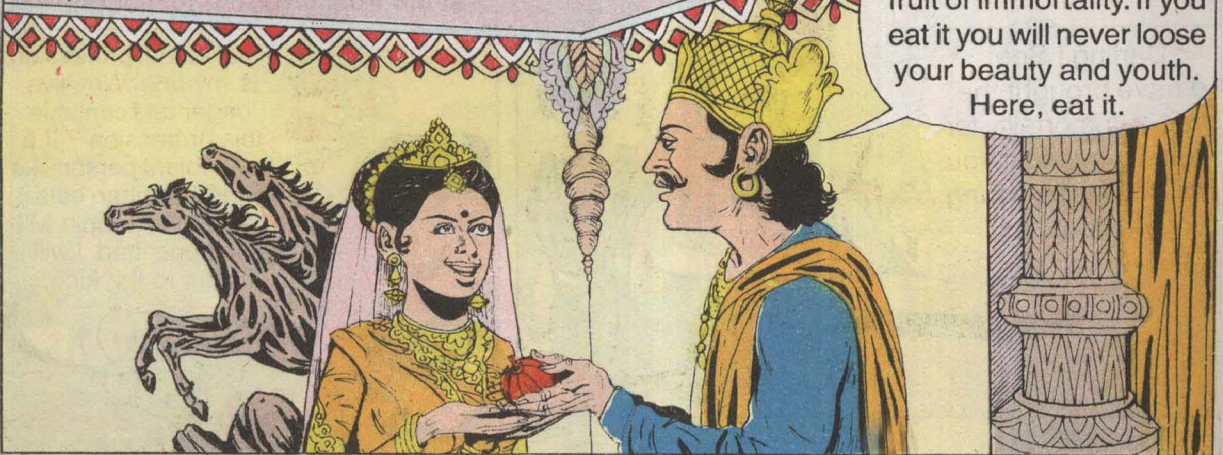
Darling ! I want to see the flower of your youth always in bloom. May you remain untouched by old age and death.

My lord ! Why wish the impossible ? Whose youth and life is eternal ?



The king took out the fruit concealed in his scarf and gave it to the queen—

Darling ! This is the fruit of immortality. If you eat it you will never loose your beauty and youth. Here, eat it.



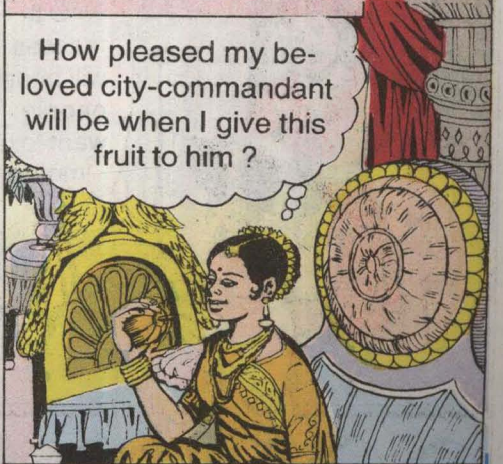
The queen said happily—

Great, my lord ! How deep is your love for me. I will eat it in the morning after my bath, etc.



Next morning when the queen was about to eat the fruit, she checked herself—

How pleased my beloved city-commandant will be when I give this fruit to him ?



In the afternoon the city-commandant came. The queen gave him the divine fruit and said—

Darling ! Here, eat this fruit of immortality and you will always remain young.

The city-commandant took the fruit home.

What if I remain young and my beloved turns old...? Why not let my beloved eat this fruit ?

During the night the city-commandant went to his girl-friend and said—

Darling ! See, I have brought the fruit of immortality for you. If you eat it you will always be young and beautiful.

Next morning when she was about eat the fruit, the woman thought—

This hateful profession is my fate. Why live longer and continue this profession ? If a benevolent person like King Bhartrihari eats it, millions of people will be benefitted. I will gift it to the king.

Next day the woman came to the court. After greeting the king she said

O benefactor of masses ! Your long life will benefit millions of people. Therefore, I want to gift this fruit of immortality to you.

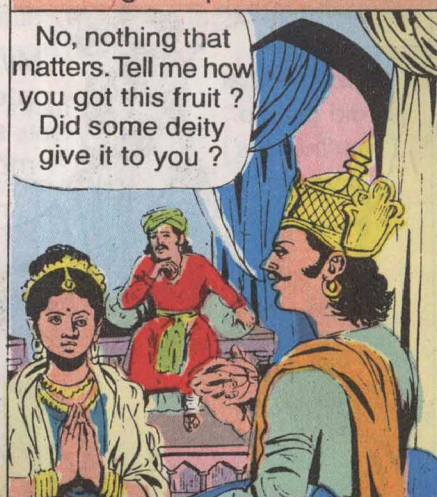
What ? How did she get this fruit ?

The king looked wide-eyed at the fruit. The woman was alarmed.



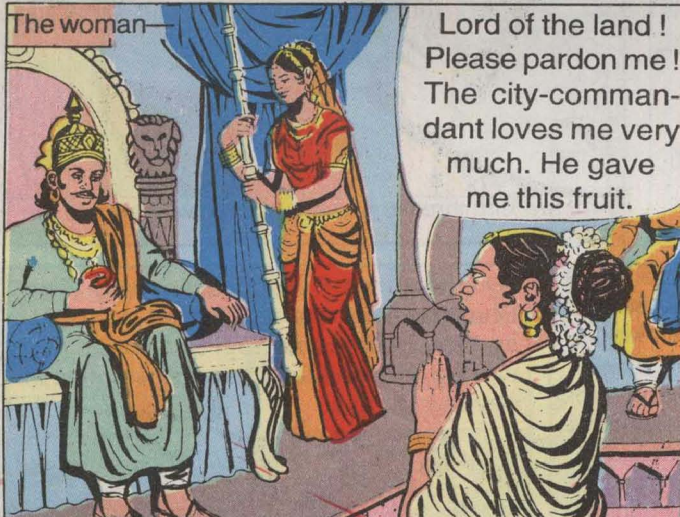
The king composed himself—

No, nothing that
matters. Tell me how
you got this fruit ?
Did some deity
give it to you ?



The woman—

Lord of the land !
Please pardon me !
The city-commandant
loves me very
much. He gave
me this fruit.

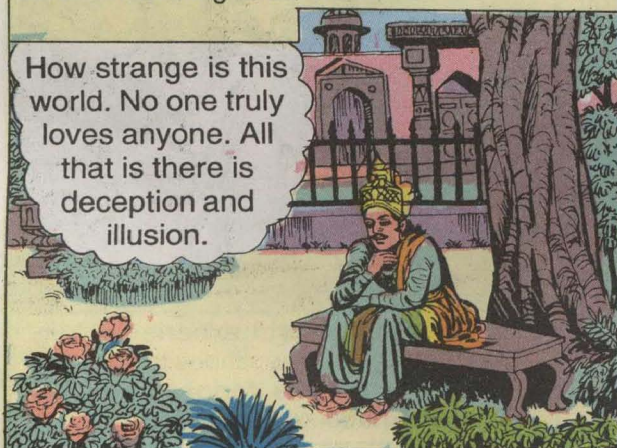


The king understood everything. The whole scene
appeared in his vision.



The king sent the woman back after amply
rewarding her. He went to the palace garden and
sat down thinking under a tree—

How strange is this
world. No one truly
loves anyone. All
that is there is
deception and
illusion.



The king looked at the palace and thought—

The queen dearer to
me than my life loves
another person. The
person she has fallen
for loves someone else.
I was blinded by love
and affection for so
long, today the queen
has opened my eyes.



With the fruit Bhartrihari came to the palace and asked the queen—

Queen ! What did you do with the fruit I gave you ?

My lord ! I ate it the next morning.

The king showed the fruit to the queen and she started trembling. She was wet with sweat and felt dizzy.

Queen ! Don't be afraid. I will not shout at you.

This fruit increases the life of the body alone. I have found the path of immortality of the soul. Now I renounce everything and go to the jungle.

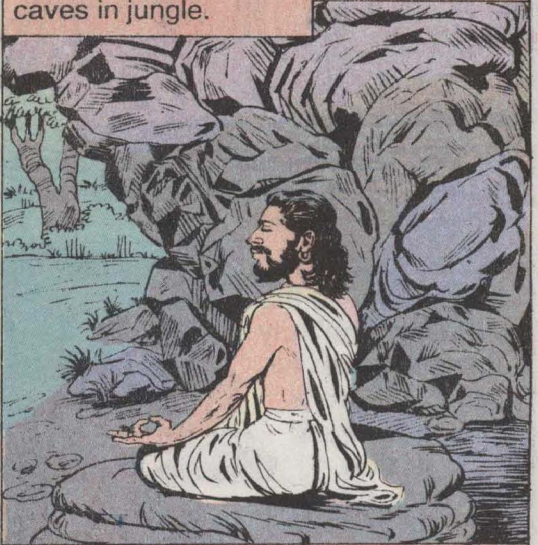
And the king threw the fruit out of the window into the garden.

King Bhartrihari took off his royal dress. He came down the stairs of the palace. The queen watched like a statue. The ministers and other people tried to stop their king—

Sire ! Please don't abandon us. Kindly don't leave us helpless and without a master.

In this world no one and every one is without a master. Each one's master exists within himself. I am going away just to find him. Please take good care of the kingdom.

By giving the fruit of immortality King Bhartrihari got the real fruit of immortality. Now he became Yogi Bhartrihari and started his meditation and austerities in caves in jungle.



The knowledge and experience Yogi Bhartrihari gained continues to guide the world through his renowned works Vairagya Shatak and Niti Shatak.

On the other hand, after leaving Avanti, prince Vikramaditya thought—

I have to travel around and conceal my identity to avoid recognition. I should move about in the disguise of an Avadhoot Yogi.

And he disguised himself as an Avadhoot Yogi.

Moving around he arrived at a community platform in a village. Numerous villagers were sitting there talking. Amongst them was also sitting a pundit. Vikram listened.

Brother ! In my opinion the true heir of Avanti is Vikram. He has all the virtues of a good ruler.

Bhartrihari is the elder brother. As long as he is present, how can Vikram be the king ?



In state-craft seniority does not depend on age but on brilliance. Vikram's brilliance is unparalleled.

This person with an appearance of a villager seems to be very clever.



Vikram looked at that Brahmin and shouted—

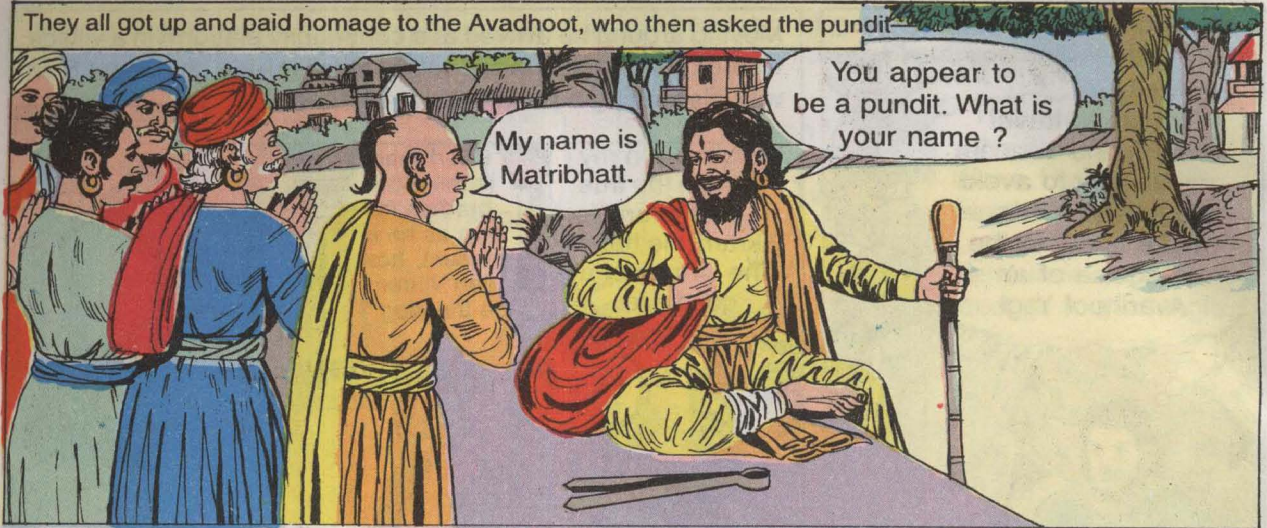
Alakh Niranjani!

Hey ! This appears to be some great sage.

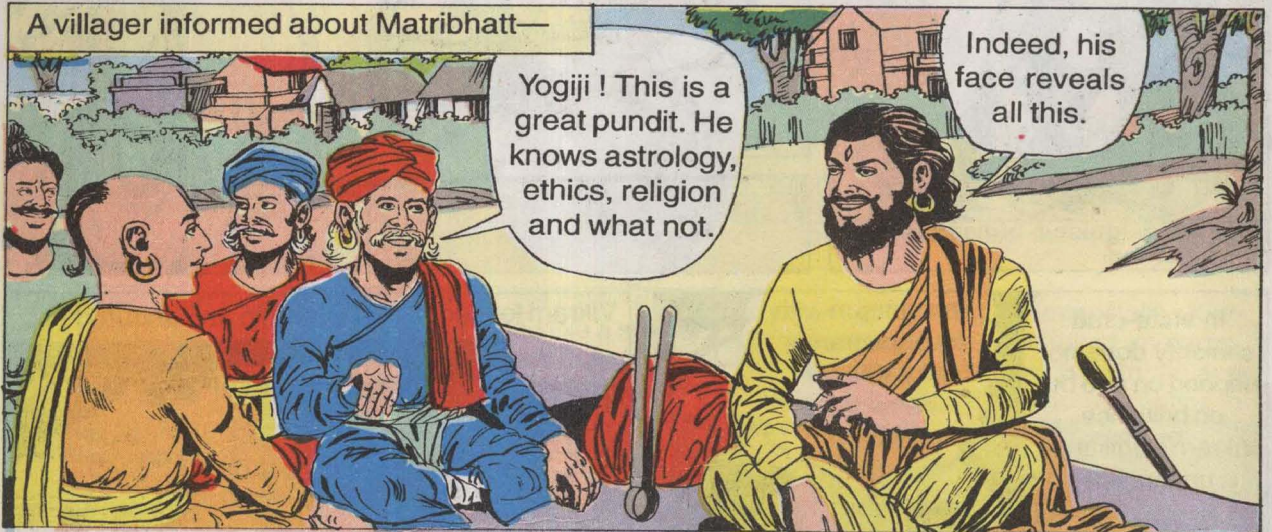


The chant of Avadhoot mendicants which means 'invisible unblemished' or God.

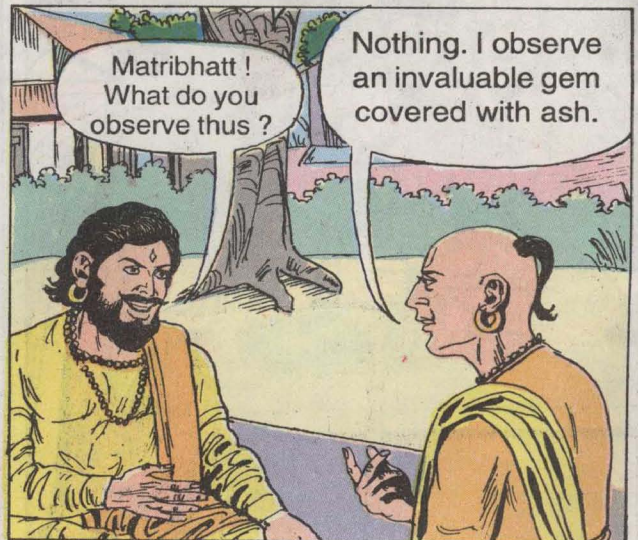
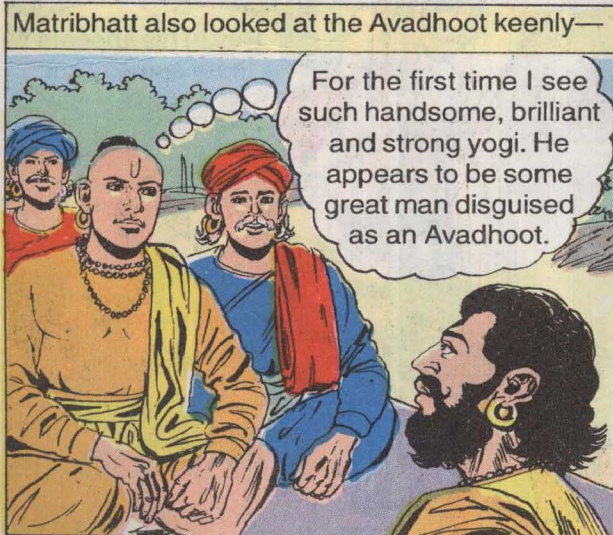
They all got up and paid homage to the Avadhoot, who then asked the pundit—



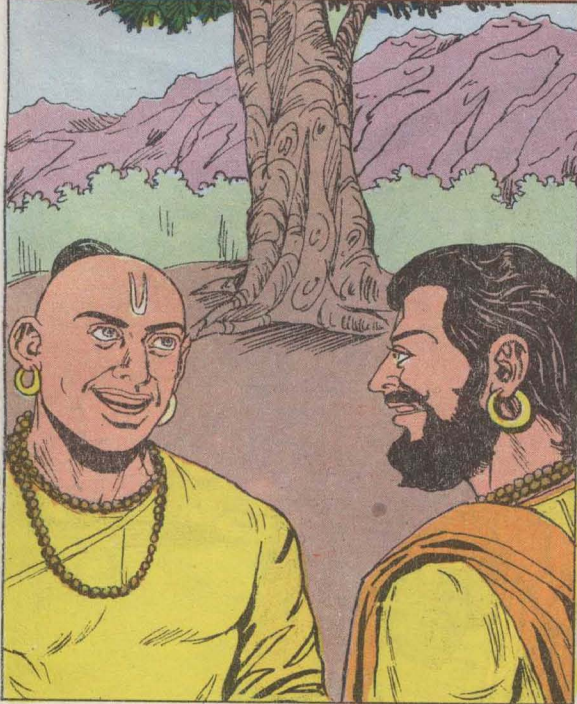
A villager informed about Matribhatt—



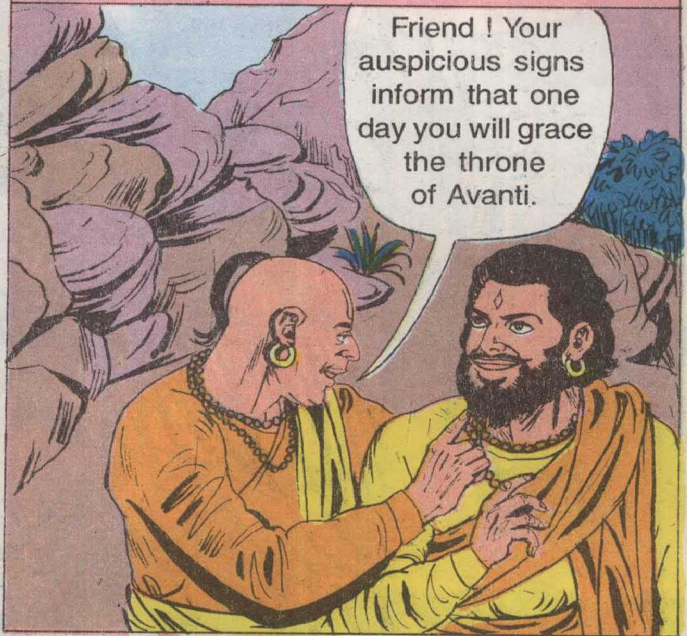
Matribhatt also looked at the Avadhoot keenly—



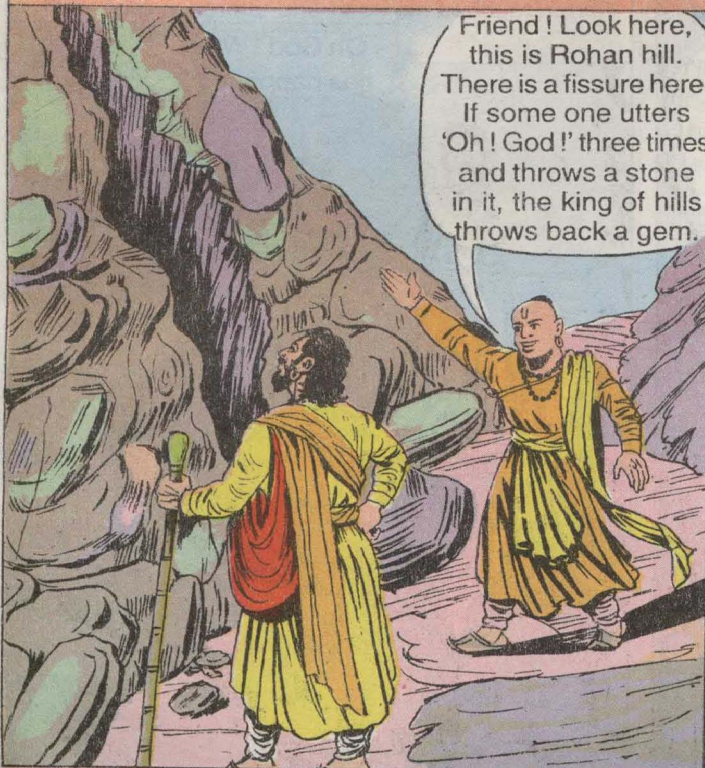
Avadhoot's eyes sparkled with amusement. Matribhatt also laughed. The two silently recognized each other.



When the Avadhoot resumed his journey, Matribhatt also went along. After exchange of views they both became fast friends. When the Avadhoot revealed his true identity, Matribhatt embraced him—

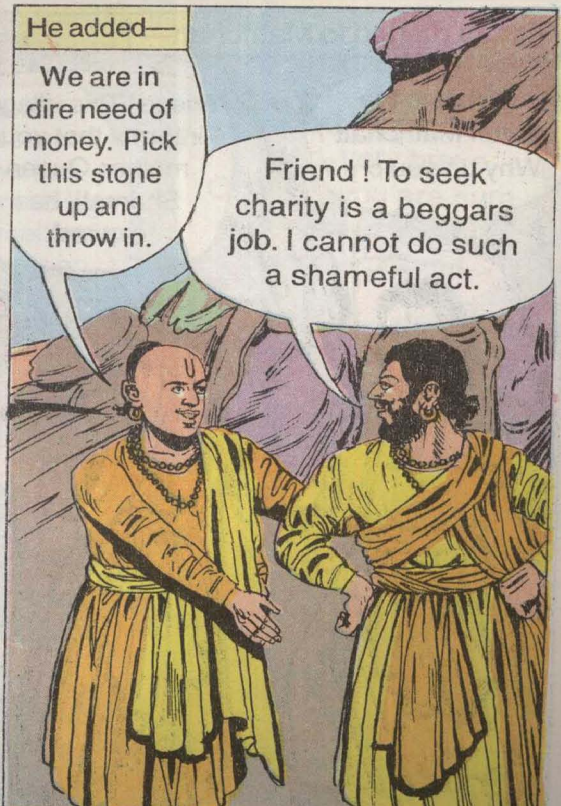


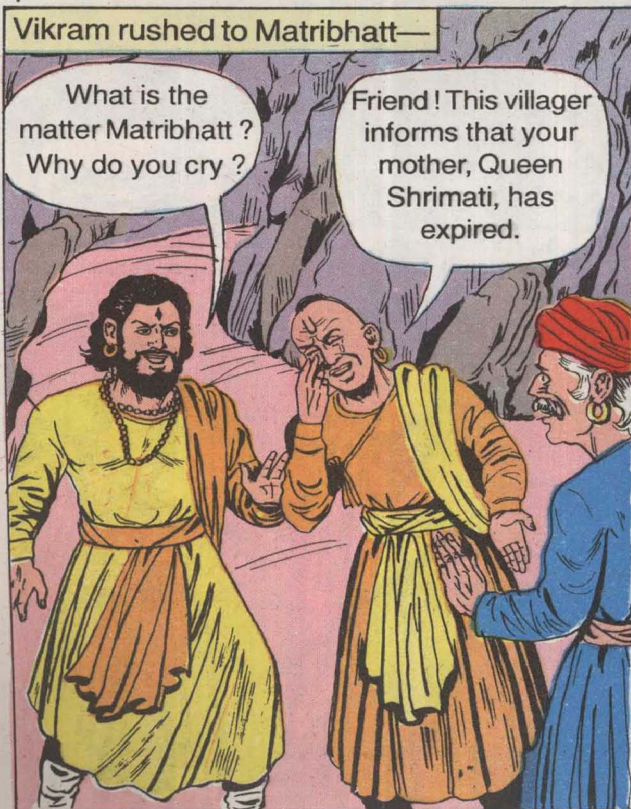
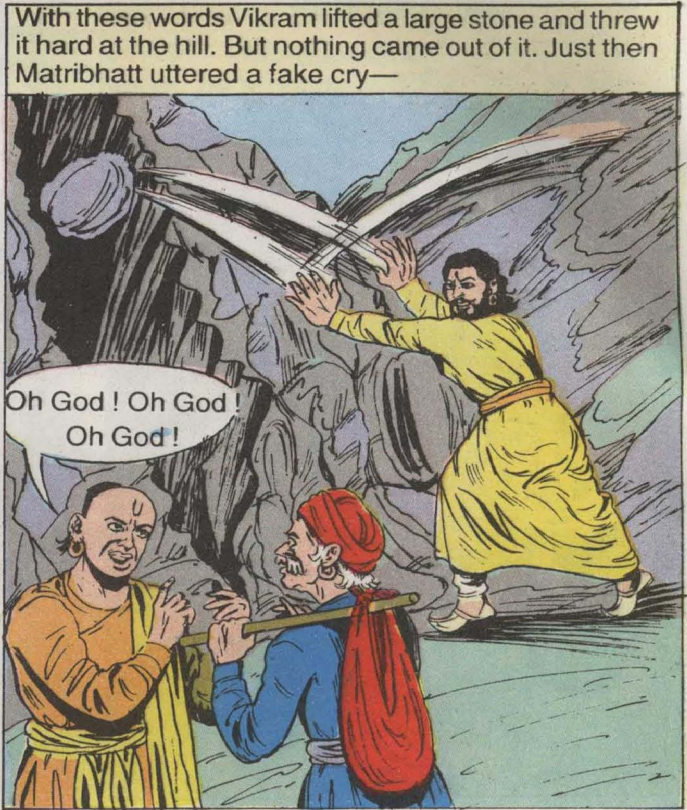
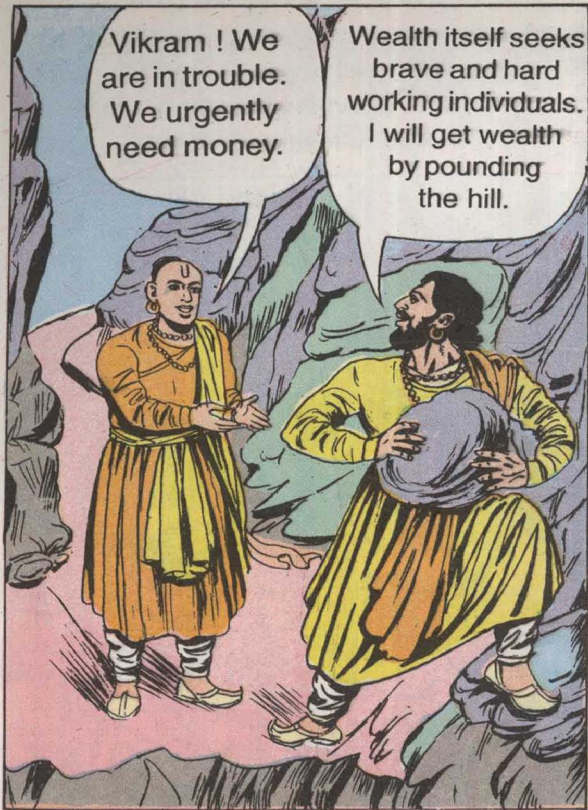
On their way they came across a hill. Matribhatt said—



He added—

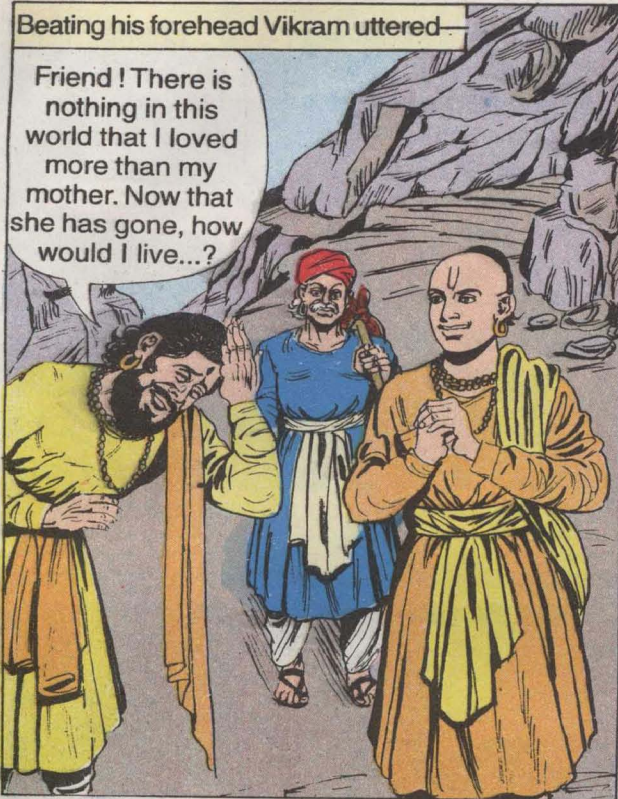
We are in dire need of money. Pick this stone up and throw in.





Beating his forehead Vikram uttered—

Friend ! There is nothing in this world that I loved more than my mother. Now that she has gone, how would I live...?



Matribhatt saw that Vikram was genuinely crying for his mother's death. He placed his hand on Vikram's shoulder and said—

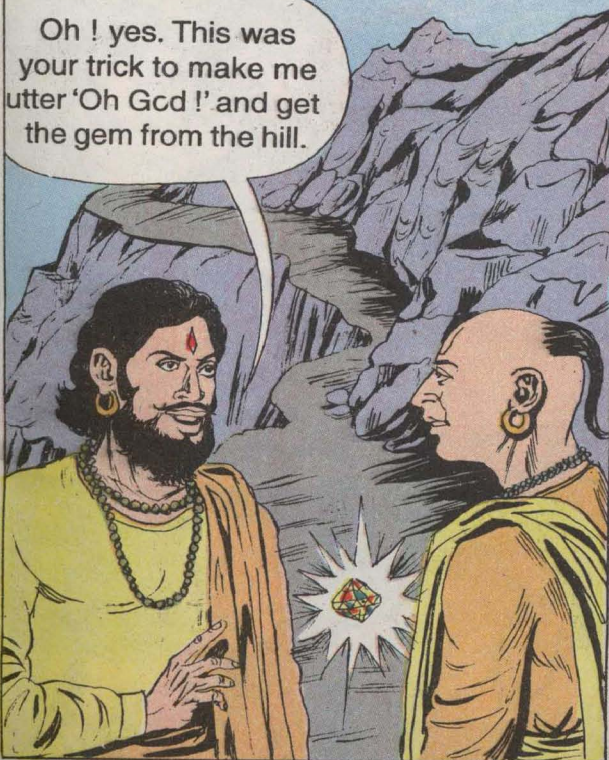
Friend ! Compose yourself. Don't cry. Your mother is hale and hearty. Look there.



A gem was lying before Vikram.

Vikram understood everything—

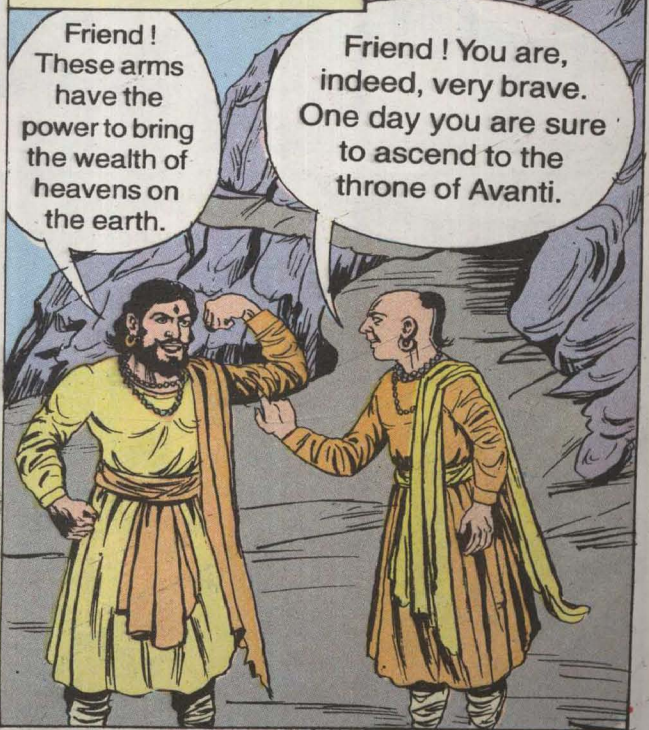
Oh ! yes. This was your trick to make me utter 'Oh Gcd !' and get the gem from the hill.

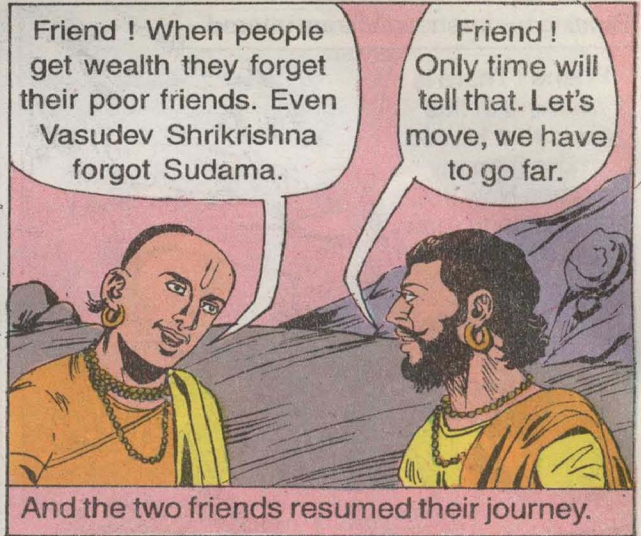
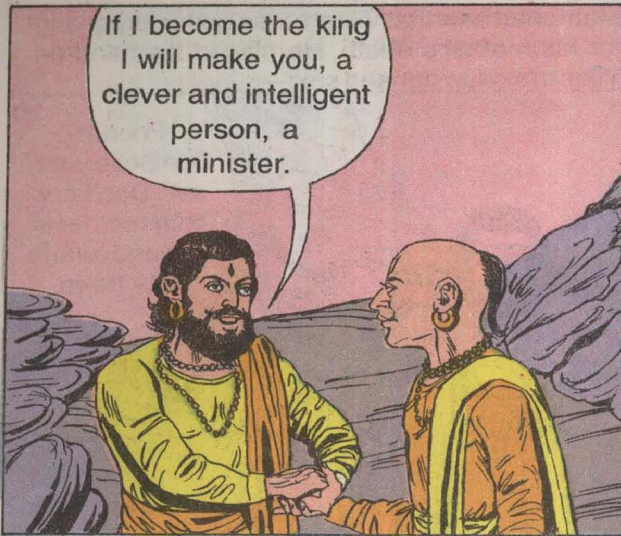


Vikram picked up the gem and threw it away. He bunched his biceps and said—

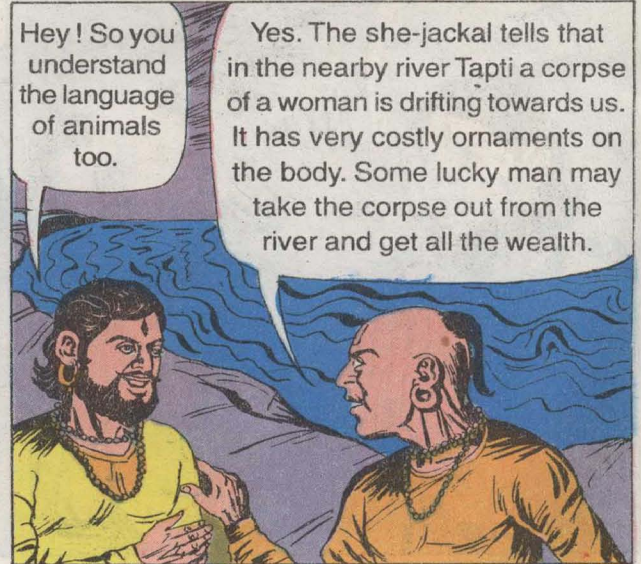
Friend ! These arms have the power to bring the wealth of heavens on the earth.

Friend ! You are, indeed, very brave. One day you are sure to ascend to the throne of Avanti.

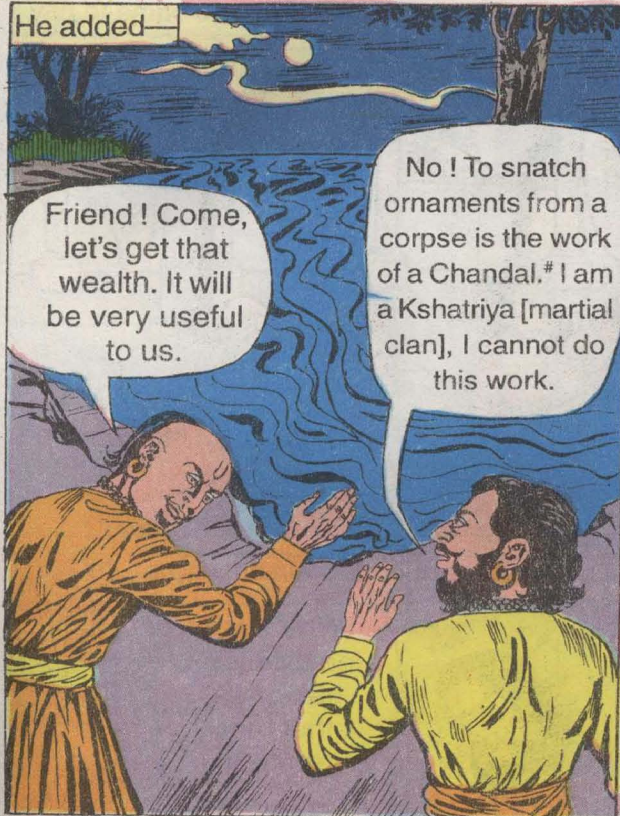




One night while they were resting under a tree they heard the howl of a she-jackal. Alarmed Matribhatt stood up and listened carefully.



He added—



Friend ! Come, let's get that wealth. It will be very useful to us.

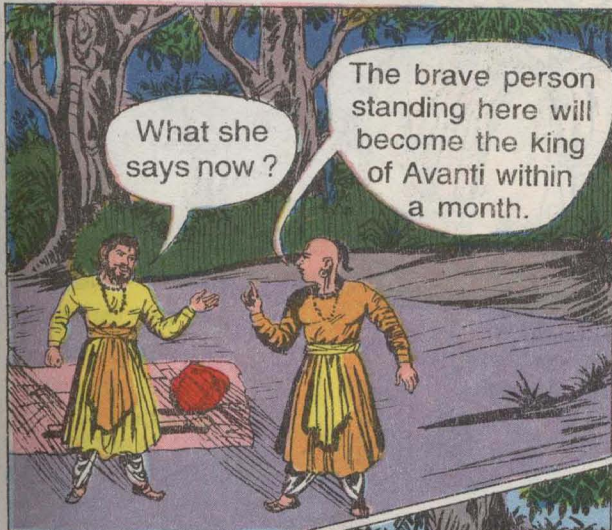
No ! To snatch ornaments from a corpse is the work of a Chandal. # I am a Kshatriya [martial clan], I cannot do this work.

The jackal howled again—



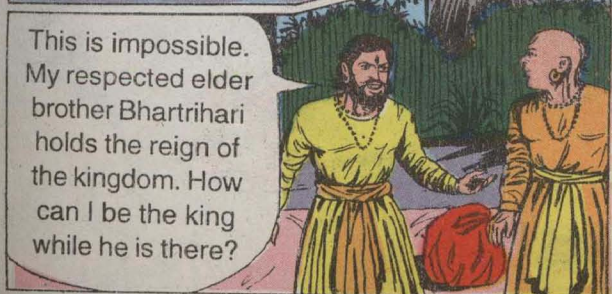
Wait ! The she-jackal is again telling something

Matribhatt carefully listened.



What she says now ?

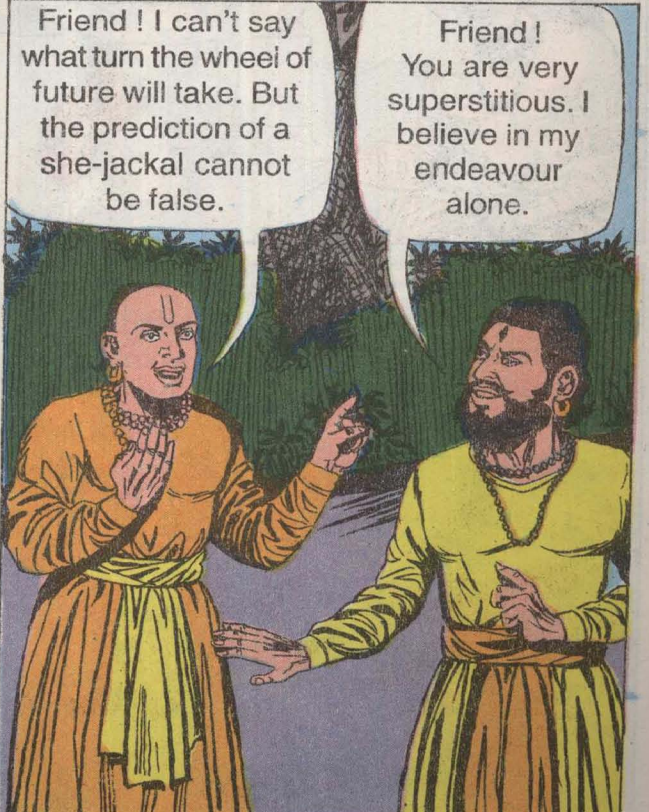
The brave person standing here will become the king of Avantī within a month.



This is impossible. My respected elder brother Bhartrihari holds the reign of the kingdom. How can I be the king while he is there?

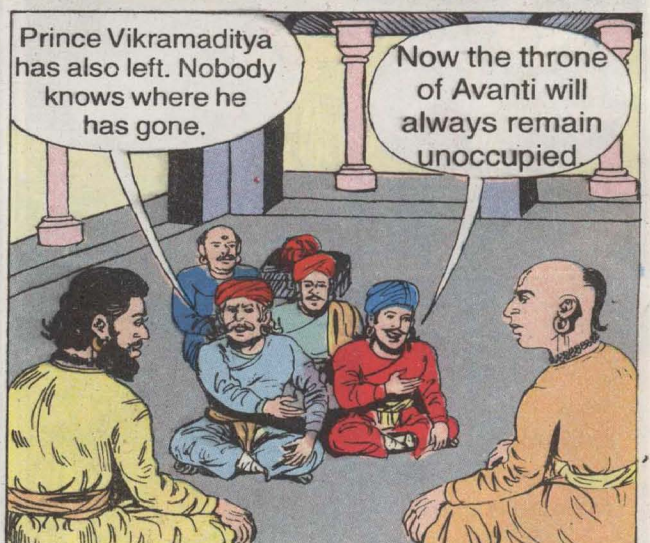
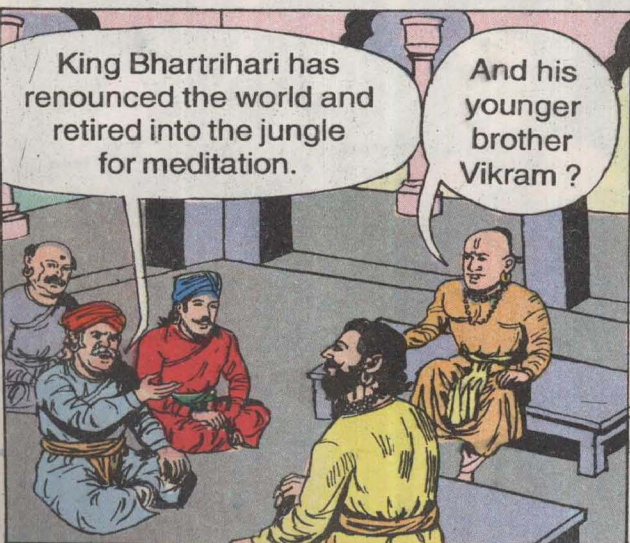
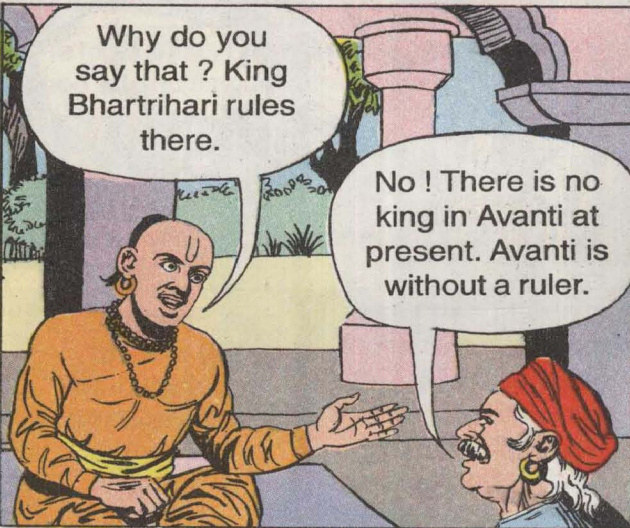
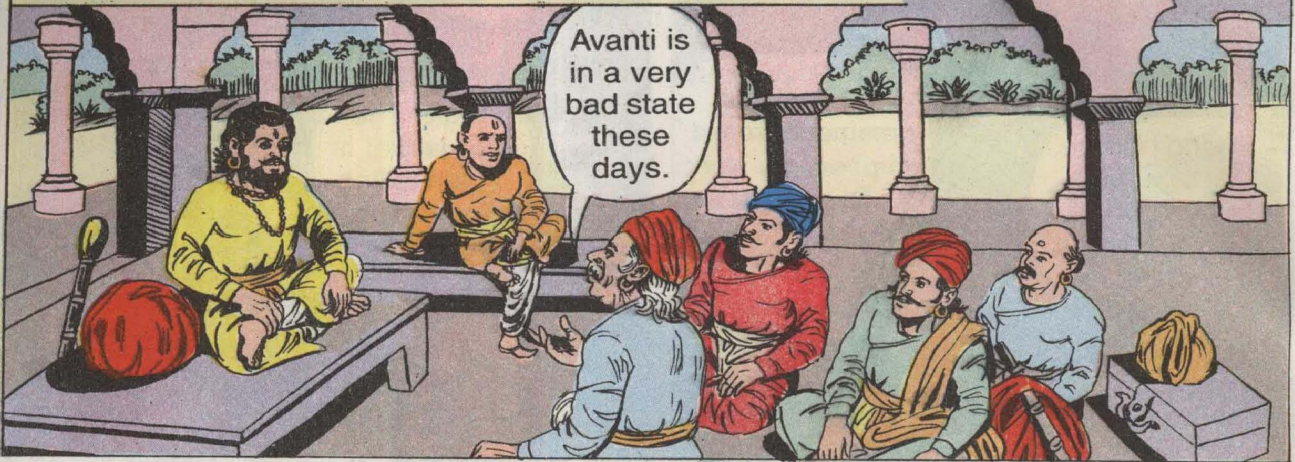
Friend ! I can't say what turn the wheel of future will take. But the prediction of a she-jackal cannot be false.

Friend ! You are very superstitious. I believe in my endeavour alone.



Low caste people; keeper of a cremation ground.

In the morning they entered a town and stayed in a boarding house. Many travellers came to pay homage when they saw an Avadhoot Yogi. Some people from Avanti informed—

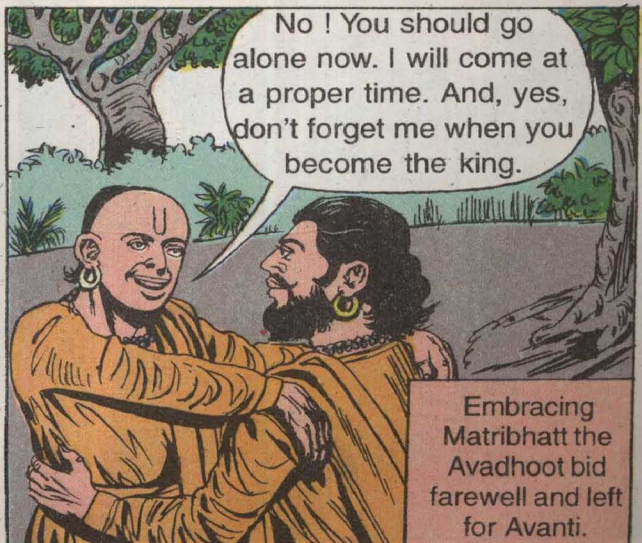
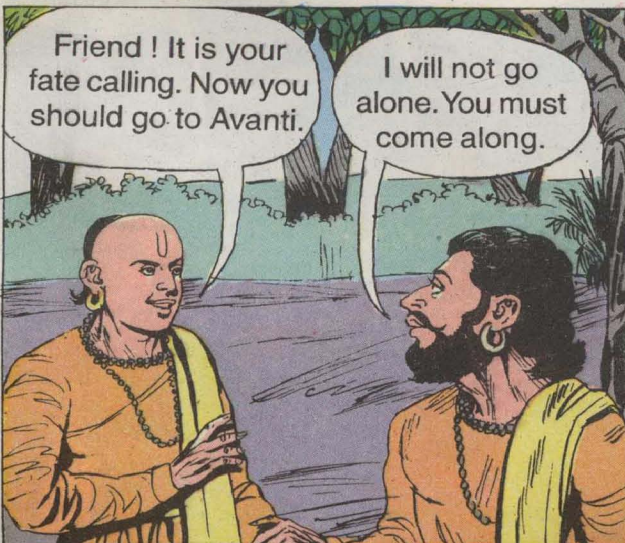
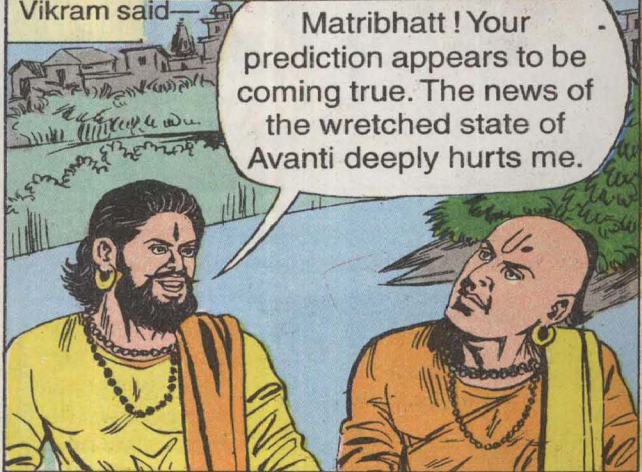




On hearing the news from Avanti the Avadhoot looked at Matribhatt. Shadows of anxiety appeared on their faces.



They left the place and came out of the town. Vikram said

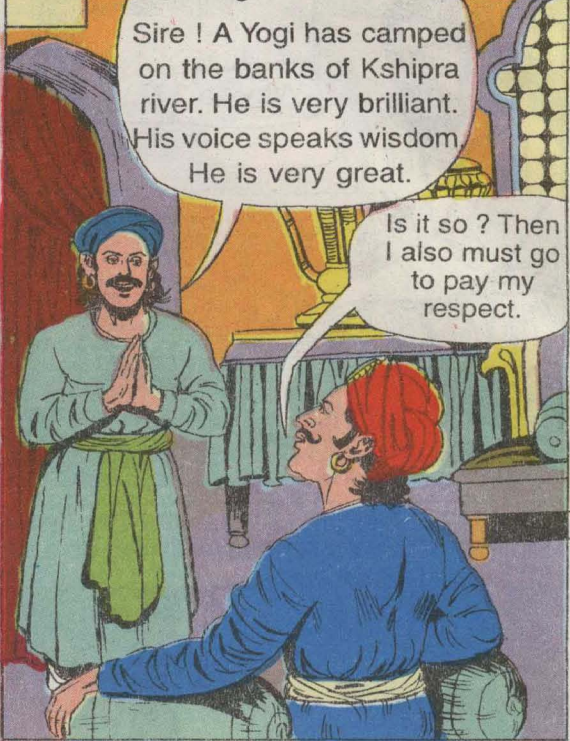


Embracing Matribhatt the Avadhoot bid farewell and left for Avanti.

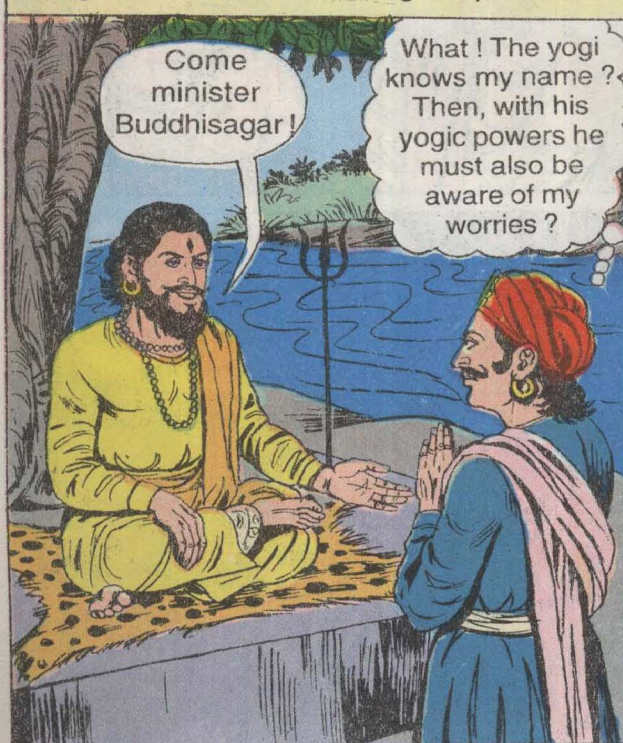
The Avadhoot Yogi camped outside Avanti on the banks of river Kshipra. Whoever came there and saw the yogi, paid him homage and listened to his discourse. Soon large crowds started gathering at the discourse of the yogi and spent some time with him.



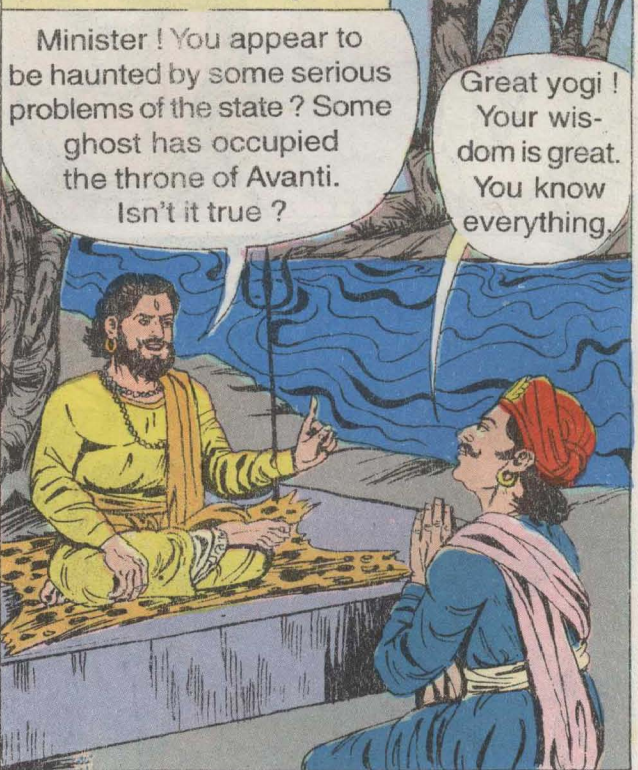
One day a messenger informed the chief minister Buddhisagar—

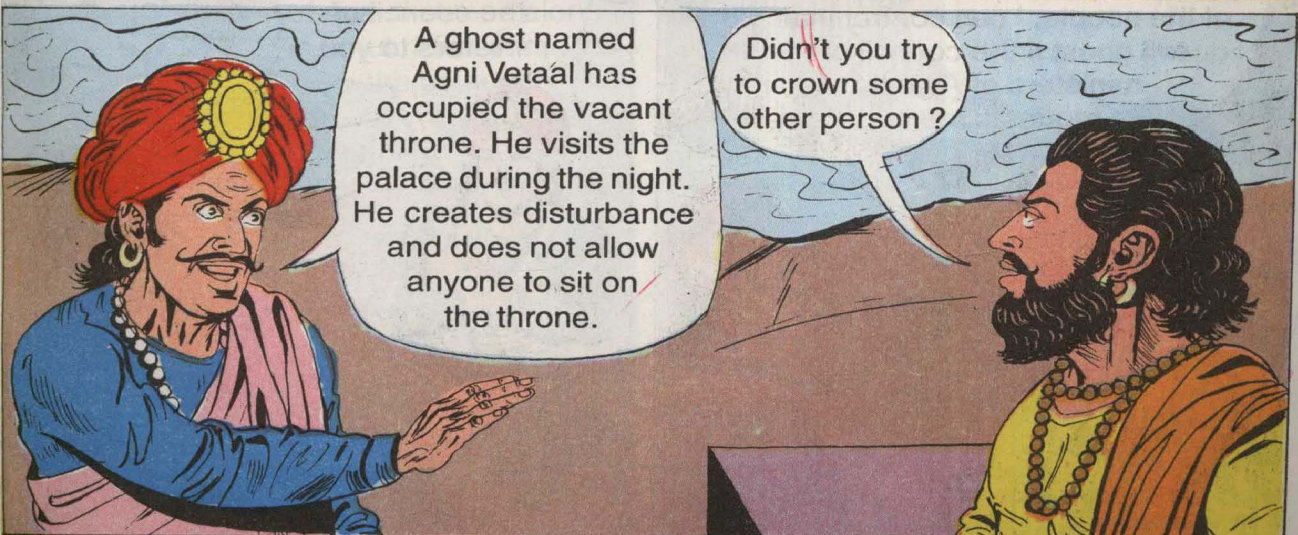
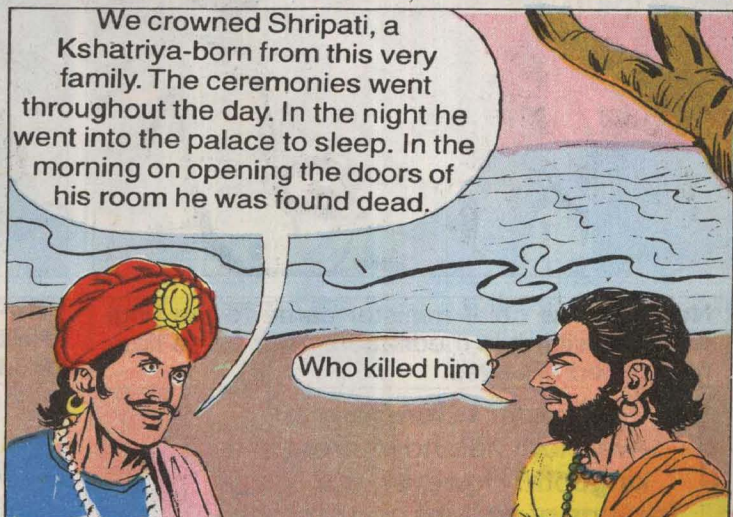
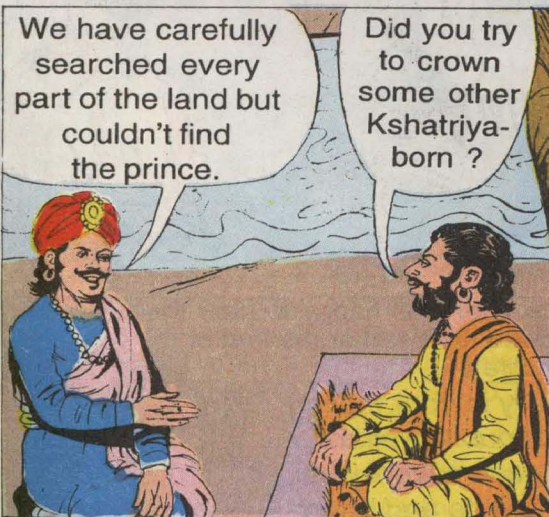
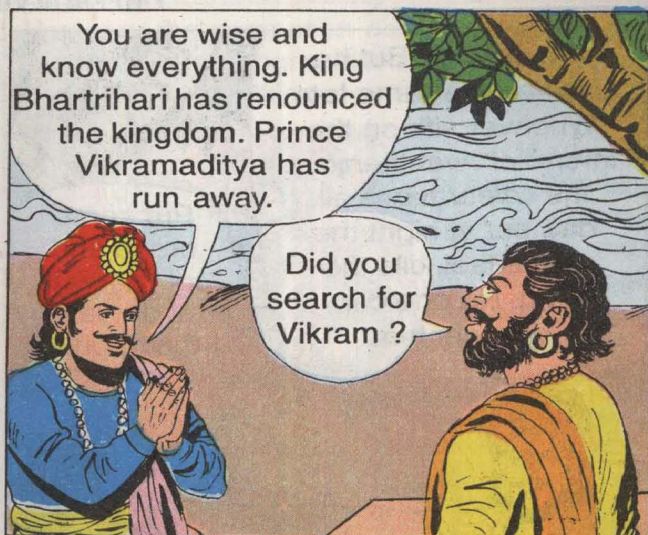


The minister went alone to see the Yogi. Vikram recognized him. Without asking he spoke—



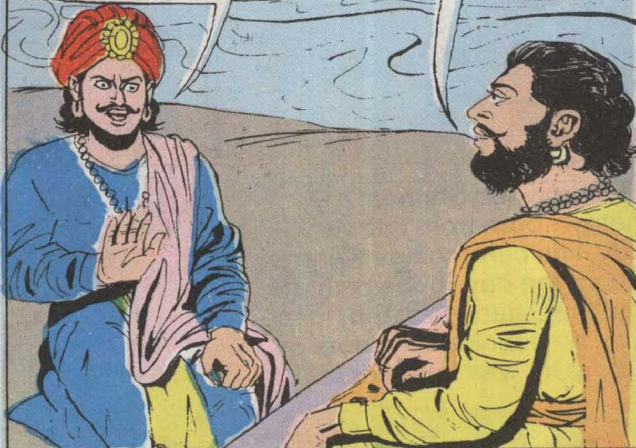
The Avadhoot said again—





We did that. But he also had the same fate. Whoever sits on the throne of Avanti enjoys the celebrations all day, but at night the evil Vetaal kills the king. No one can conquer him.

Put some brave and courageous Kshatriya on the throne.



O great yogi ! Everyone is scared of death. No one is ready to wear this crown of thorns.

O king of yogis ! Whole Malav state is terrified. Please provide some solution.

Alright, come to me tomorrow.



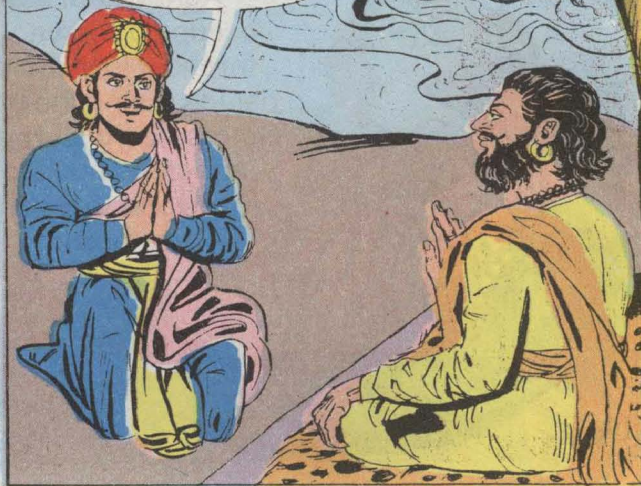
Next day the chief minister came to the yogi who was sitting in meditation. After some time he opened his eyes.

Minister ! Generally an Avadhoot has no interest in a kingdom. However, out of my feelings of welfare and protection of the people, I can control that evil ghost if the council of ministers of Avanti requests me.



The minister was happy to hear these words. He bowed his head at the feet of the yogi and said politely—

Lofty is your feeling of public welfare. Please save Avanti. I will go and bring the council of ministers to you.



Next day minister Buddhisagar came to the yogi along with the council of ministers. All the ministers requested the yogi to save Avanti. The yogi said—

I have two conditions—
1. I will occupy the throne dressed as a yogi. 2. The day Vikramaditya is found I will hand over the kingdom to him and go.

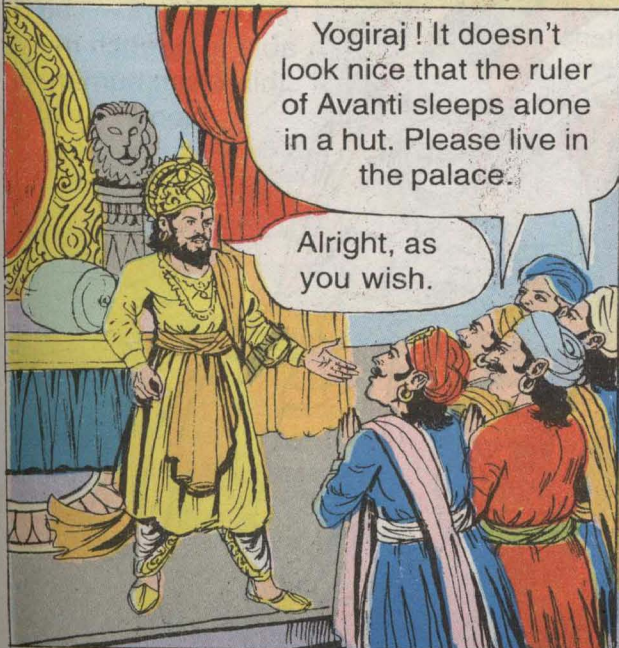
We agree.



During the day Avadhoot Yogi attended the court, listened to the problems of the people, discussed with ministers and administered justice. In the evening he returned to his hut to sleep. One day the ministers jointly requested—

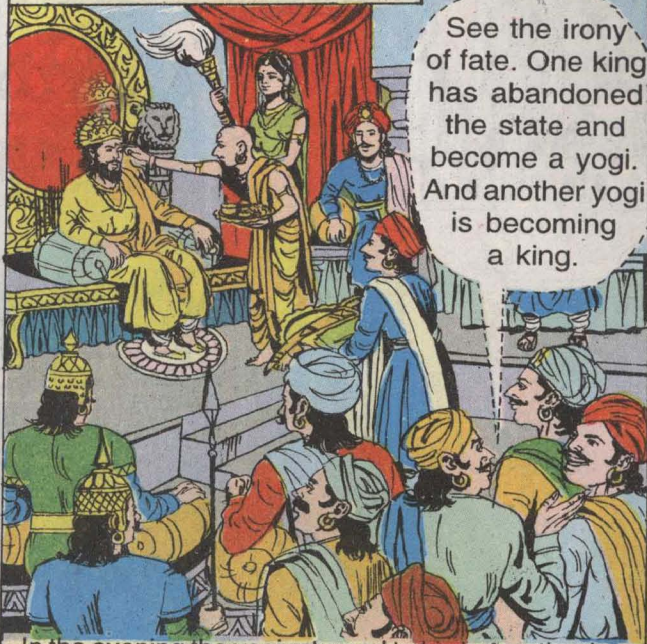
Yogiraj ! It doesn't look nice that the ruler of Avanti sleeps alone in a hut. Please live in the palace.

Alright, as you wish.



Next day the coronation ceremony was organized. Avadhoot Yogi was seated on the throne. People started talking—

See the irony of fate. One king has abandoned the state and become a yogi. And another yogi is becoming a king.



In the evening the yogi returned to his hut on the river bank and slept.

Next evening the king gave instructions—

I will stay in the palace. For a yogi palace and hut are same.

Arrange to decorate the main road from my bedroom right up to the city gate.

As you say, Sire !



The instructions were followed at once. Perfumed water was sprinkled all over the road. Flowers were spread. Incense sticks were burnt. Trays filled with sweets, fruits and dry fruits were placed all along the road.

The palace was decorated like the Diwali night. At night the Avadhoot Yogi went alone in the bedroom to sleep.



At midnight there was a loud whoop and everyone was terrified. Then a cloud of smoke covered the palace.



Whooping and hissing Agni Vetaal ghost entered the palace and crashed straight into the king's bedroom.



The Avadhoot king was waiting for the ghost. He got up and said—

O king of ghosts !
So much offerings of
food were placed outside
the palace to satisfy your
hunger. Have you not
had your fill ?

No ! I will be
satisfied only
by accepting
you as an
offering.



At this the Avadhoot also drew his sword.

If that is what you
want beware. Get
ready to bear the
thrust of my sword.



Vetaal and Avadhoot had a long and fierce duel
with swords. Slowly Vetaal got tired—

I have faced such
brave and courageous
person for the first
time. There is a
chance that he
may kill me.

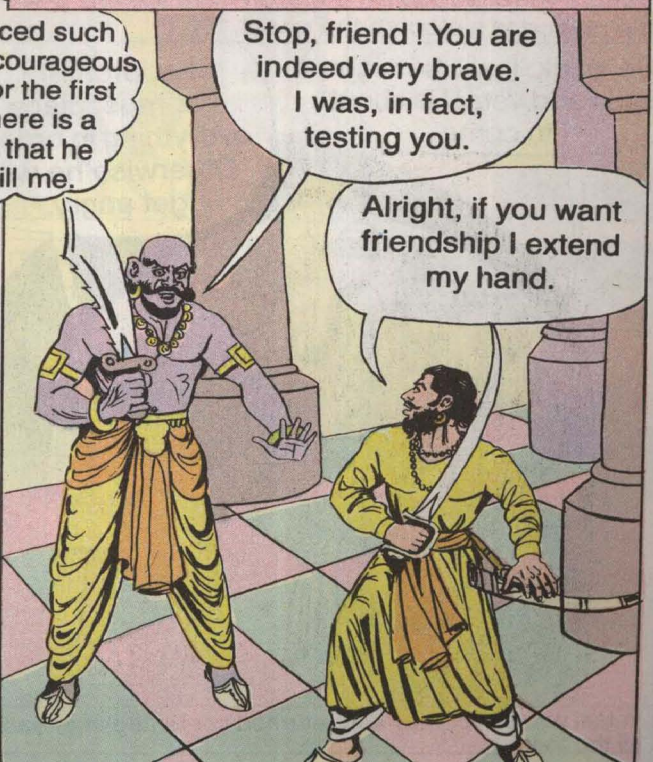


Here
rascal !
Face this !

Vetaal got flustered with Avadhoot's thrusts. Soon he said—

Stop, friend ! You are
indeed very brave.
I was, in fact,
testing you.

Alright, if you want
friendship I extend
my hand.



Vetaal informed him—

Now I, Agni Vetaal ghost, am the protector of Avanti state. Work for the welfare of the people without any worries. Just continue your daily offerings of food.



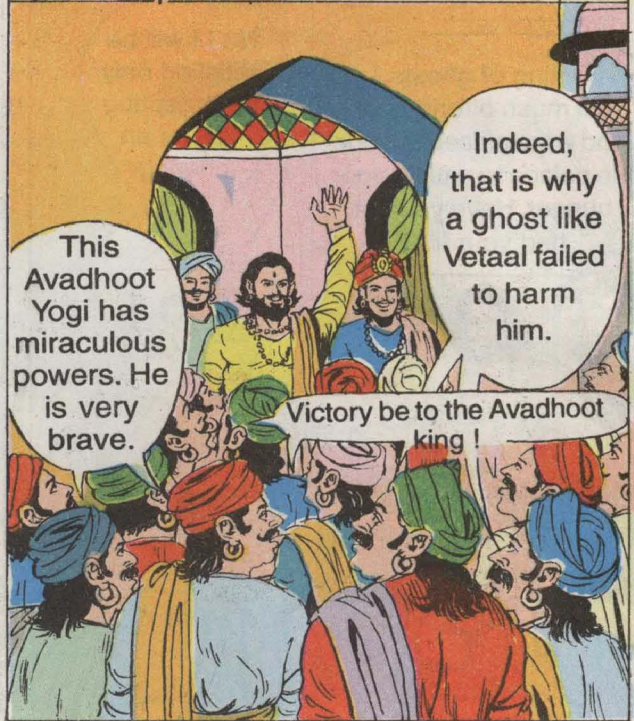
Vetaal and Avadhoot talked all night.

In the morning the Avadhoot got up and came out. People were surprised to see him alive. They showered praise on him.

This Avadhoot Yogi has miraculous powers. He is very brave.

Indeed, that is why a ghost like Vetaal failed to harm him.

Victory be to the Avadhoot king!



Now every evening perfumes, flowers, dry-fruit and sweets were placed on the road from the city gate to the palace to welcome the ghost.

Be quick. It will be night soon and Vetaal is about to come.

Yes, brother! We must place everything in order. Otherwise he will get angry.

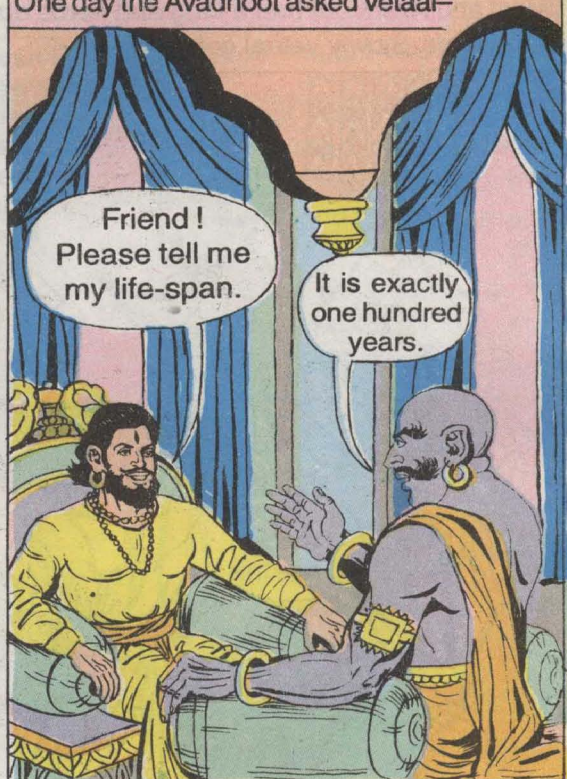


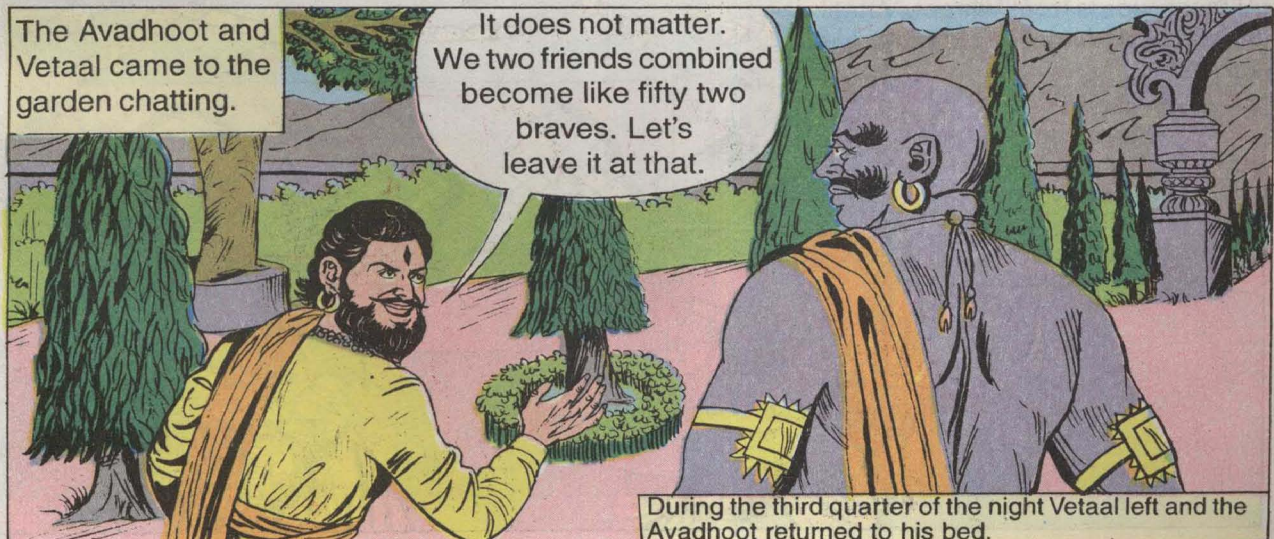
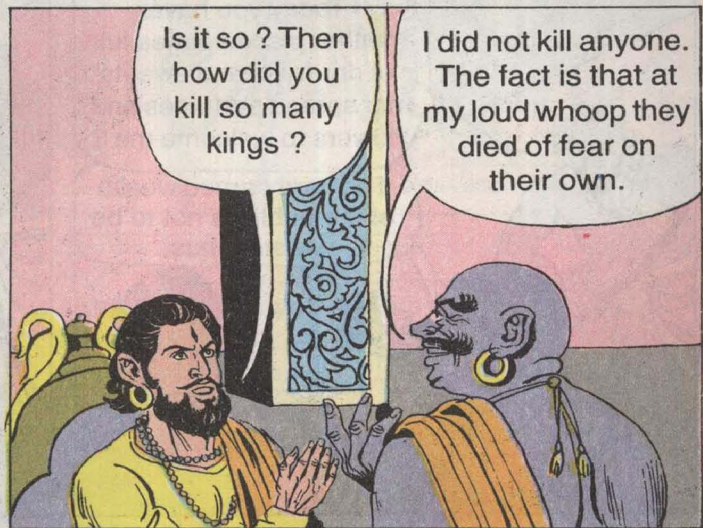
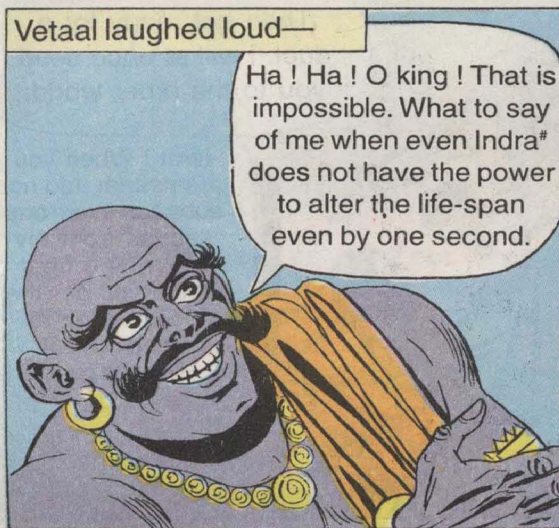
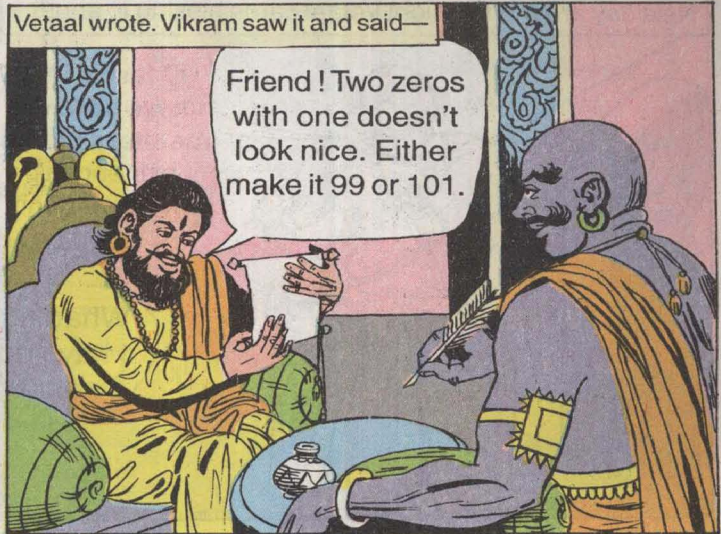
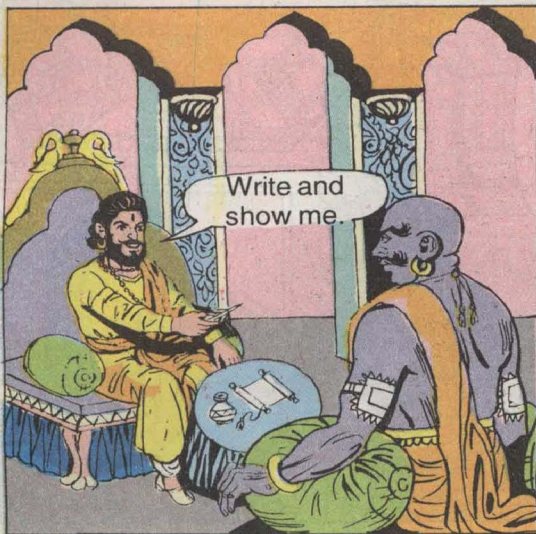
Vetaal came everyday and returned contented after eating all the food.

One day the Avadhoot asked Vetaal—

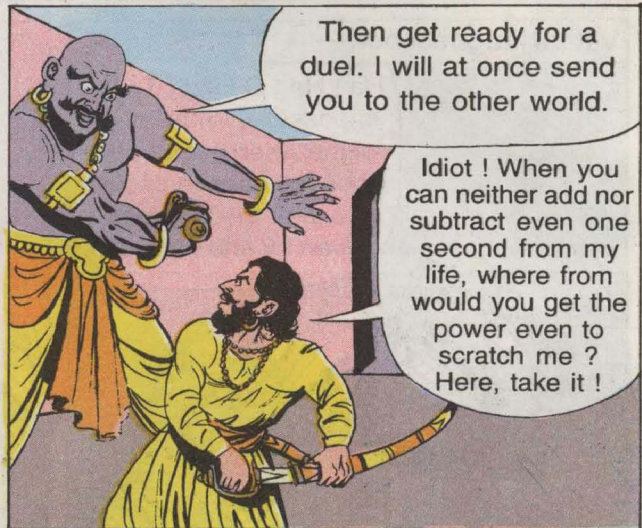
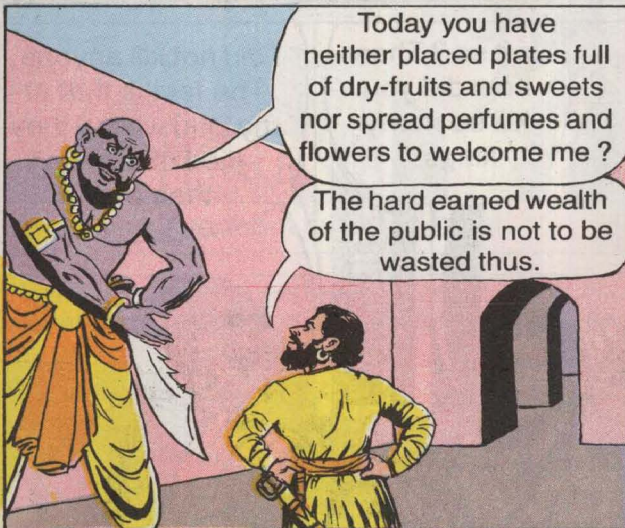
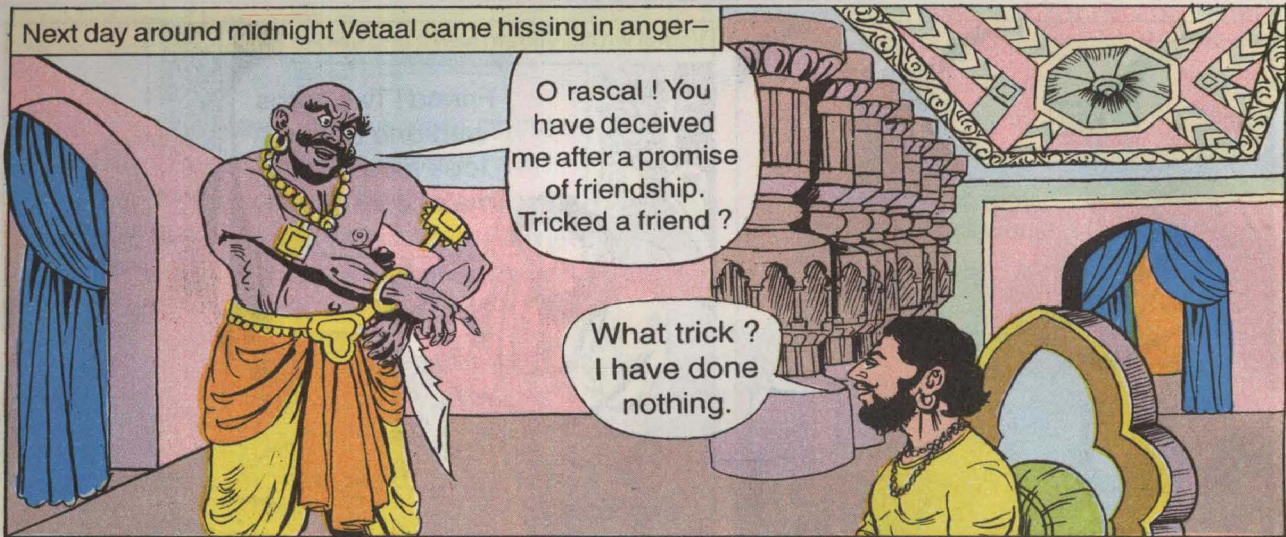
Friend! Please tell me my life-span.

It is exactly one hundred years.

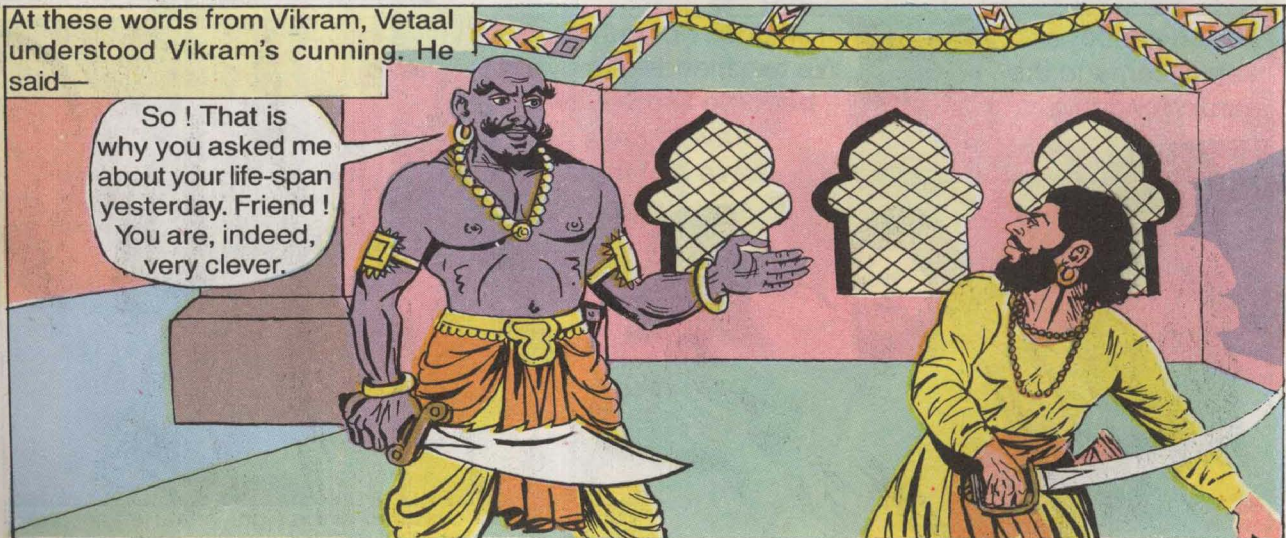




Next day around midnight Vetaal came hissing in anger—



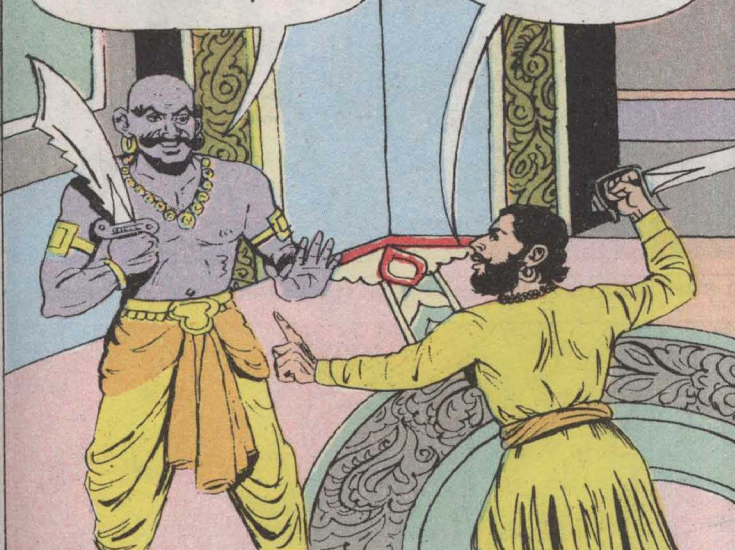
At these words from Vikram, Vetaal understood Vikram's cunning. He said—



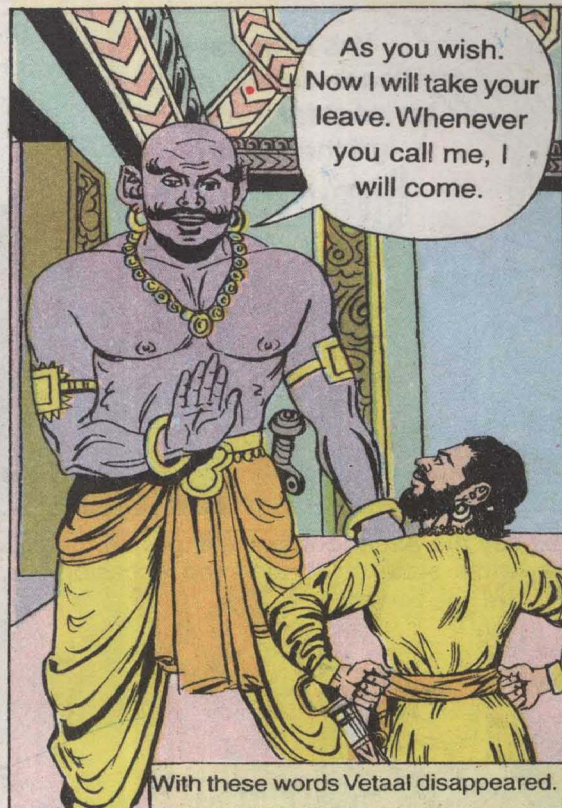
Vetaal added—

Friend ! Before your courage and smartness I accept my defeat. I would be pleased to have you as a friend. From this day we are friends as equals.

Friend ! If you are pleased with me you should promise that this friendship will never break. Whenever I invoke you, you will at once come and do what I request.



As you wish. Now I will take your leave. Whenever you call me, I will come.



With these words Vetaal disappeared.

Vikramaditya, disguised as Avadhoot, devoted all his time to public welfare. The fame of his astonishing justness, morality, scholarship and courage spread far and wide.

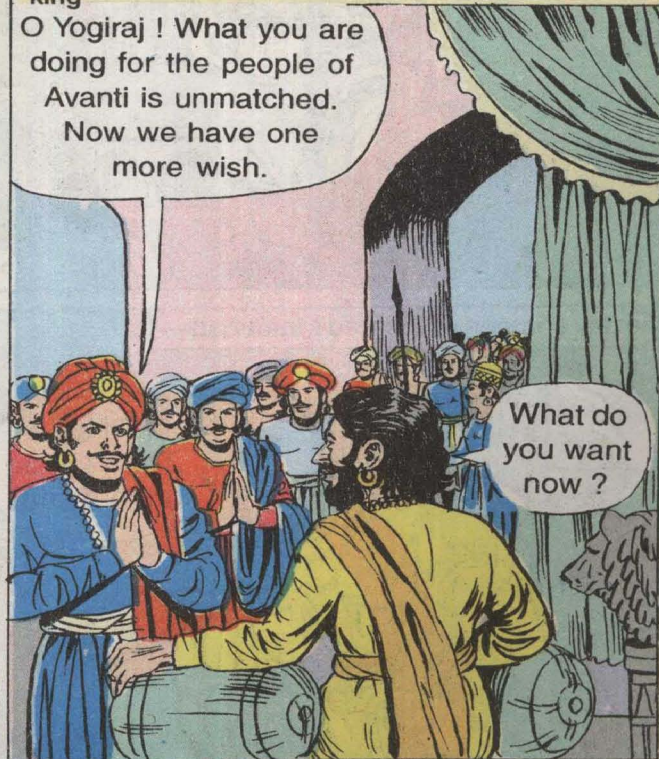


Brother ! The Avadhoot king has wiped all our tears. Happiness has reached every household.

Yes, brother ! The king is very just. He loves the people as his children.

One day the chief minister requested to the Avadhoot king—

O Yogiraj ! What you are doing for the people of Avanti is unmatched. Now we have one more wish.



What do you want now ?

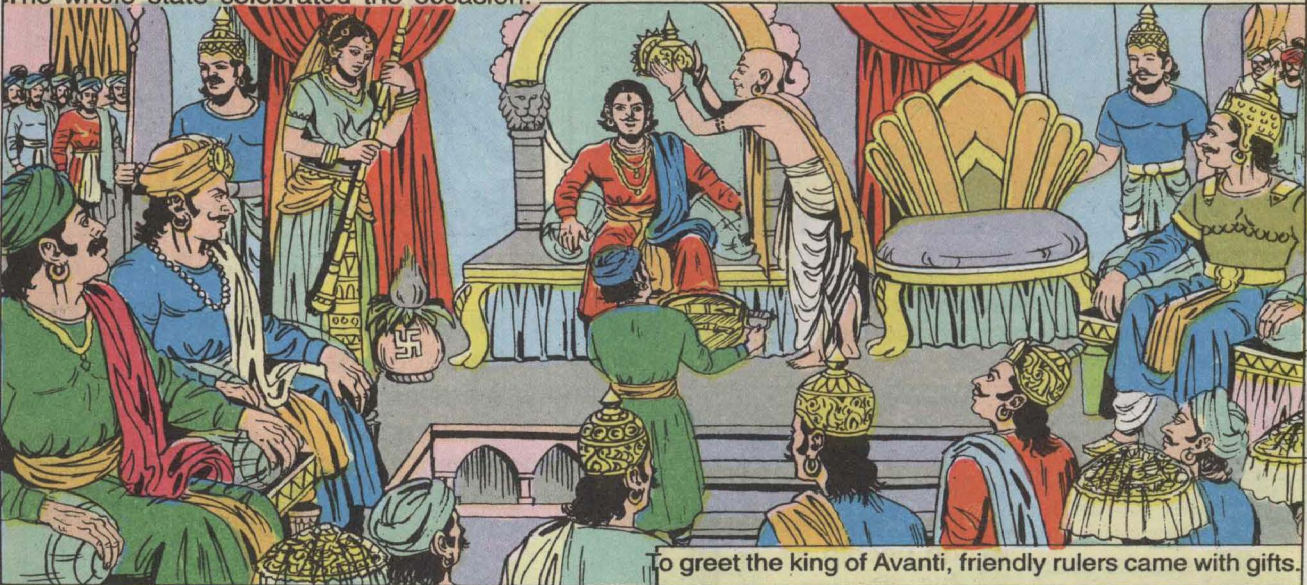
Yes ! Yogiraj !
Please do this much
at least for the grace
of the throne.

Please discard this
Avadhoot garb and accept
a dress suitable for
a king.

Alright ! As
you wish.

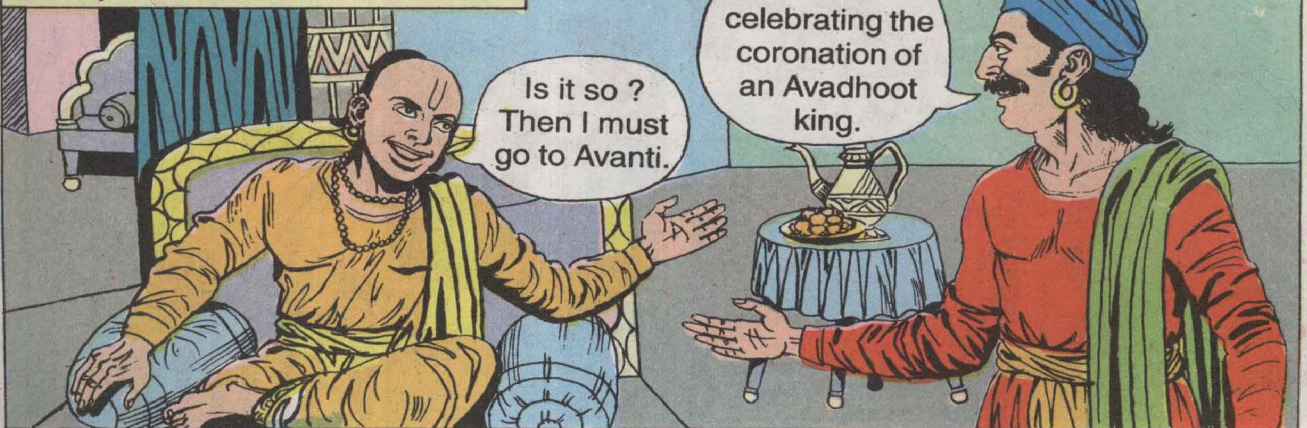


Next day the Avadhoot formally put on the crown after adorning himself in the royal dress and ornaments. The whole state celebrated the occasion.



To greet the king of Avanti, friendly rulers came with gifts.

One day someone informed Matribhatt—



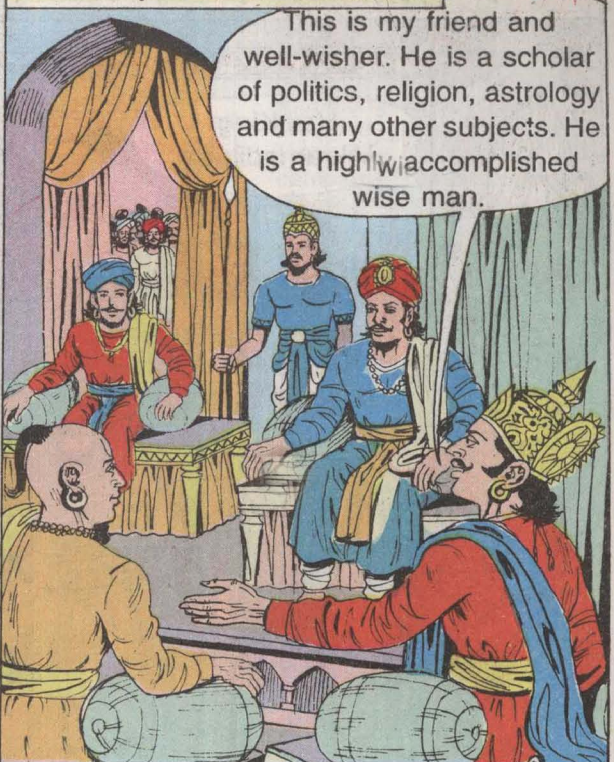
Is it so ?
Then I must go
to Avanti.

Avanti is
celebrating the
coronation of
an Avadhoot
king.

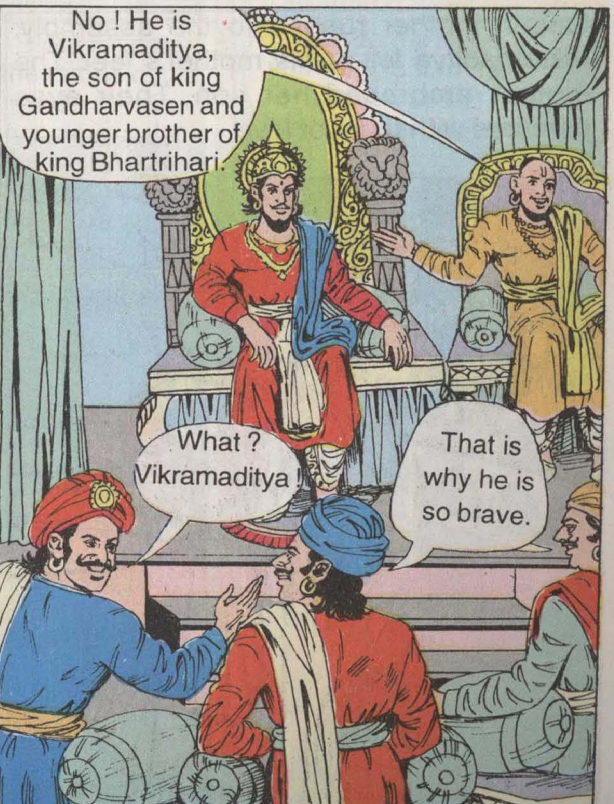
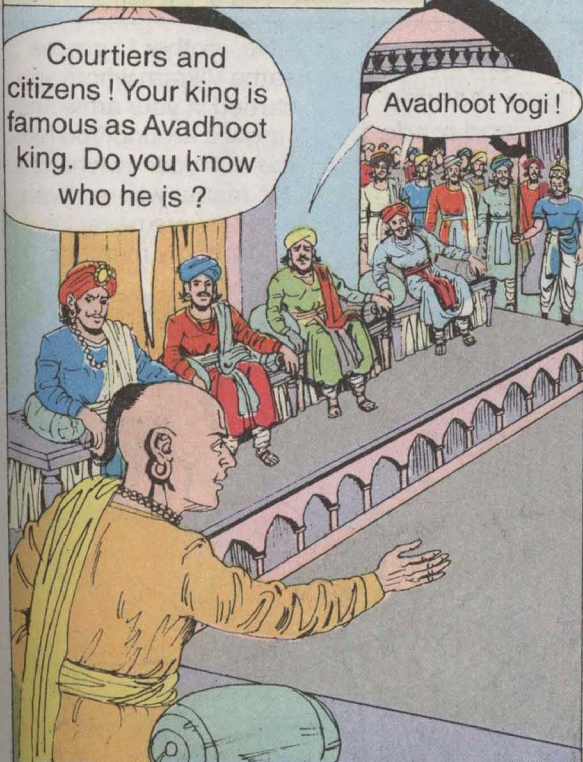
Matribhatt came to Avanti to greet the king. When he saw his friend coming, the Avadhoot king got up and embraced him.



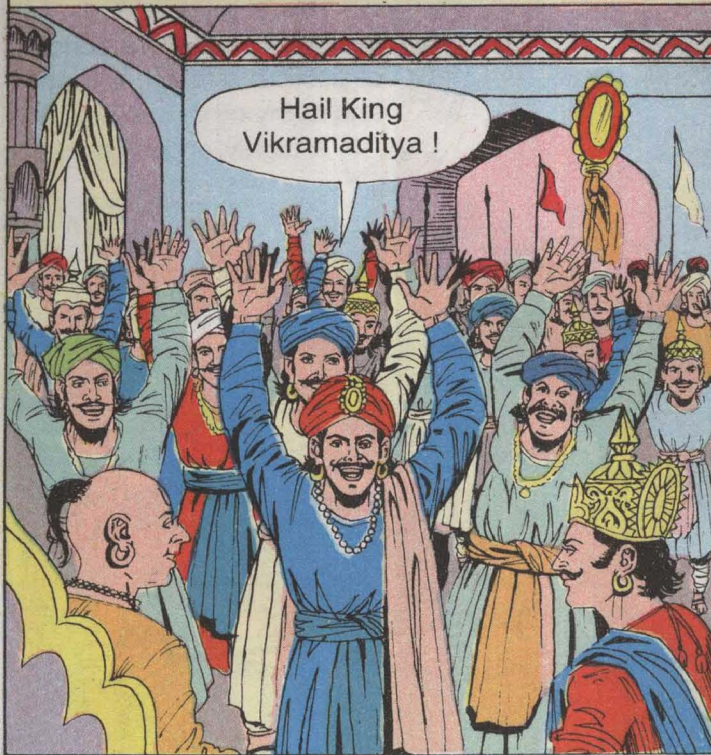
Vikramaditya introduced Matribhatt—



Matribhatt addressed the assembly—



In the assembly people started jumping and dancing with joy—



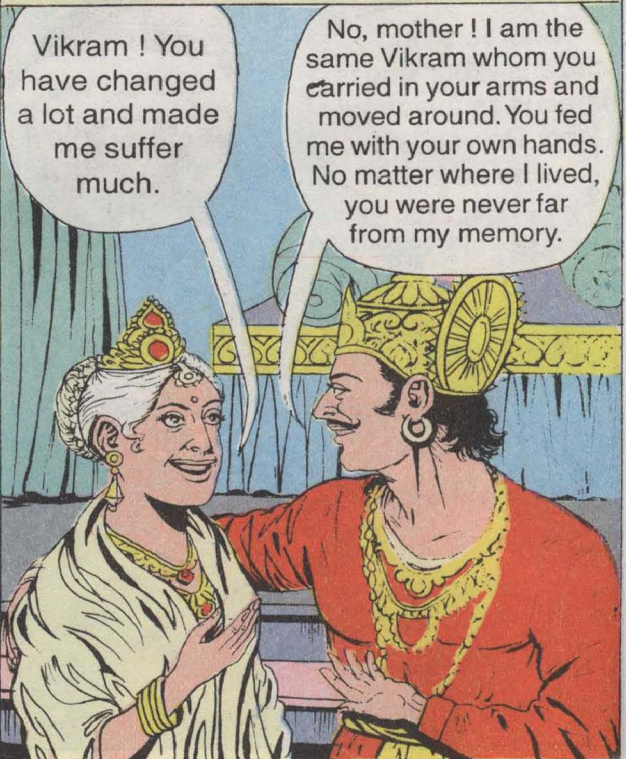
Queen mother Shrimati also got the news—



Queen mother rushed to the assembly. Vikramaditya fell at his mother's feet. The mother embraced her son. Their eyes brimmed with tears of love.

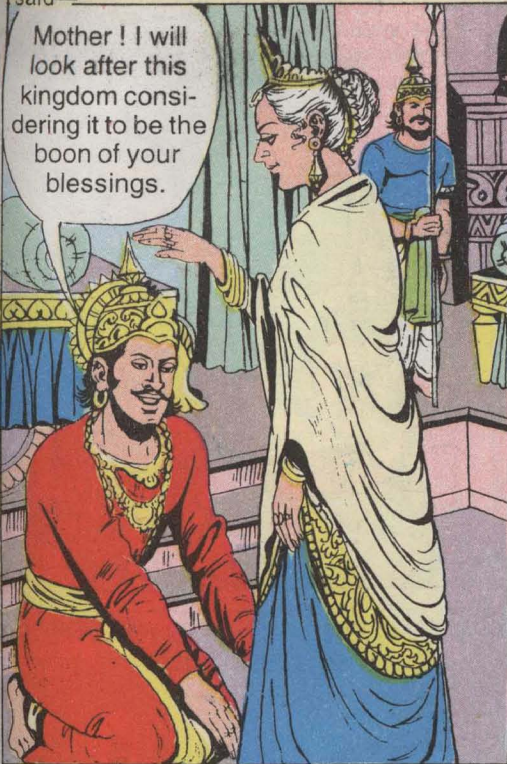


The mother kissed the forehead of the son and said—



Then seeking his mother's blessing, Vikram said—

Mother ! I will look after this kingdom considering it to be the boon of your blessings.



After that Vikram recalled his promise and announced—

King Vikramaditya !
Live long life.

Minister
Matribhatt ! Live
long life.

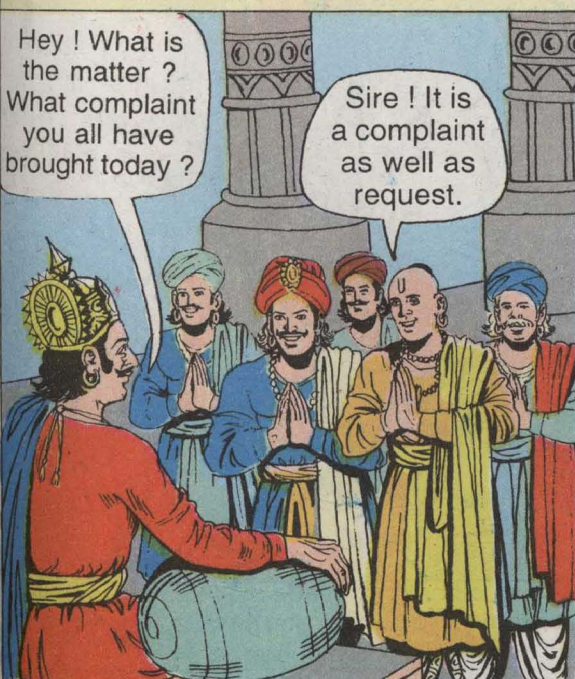
Minister Buddhisagar is the chief minister of this kingdom. But as he has grown old I am appointing my young friend Matribhatt as the joint chief minister. He is my true companion, associate and advisor from my bad days.



Under the rule of chief minister Matribhatt and majestic King Vikramaditya the people of Avanti prospered and flourished. One day Matribhatt came to Vikramaditya with some dignitaries—

Hey ! What is the matter ?
What complaint you all have brought today ?

Sire ! It is a complaint as well as request.



Sire ! Till date the throne of the queen remains unoccupied. If this throne is also filled, the joy of the people will have no bounds.

So, from a biped you want to turn me to a quadruped !



They broke into a laughter.

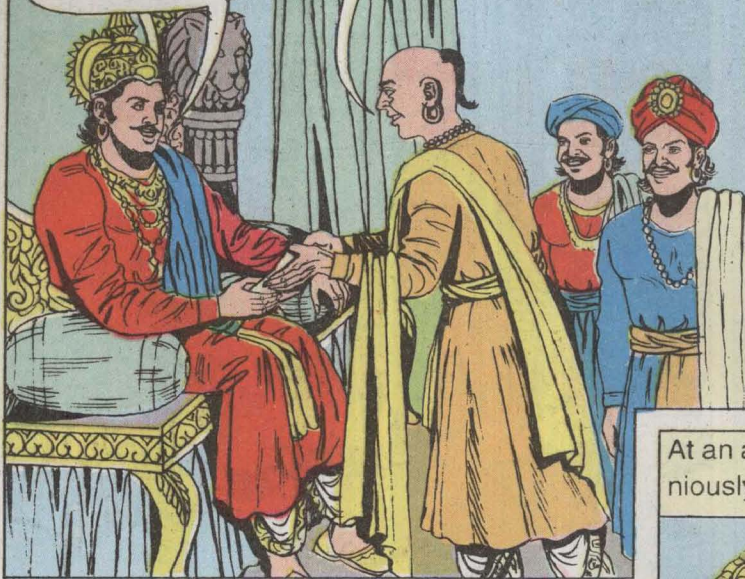
Then Vikram asked Matribhatt—

Have you seen some able and virtuous match suitable for the throne of Avanti ?

Yes, sire ! Minister Buddhisagar and I have just returned seeing such a girl. Kamalavati, daughter of king Vairi Singh of Lakshmiपुर, is a perfect match for you. See.

The king carefully saw the picture.

Yes ! From the picture the appears looks to be calm and serene and can be the queen of Avanti.

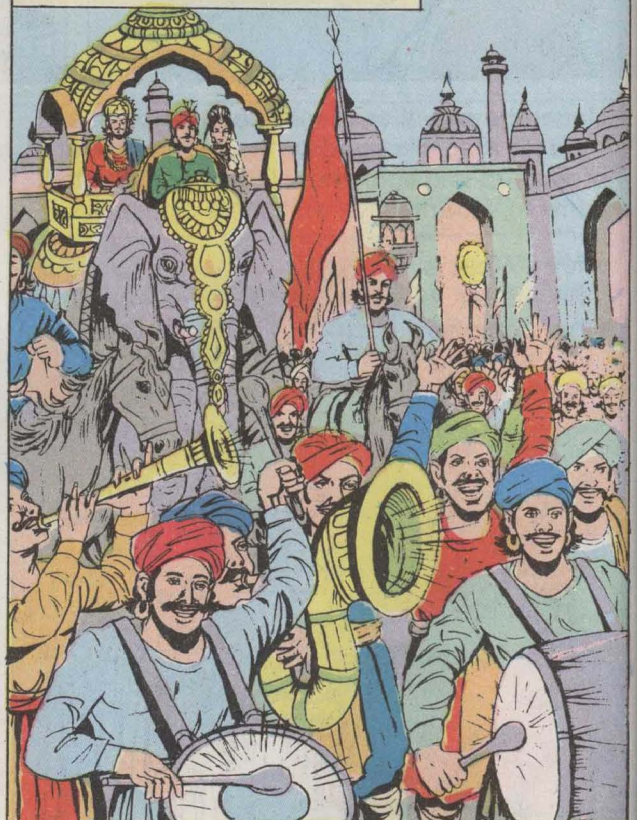


At an auspicious moment the king was ceremoniously married to Kamalavati.

Vikramaditya gave his consent.

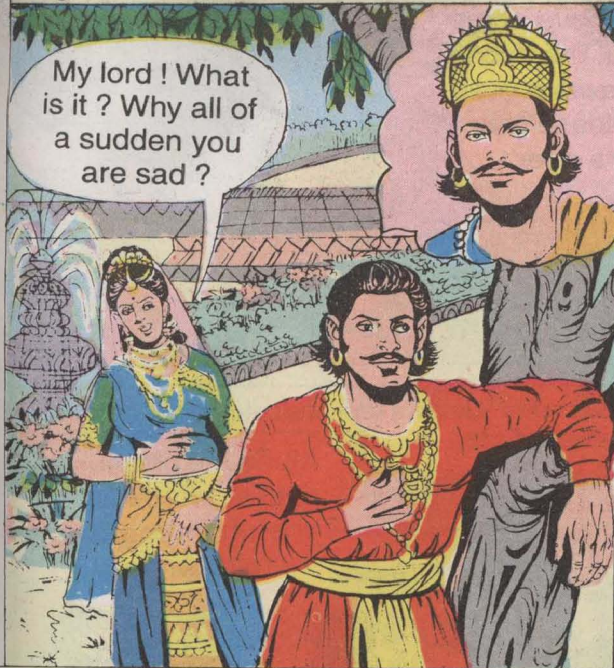
I accept your decision.

May the king be victorious.



After that many other kings made their relations intimate with King Vikramaditya by marrying their daughters to him. Kamalavati became the chief queen consort.

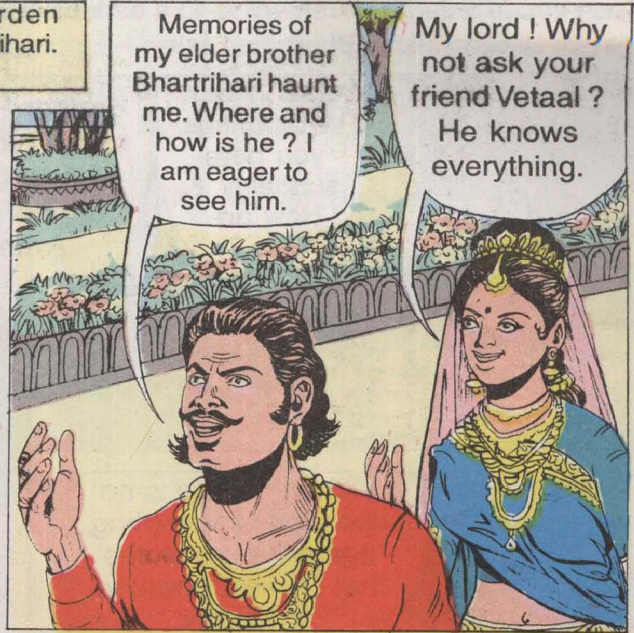
One day while enjoying an outing in a garden Vikramaditya thought of his elder brother king Bhartrihari. He got lost in his memories.



My lord ! What is it ? Why all of a sudden you are sad ?

Memories of my elder brother Bhartrihari haunt me. Where and how is he ? I am eager to see him.

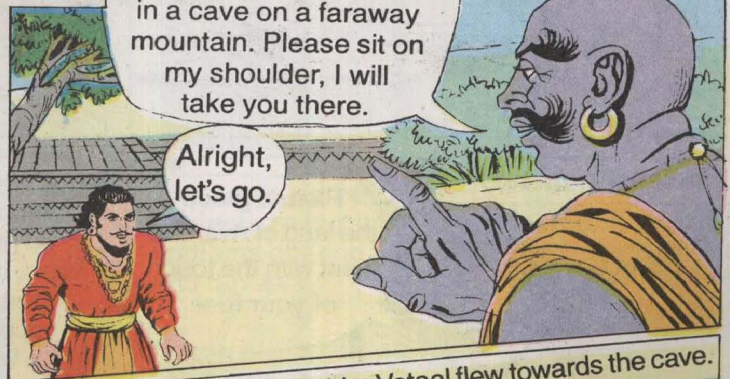
My lord ! Why not ask your friend Vetaal ? He knows everything.



Agni vetaal closed his eyes for two minutes. Then said—

He is deeply involved in his rigorous austerities in a cave on a faraway mountain. Please sit on my shoulder, I will take you there.

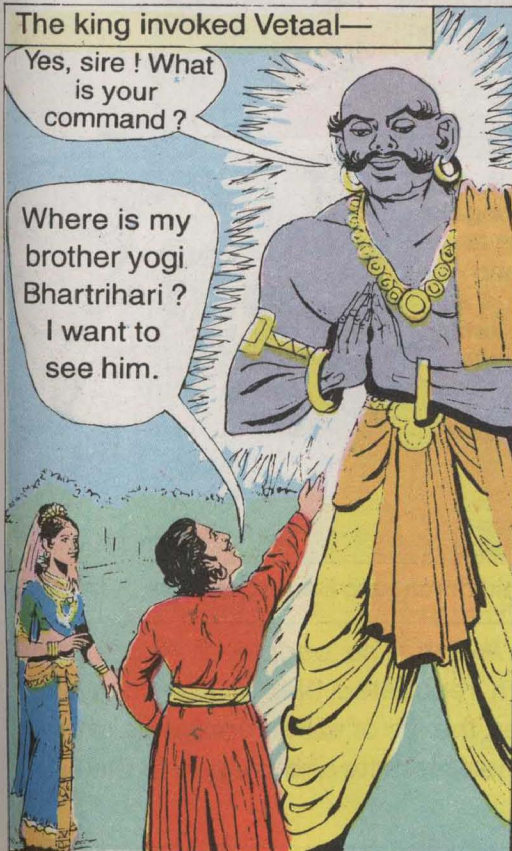
Alright, let's go.



The king invoked Vetaal—

Yes, sire ! What is your command ?

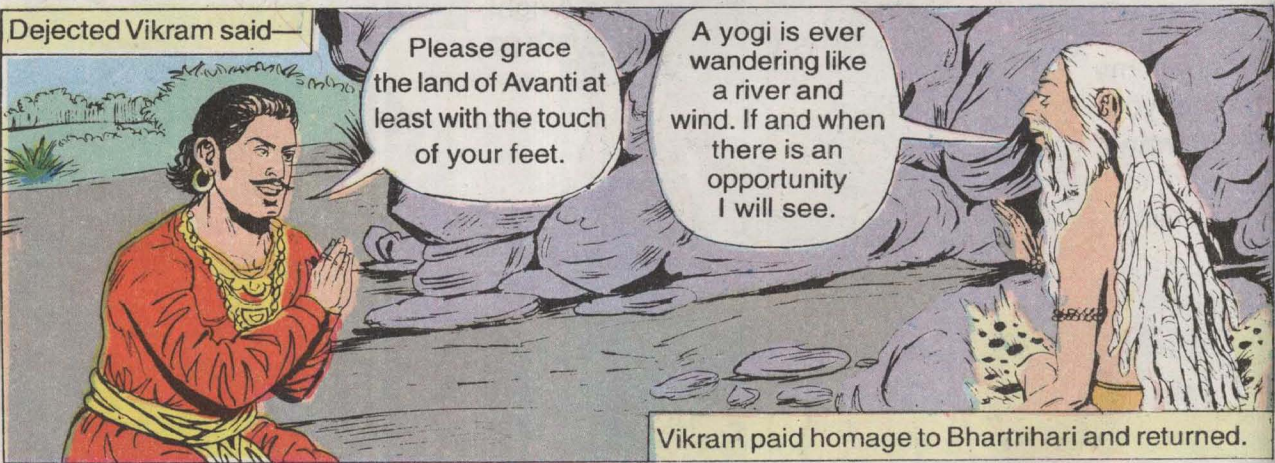
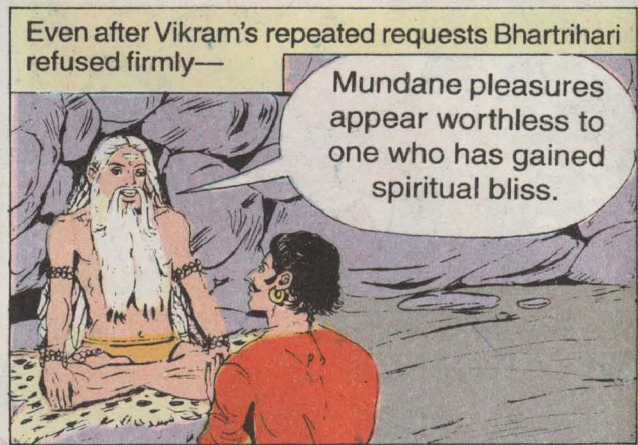
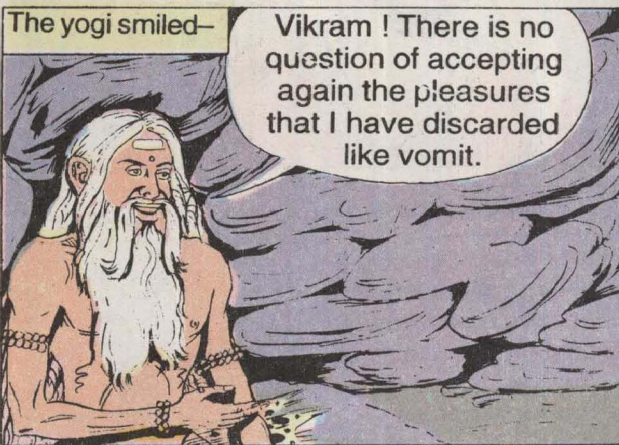
Where is my brother yogi Bhartrihari ? I want to see him.



Taking Vikram on his shoulder Vetaal flew towards the cave.



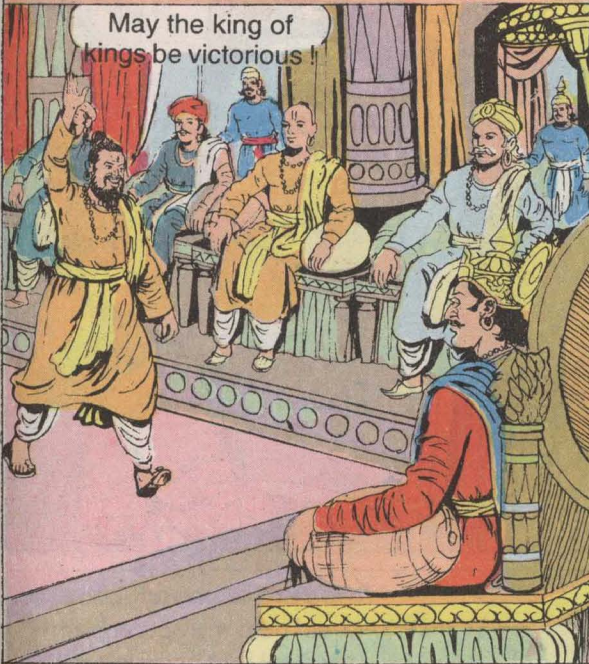
Soon Vetaal brought Vikramaditya to a dark cave and placed him before a meditating yogi. Seeing Vikram all of a sudden Bhartrihari asked—



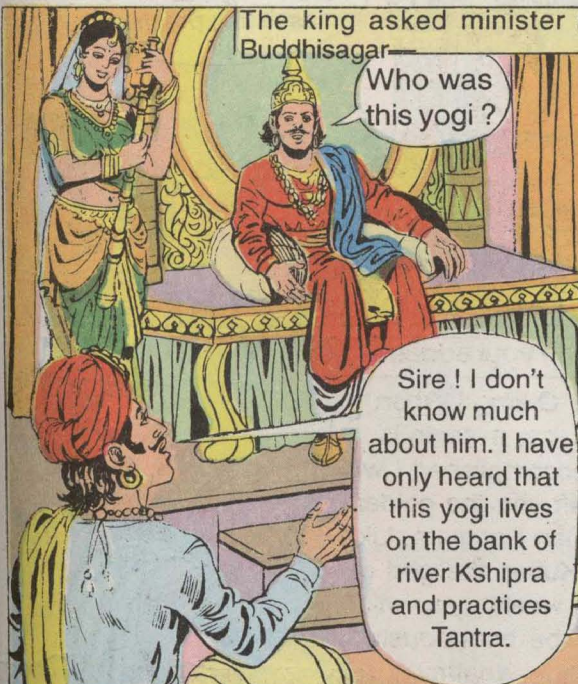
While wandering, one day yogi Bhartrihari came to Avanti. The people of Avanti paid their homage and attended his sermon. Vikramaditya requested him to stay in Avanti permanently. Yogi Bhartrihari said—'O king ! Like a river, the life of saints and yogis is ever devoted to the welfare of people.' The great yogi preached morality and religion to the king and his people before he returned to the jungle.

When he became the king of Avanti, Vikramaditya first of all made plans for public welfare and development of art, literature and commerce. He kept no limits on expenditure to remove ignorance and poverty of the people. Soon Avanti became a prosperous state.

One day while King Vikramaditya was in his court, a yogi entered.



The king welcomed the yogi—



The yogi came everyday at a fixed time, presented a fruit and returned. One day when the yogi was offering the fruit, a monkey snatched it and ran away.



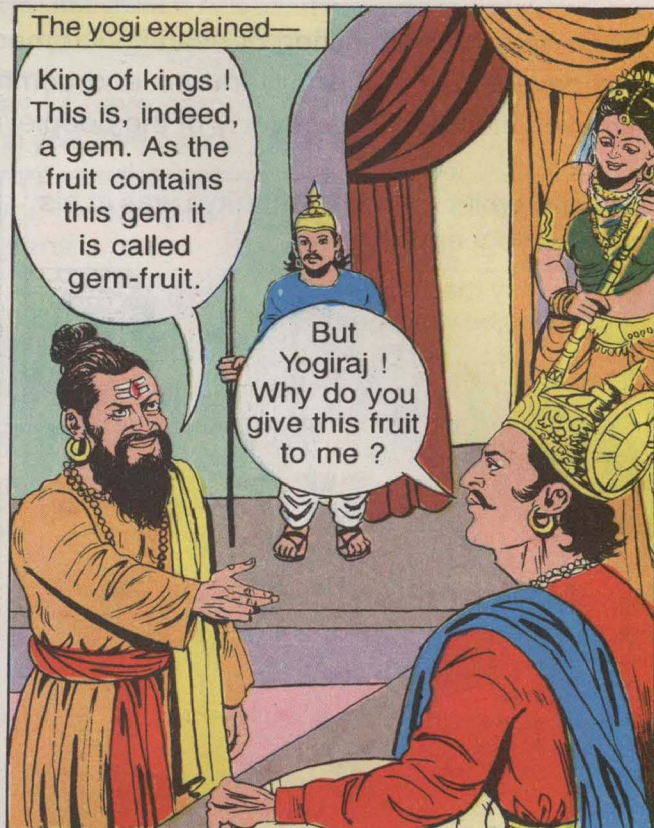
When the monkey, perched on a wall and cut the fruit, a gem came out and fell before the king. Its glitter filled the court.



The yogi explained—

King of kings ! This is, indeed, a gem. As the fruit contains this gem it is called gem-fruit.

But Yogiraj ! Why do you give this fruit to me ?

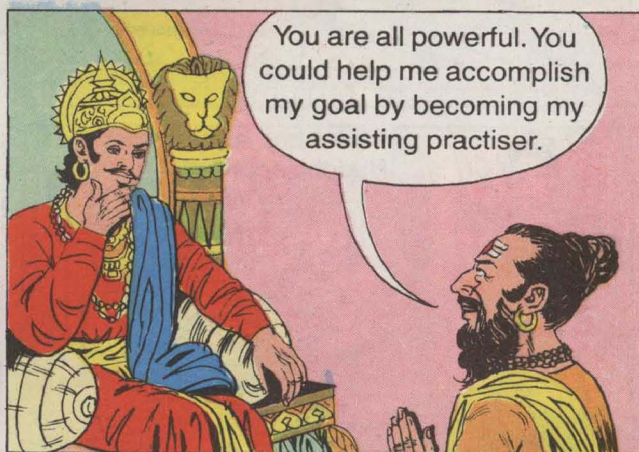


O King ! Fruit begets fruit.

So, what fruit do you expect from me ? Tell me how can I help you ?

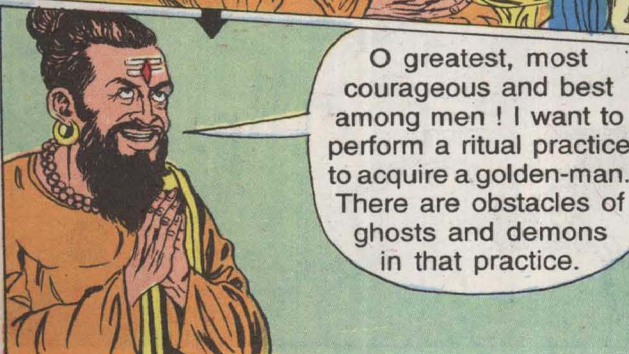


You are all powerful. You could help me accomplish my goal by becoming my assisting practiser.

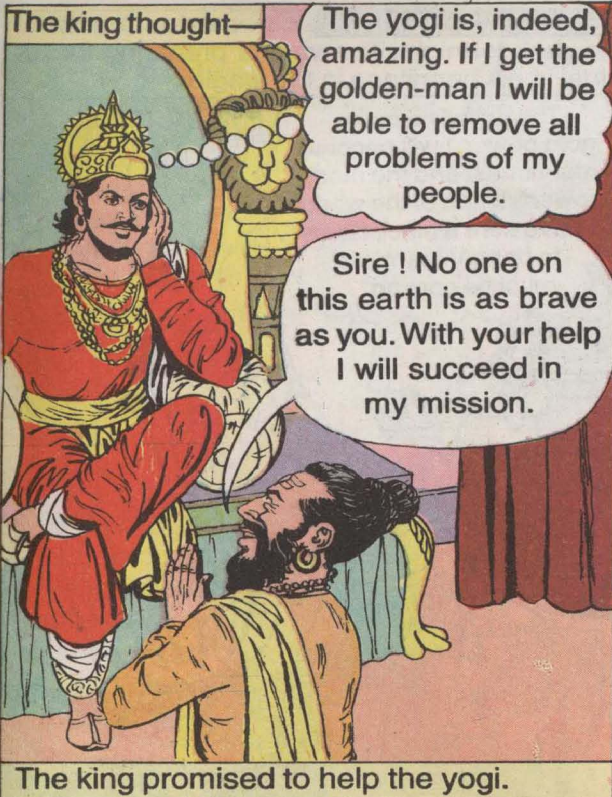


The yogi added—

O king ! When my mission is accomplished I will gift you the golden-man I acquire. Like Kuber, the god of wealth, you will be enormously wealthy.



The king thought—

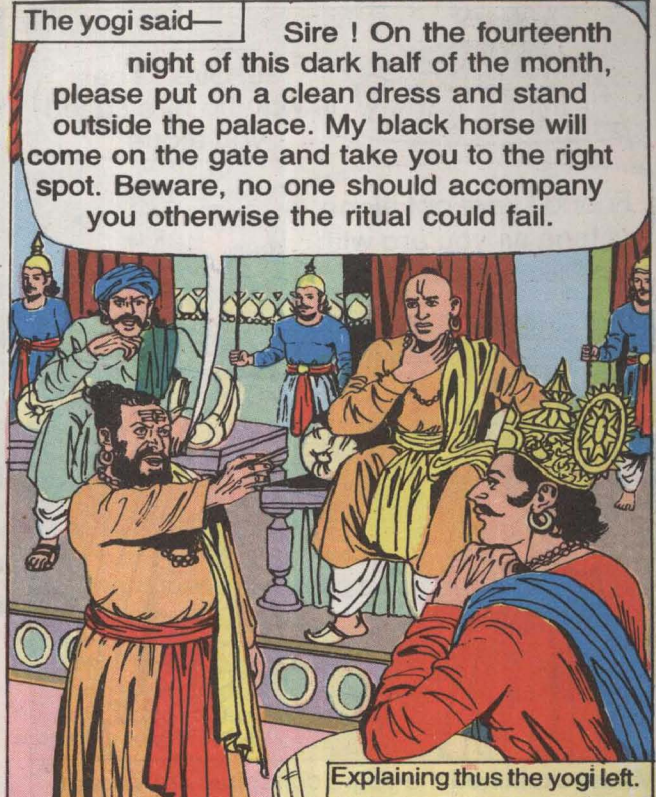


The yogi is, indeed, amazing. If I get the golden-man I will be able to remove all problems of my people.

Sire ! No one on this earth is as brave as you. With your help I will succeed in my mission.

The king promised to help the yogi.

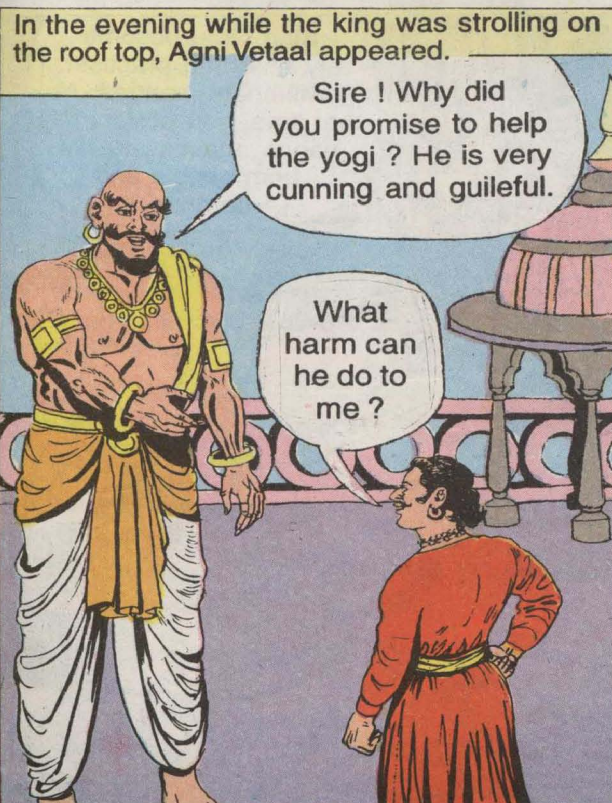
The yogi said—



Sire ! On the fourteenth night of this dark half of the month, please put on a clean dress and stand outside the palace. My black horse will come on the gate and take you to the right spot. Beware, no one should accompany you otherwise the ritual could fail.

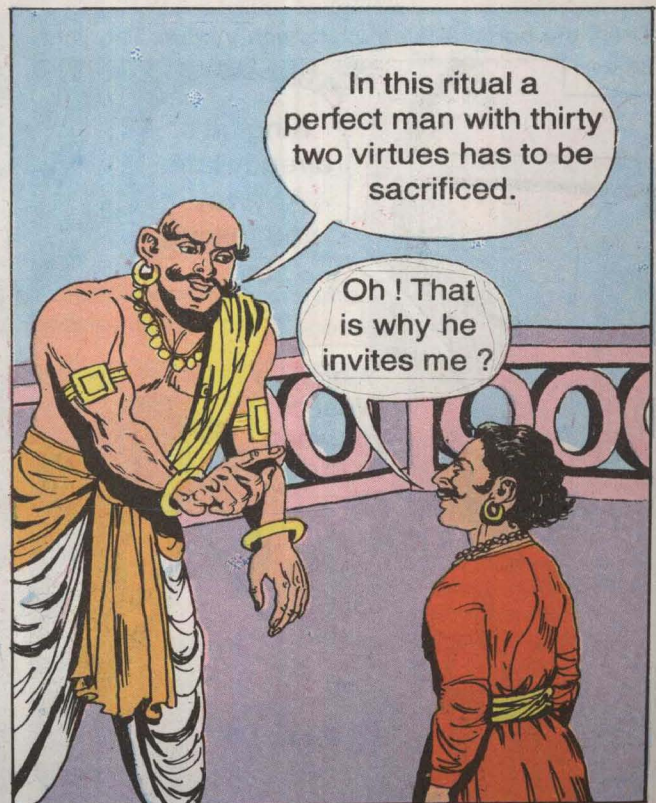
Explaining thus the yogi left.

In the evening while the king was strolling on the roof top, Agni Vetaal appeared.



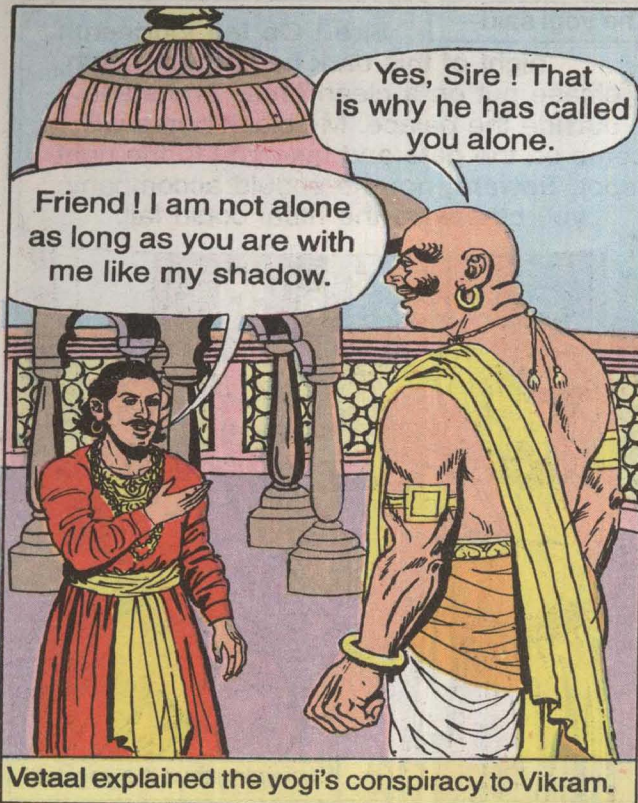
Sire ! Why did you promise to help the yogi ? He is very cunning and guileful.

What harm can he do to me ?

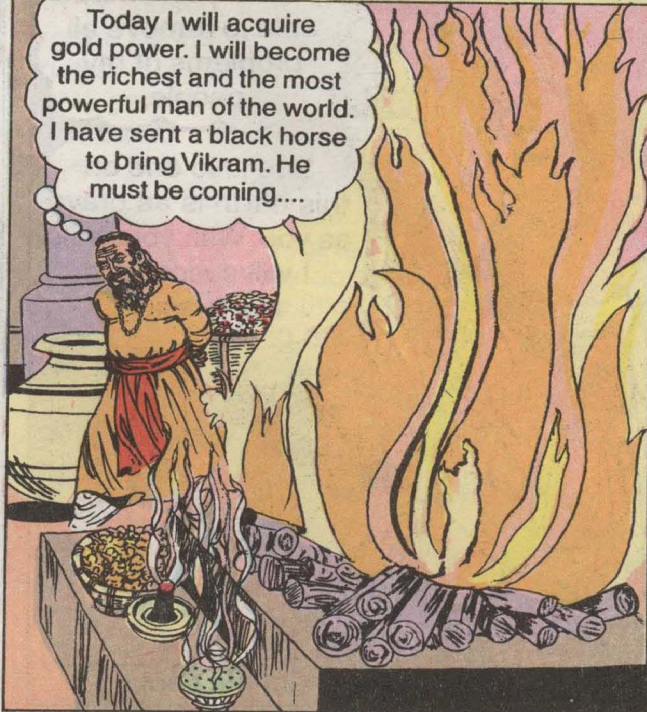


In this ritual a perfect man with thirty two virtues has to be sacrificed.

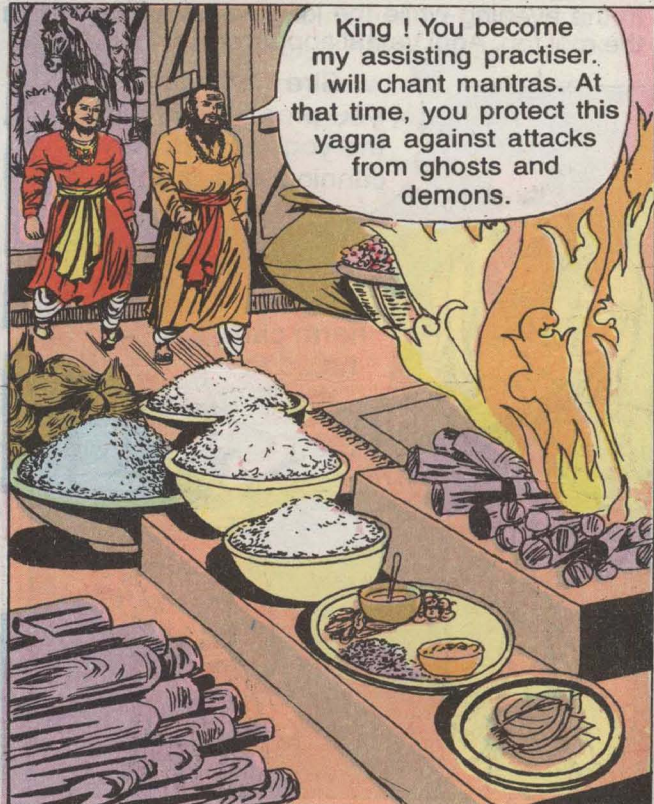
Oh ! That is why he invites me ?



AFTER TWELVE DAYS It is the fourteenth of the dark fortnight. The yogi is preparing for his ritual in his hermitage in the jungle.

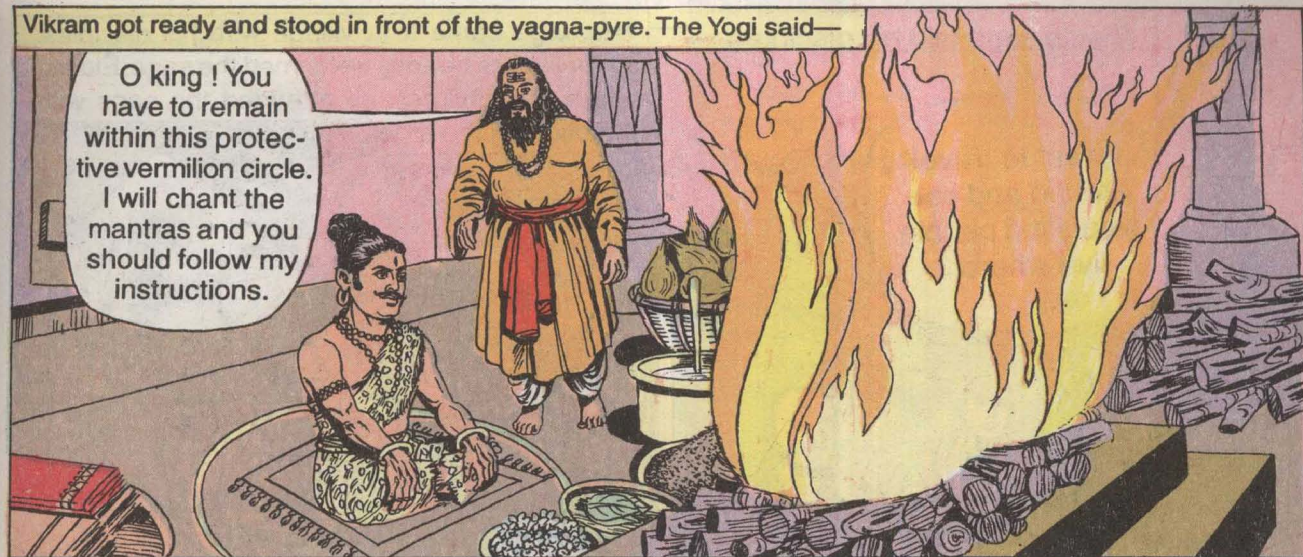


Then, the horse arrived along with Vikram. The yogi said—

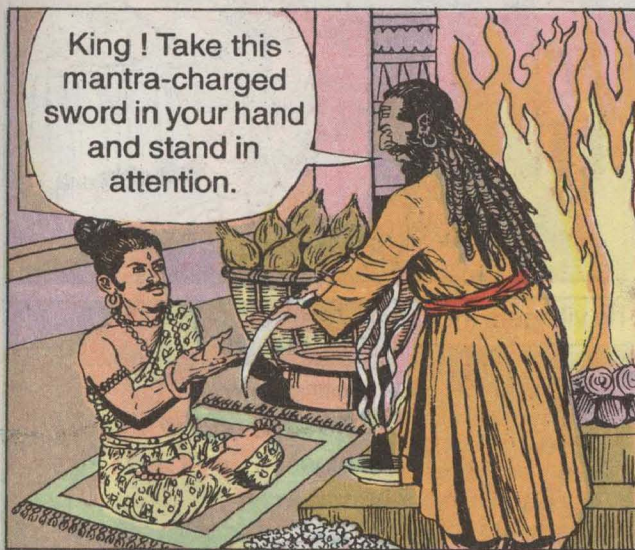


Vikram got ready and stood in front of the yagna-pyre. The Yogi said—

O king ! You have to remain within this protective vermilion circle. I will chant the mantras and you should follow my instructions.

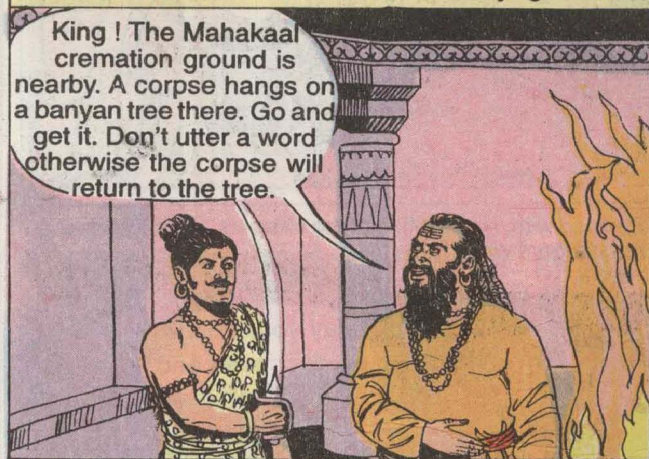


King ! Take this mantra-charged sword in your hand and stand in attention.

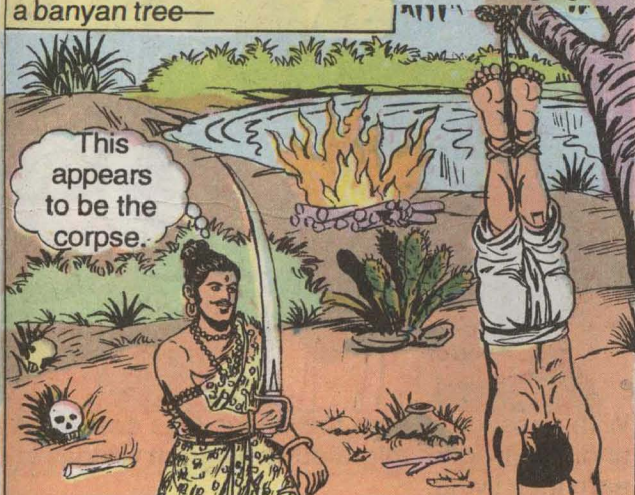


The yogi continued mantra chanting. Vikram stood alert with the sword in his hand. The yogi said—

King ! The Mahakaal cremation ground is nearby. A corpse hangs on a banyan tree there. Go and get it. Don't utter a word otherwise the corpse will return to the tree.

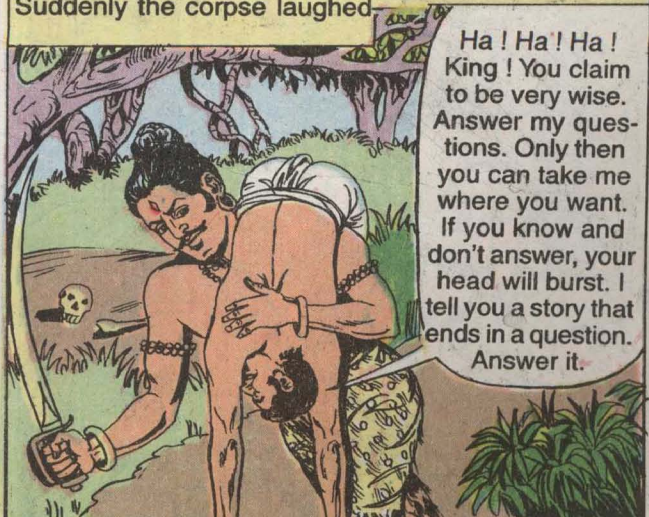


With the sword in his hand Vikram went to the cremation ground. He saw the corpse hanging on a banyan tree—



This appears to be the corpse.

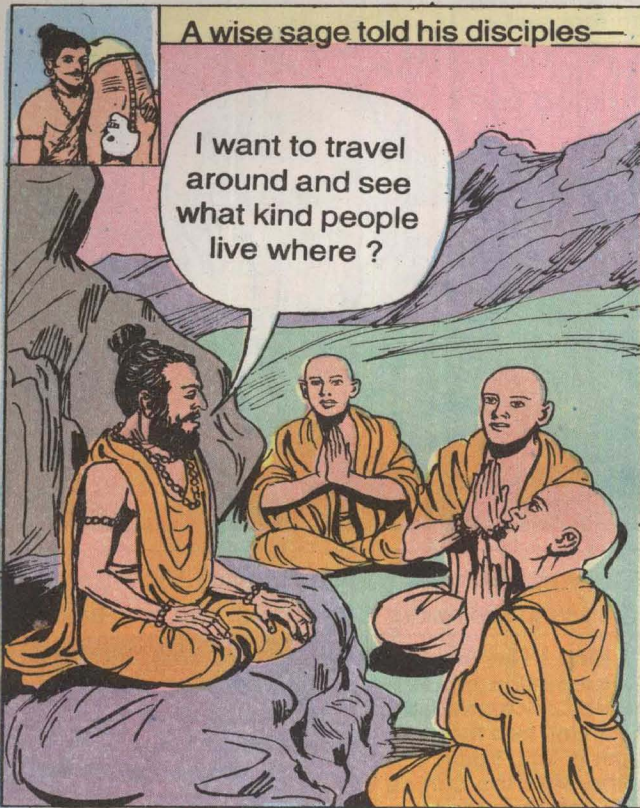
He took the corpse on his shoulder and started back. Suddenly the corpse laughed—



Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! King ! You claim to be very wise. Answer my questions. Only then you can take me where you want. If you know and don't answer, your head will burst. I tell you a story that ends in a question. Answer it.

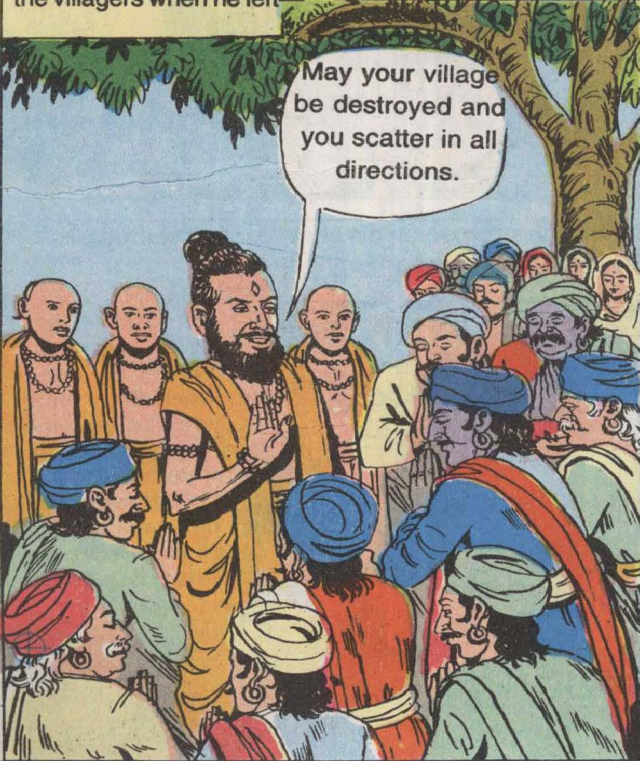
A wise sage told his disciples—

I want to travel around and see what kind people live where ?

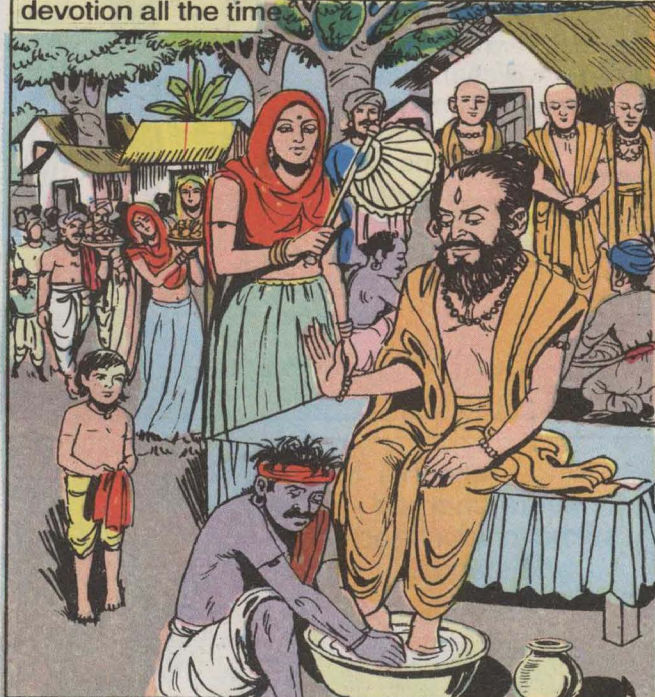


Pleased with the devotion of the villagers, the sage blessed the villagers when he left—

May your village be destroyed and you scatter in all directions.

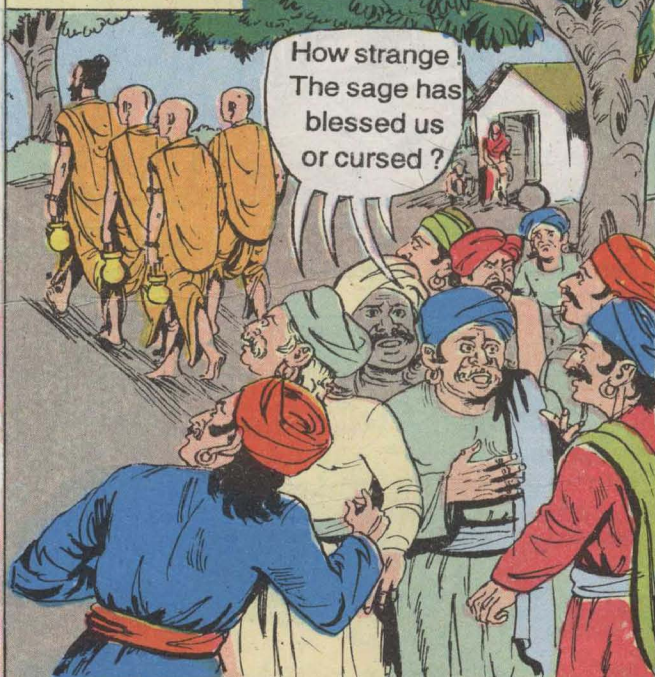


The sage came to a village with his disciples. The villagers heartily welcomed the sage. Elders, youth and children all attended the sage with devotion all the time.



The villagers thought—

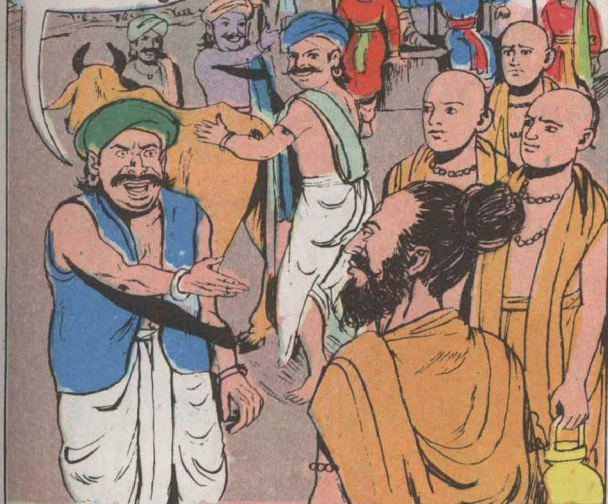
How strange! The sage has blessed us or cursed ?



With passage of time the village was destroyed and the villagers migrated to different villages to earn their living.

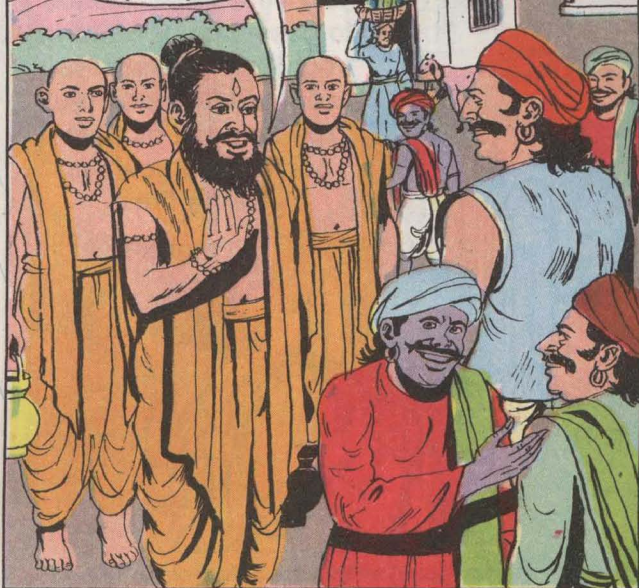
The group of sages came to another village. The villagers abused the sages—

Are you not ashamed of begging in spite of being healthy and strong ? Get out of our village.



The sage blessed these villagers as well—

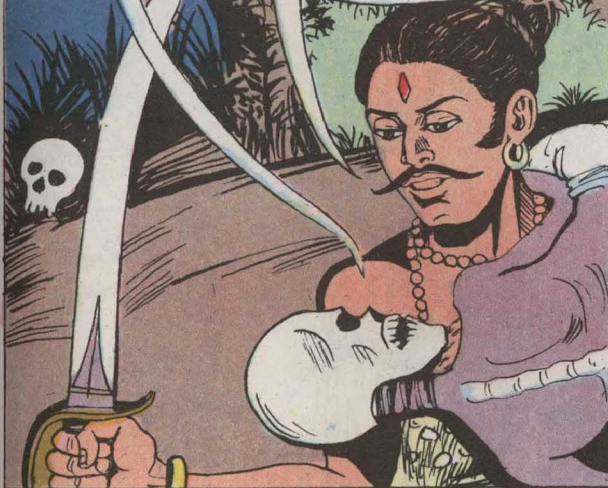
May you be happy here. May your village prosper.



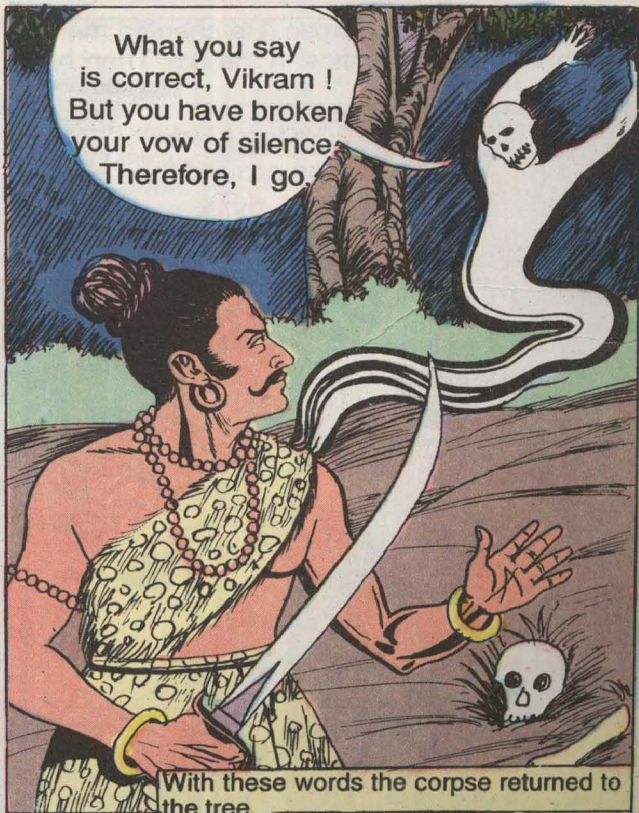
Concluding the story the Vetaal within the corpse said—

The sage blessed the good people with destruction and the bad people with prosperity. Tell me king Vikram ! Was it right ?

The blessing by the sage was absolutely correct. Wherever they go good people do good to others and bad people spread evil. That is why it is right that good people scatter to different villages and bad people remain confined to one village.

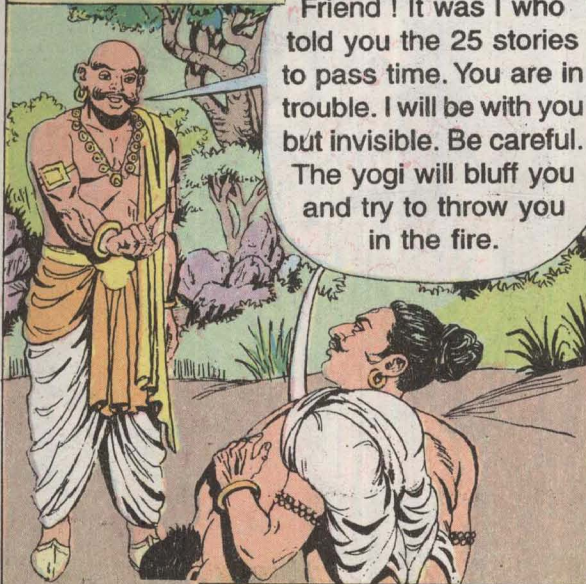


What you say is correct, Vikram ! But you have broken your vow of silence. Therefore, I go.



With these words the corpse returned to the tree.

Vikram went to the tree again and carried the corpse back. Once again the corpse told a story and in excitement Vikram replied. The corpse again returned to the tree. This continued till the 25th story when Vikram remained silent. Agni Vetaal appeared—



Friend ! It was I who told you the 25 stories to pass time. You are in trouble. I will be with you but invisible. Be careful. The yogi will bluff you and try to throw you in the fire.

Explaining all this the Vetaal disappeared.

At last Vikram came to the yogi with the corpse. The yogi uttered angrily—



O king ! Why are you so late ? Anyway be ready now.

The yogi sat on the corpse. He chanted mantras and offered sacrifice in the fire. Then he said—



King ! Now go around the pyre.

The yogi followed the king and extended his hand to push the king into the fire—



Now let me push him into the fire.

Alert Vikram suddenly turned and pushed the unsuspecting yogi into the fire.

Here rascal !
Reap what you
had sown.

Oh !
Help me !

The yogi fell into the fire and started burning.

Suddenly a golden-man emerged from the fire—

O king ! I am a divine
golden-man. I am pleased with
your virtues. Put me safe in your
treasury. During the day cut me as
much as you want from my lower
limbs. During the night I will grow
back to normal. Thus you will
always have an unending
stock of gold.

O Golden-man !!
I promise to spend all the
wealth you bless me with
for public welfare.

Vikramaditya took the golden-man and
placed it safe in the treasury of Avanti.

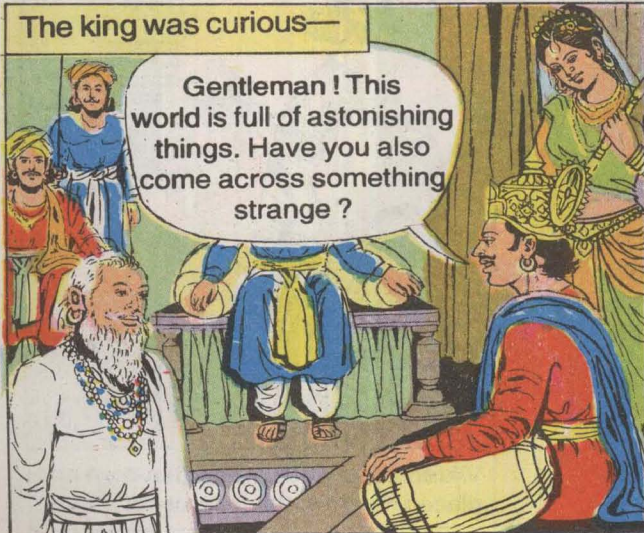
One day while Vikramaditya was sitting in his court, an aged stranger came—



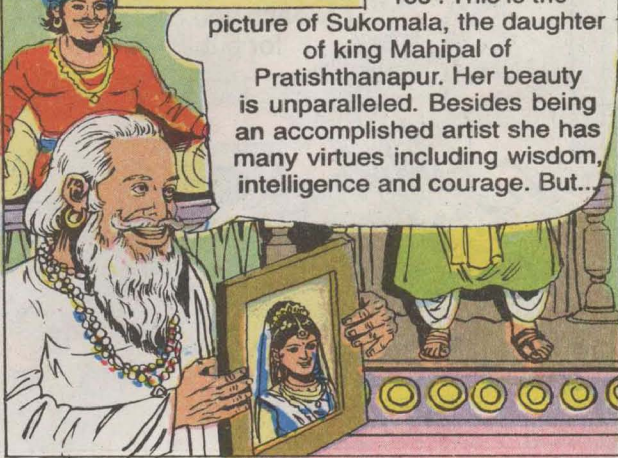
Every one in the court looked at this stranger with curiosity. The king asked—

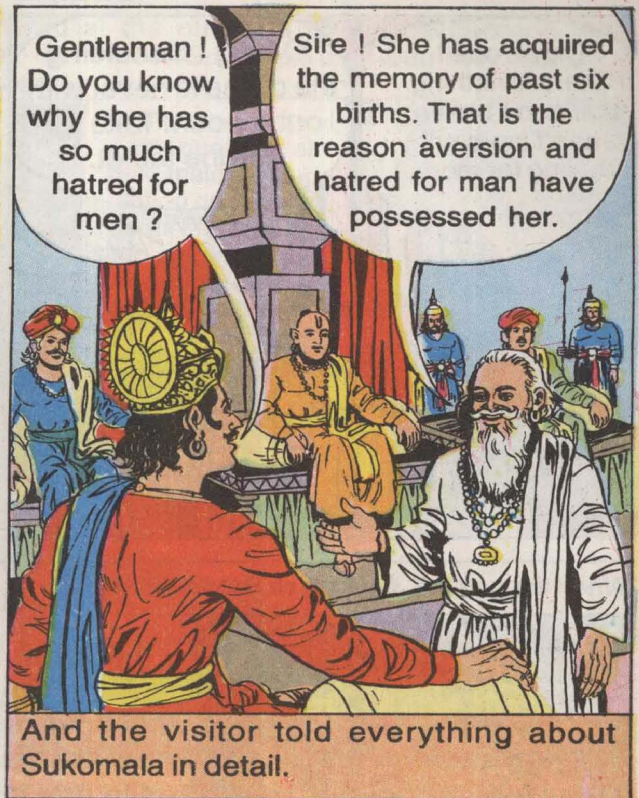
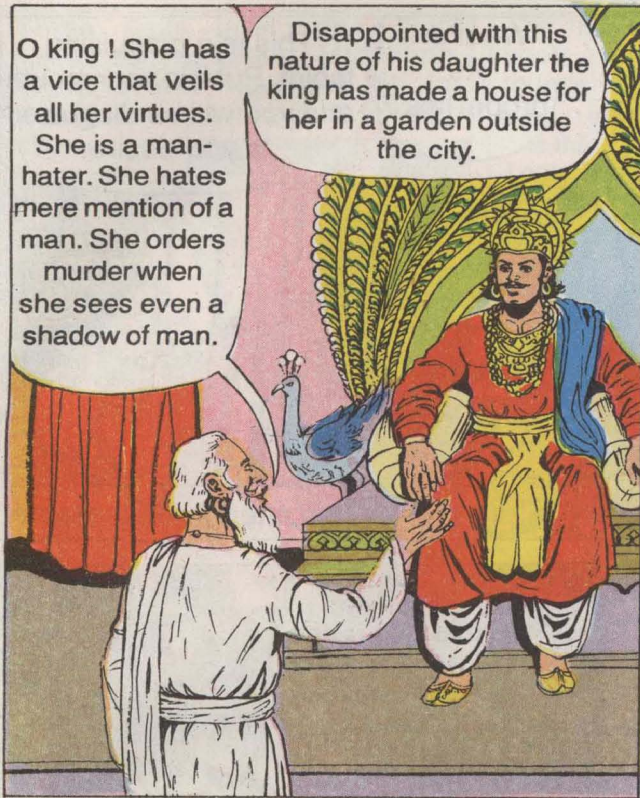


The king was curious—



The visitor took out a beautiful picture and placed it before the king—





The king offered the old man one lac gold coins as gift. The old man raised his hand—

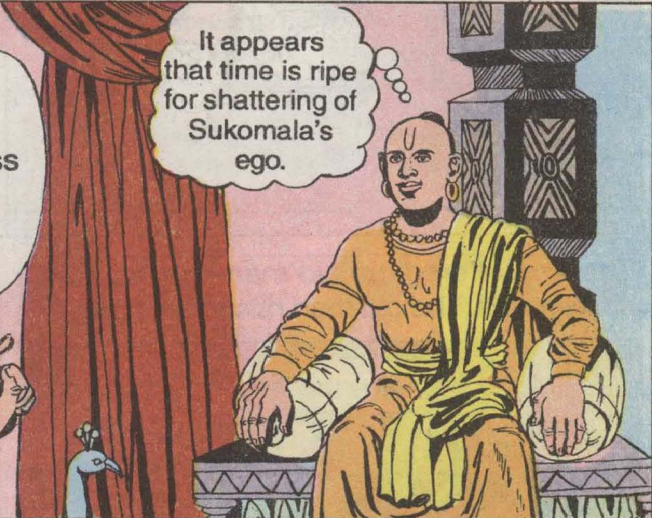
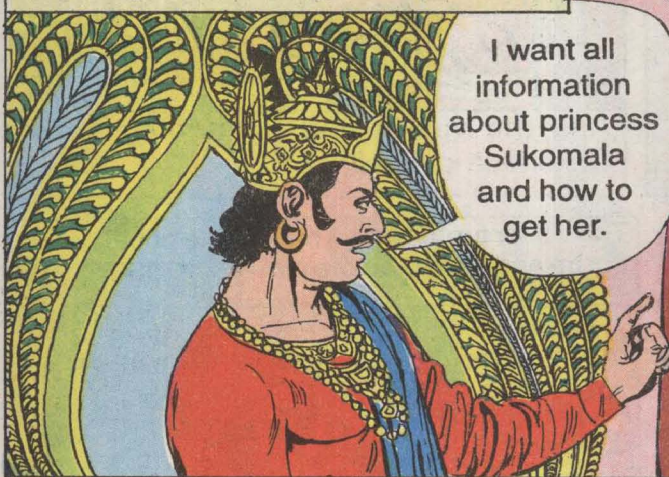


The visitor turned into a handsome god. The king got up and bowed before him—

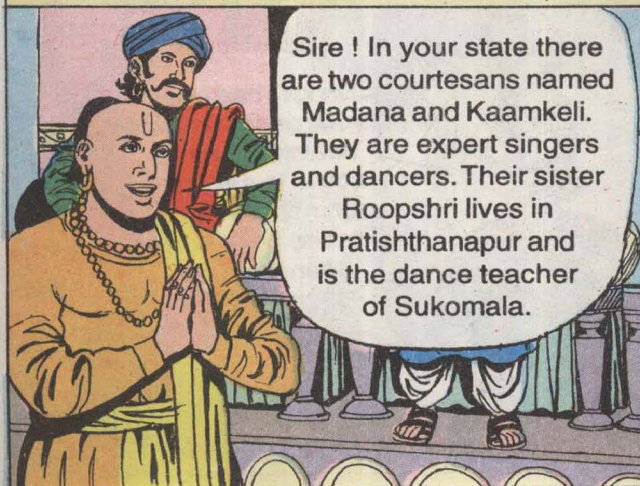




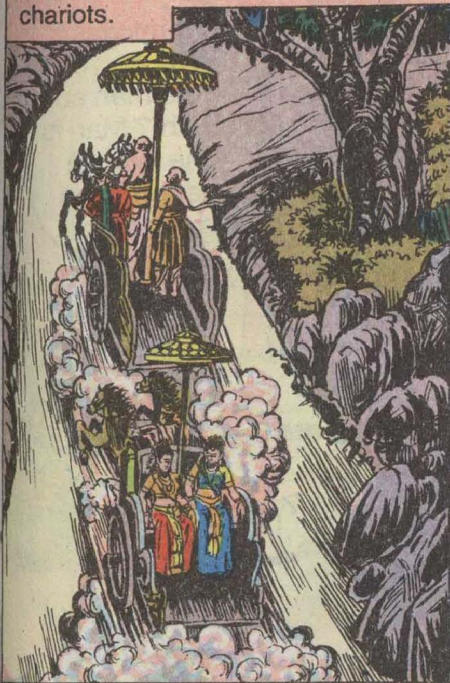
When the god left, the king said to Matribhatt—



Within two days Matribhatt collected all information—



Three days later, one night Vikramaditya, Vetaal, Matribhatt, Madana and Kaamkeli left for Pratishthanapur in fast moving chariots.

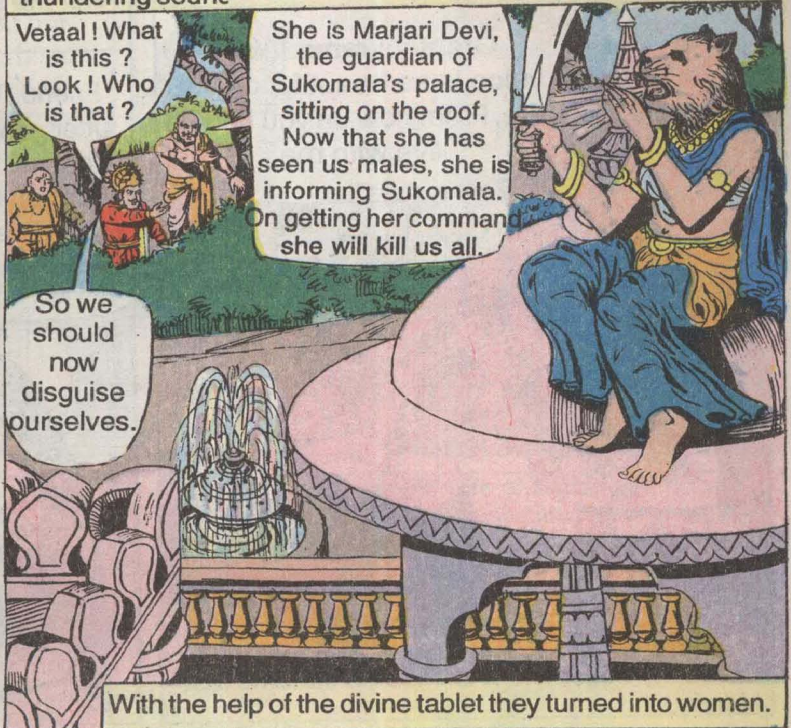


The five arrived at the outskirts of Pratishthanapur. As soon as they came near Sukomala's garden they heard a thundering sound

Vetaal ! What is this ? Look ! Who is that ?

So we should now disguise ourselves.

She is Marjari Devi, the guardian of Sukomala's palace, sitting on the roof. Now that she has seen us males, she is informing Sukomala. On getting her command she will kill us all.



With the help of the divine tablet they turned into women.

The five women went to Rupashri's residence. Madana introduced them—

They are my fast friends Vikrama, Vetaala, and Bhatta. Vikrama is an expert dancer and singer and these two are expert musicians.

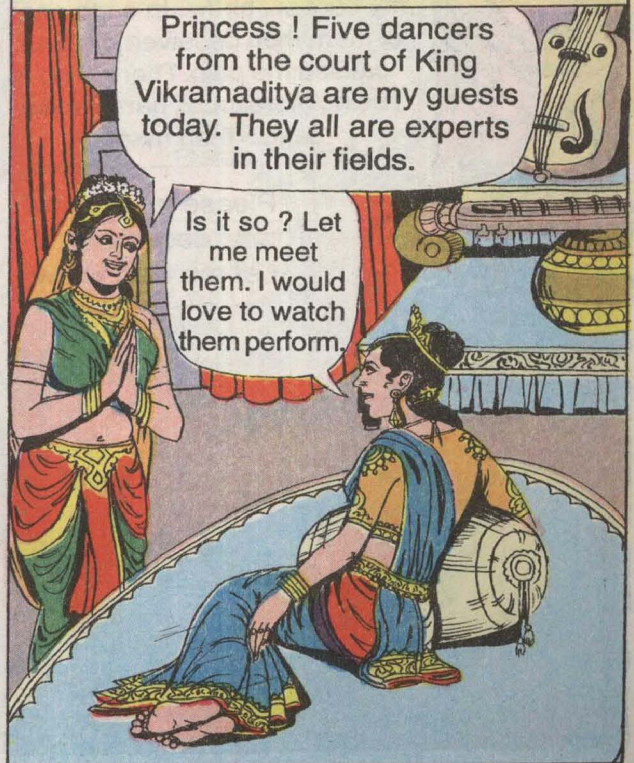
You all are welcome. Please take rest. I am going to the princess to give dance lessons.



Coming to the palace Rupashri informed Sukomala—

Princess ! Five dancers from the court of King Vikramaditya are my guests today. They all are experts in their fields.

Is it so ? Let me meet them. I would love to watch them perform.



Rupashri took her five guests to the palace. Madana and Kaamkeli danced there and Vikrama sang. Sukomala said—

Great Vikrama ! Your voice is as beautiful as you are. From now on you should live with me.

Gradually Sukomala and Vikrama became fast friends.

One day Vikrama sang prayers for Shankar, Vishnu, Rishabh, Neminath and Parshvanath. After the song Sukomala said—

Friend ! Why do you utter names of males before me ? The moment I hear names of men I get angry. Every part of my body burns with hatred.

O princess ! Why do you hate man so much ? Man is the leading performer in this creation.

I have acquired the memory of my past six births. In each one of them men deceived me and caused me pain. There is no being more cruel, harsh and selfish than man.

Please tell me how man deceived you. Let me also know.

Sukomala told the story of her past six births—

Six births before, I was the wife of a merchant named Dhan. Although rich, the merchant was stingy. Once I gave a Damadi [a coin of smallest denomination at that time] to a beggar. The merchant turned red with anger and beat me up. I had fractures and bruises all over. The miser neither gave me medicine nor food. I died of hunger and thirst in extreme pain.

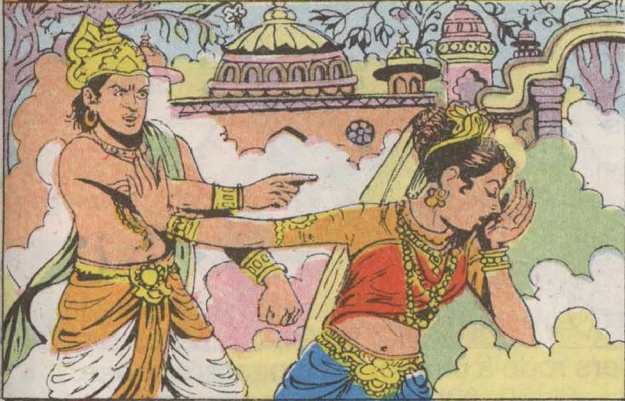
In next birth I became queen of a king. He had another queen, Kalavati. She always spoke against me to the king. At her behest the cruel and love-blind king tortured me all my life.



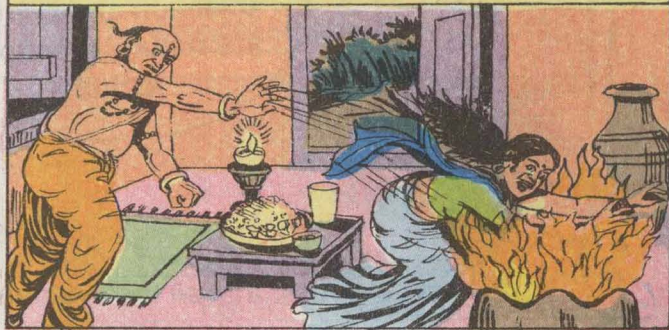
In third birth I was a doe in the Malayachal forest. There also when I was pregnant my selfish and cruel mate wounded me with his sharp horns and left me bleeding.



In the fourth birth I became a goddess. Even in that birth the god I loved always neglected, insulted and tortured me.



In the fifth birth I was the wife of a Brahmin. He was very sinful and evil. One auspicious day when he cooked prohibited food and was about to eat I tried to explain him—"My lord ! Think for a moment. It is an auspicious day. Please do not commit the great sin of eating prohibited food during the night." In rage he held my hair and threw me in fire.



In the sixth birth I was a she-parrot. I was nursing two chicks when there was a forest fire. I asked my mate—"My lord ! We should at once fly with our chicks to some safe place. Each one of us can carry one chick. But the parrot was so cruel and selfish that he wounded me with his beak and flew away. I and my two chicks turned to ashes.



Sukomala sighed and said—

Friend ! In every birth man has deceived me and tortured me. That is the reason every pore of my body spits aversion and hatred for all men.

My mind is set afire the moment I look at the face of a man. I at once get him cut to pieces with a sword.

Vikrama said sympathizing—

O princess ! Indeed, man has treated you cruelly. The feelings of aversion and hatred are natural reactions to that.

After that all the five dancers rode a chariot to Rupashri's house.

One day Rupashri said—

Vikrama has become an inseparable friend of Sukomala. She gets unhappy if she doesn't see Vikrama.

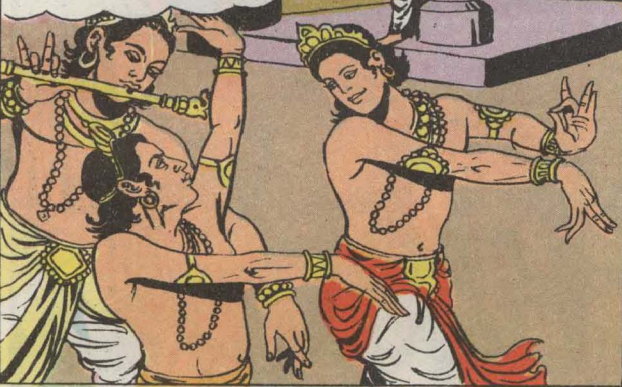
Yes ! Now she avoids talking to anyone else.

A few days later Vikrama said to Madana and Kaamkeli—

Vetaala will take you two to Avanti. I will stay here for the time being.

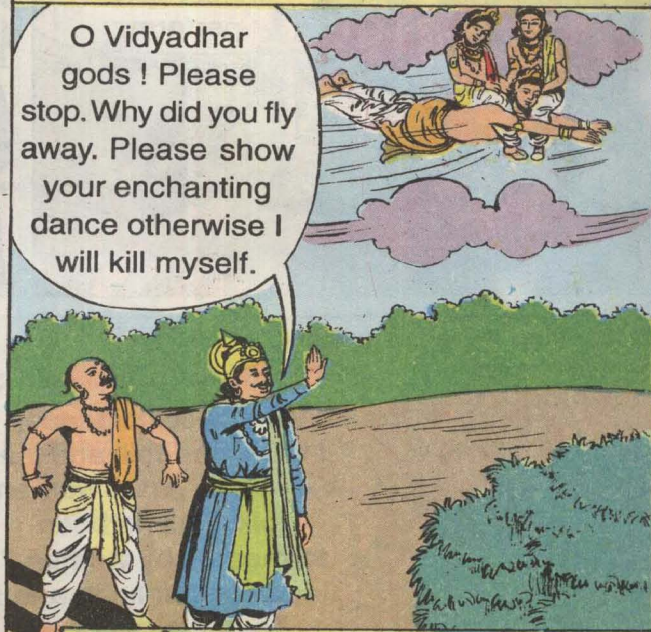
NEXT NIGHT In the garden at the back of the palace there is an ancient temple. There is a large courtyard in front of it. The courtyard is surrounded by Ashoka, Champak and other trees. In the moonlit night three Vidyadhar[#] are dancing in the courtyard. The priest sees them performing.

Oh ! It is an astonishing seen. Vidyadhar gods are dancing here. I should at once inform the king.



The priest brought King Shalivahan. The Vidyadhars flew into the sky when they saw the king. Shalivahan called—

O Vidyadhar gods ! Please stop. Why did you fly away. Please show your enchanting dance otherwise I will kill myself.

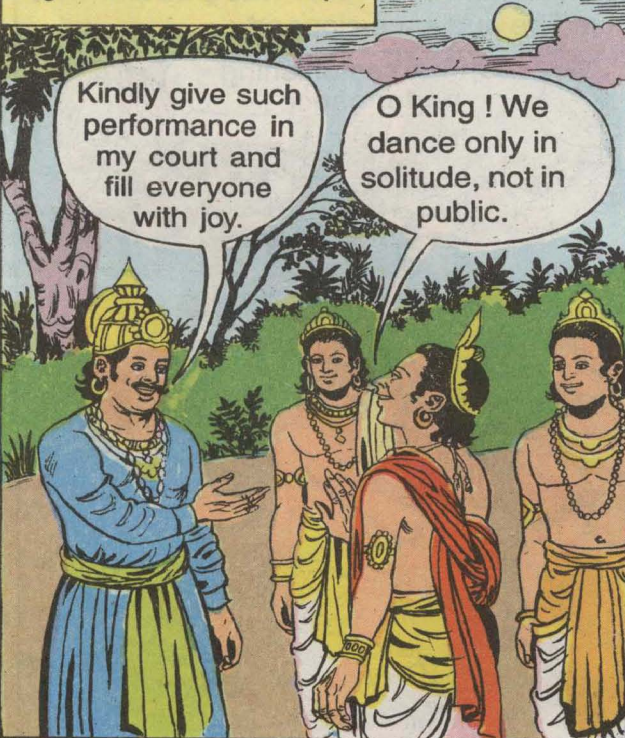


The Vidyadhars came down at the king's call.

The Vidyadhars performed before the king. The king was enchanted at the performance. He said—

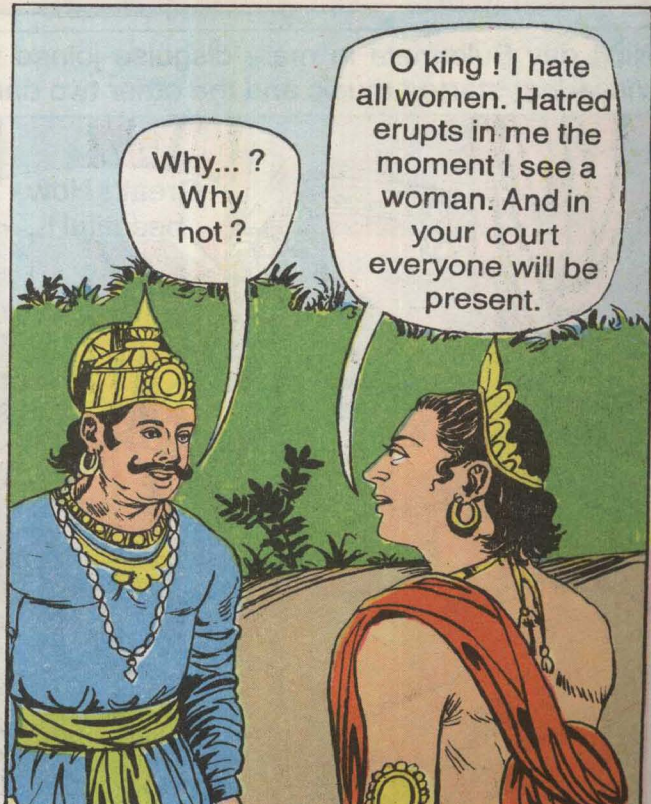
Kindly give such performance in my court and fill everyone with joy.

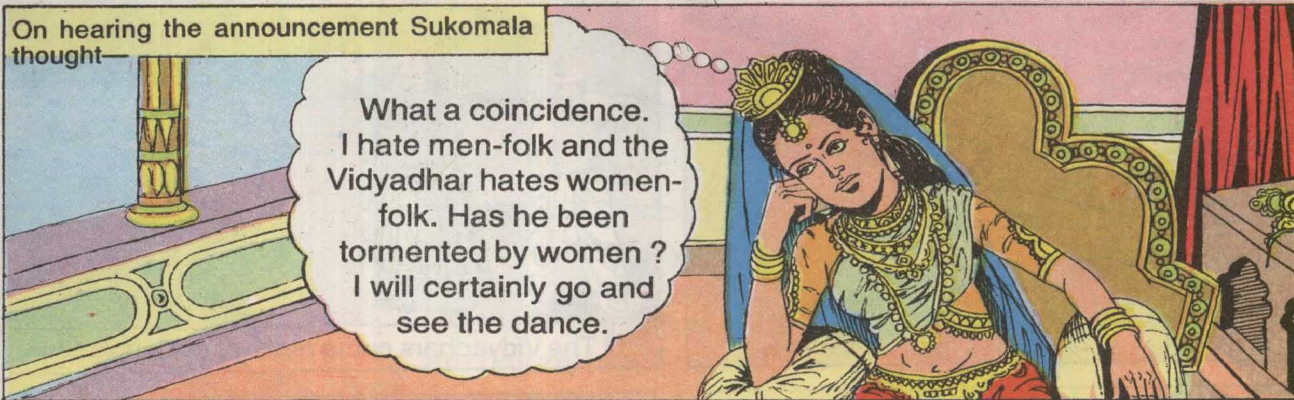
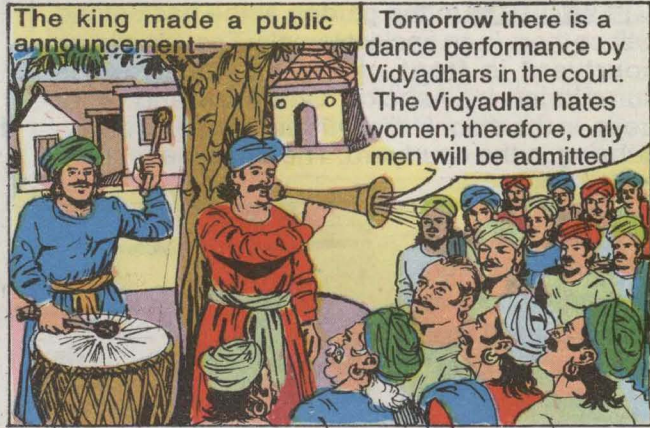
O King ! We dance only in solitude, not in public.



Why... ?
Why not ?

O king ! I hate all women. Hatred erupts in me the moment I see a woman. And in your court everyone will be present.





Next day Sukomala in male disguise joined the audience. The court was packed. One Vidyadhar started music and the other two danced. The audience clapped.



After the performance King Shalivahan asked the Vidyadhars—

O Vidyadhars ! Why do you hate women so much ?

Woman is embodiment of deception, cruelty, harshness and all that is evil.

O Vidyadhar ! On what basis you state that ? Woman is, in fact, an image of compassion, love and sweetness.

Not at all ! I have the experience of my last six births to back what I say.

Let's hear what is that experience...

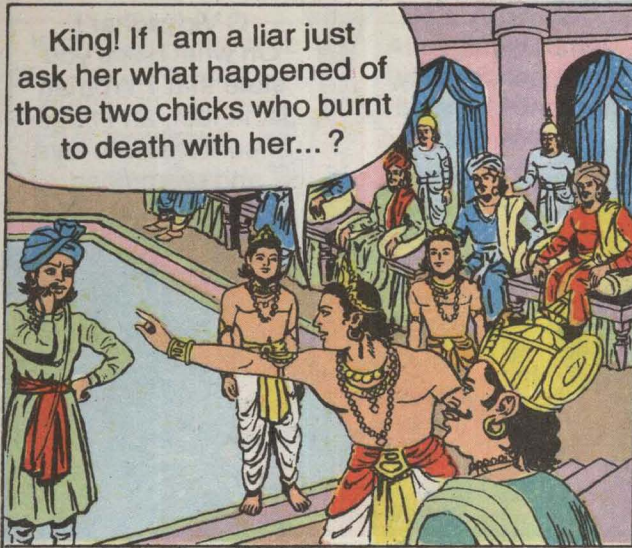
The Vidyadhar told the story of his past six births that was exactly opposite of Sukomala's story. He then added—

O king ! In all my six births women have deceived me, behaved cruelly with me, and caused my death. That is why I hate the sight of women.

On hearing the Vidyadhar's story Sukomala sitting in male disguise uttered with anger—

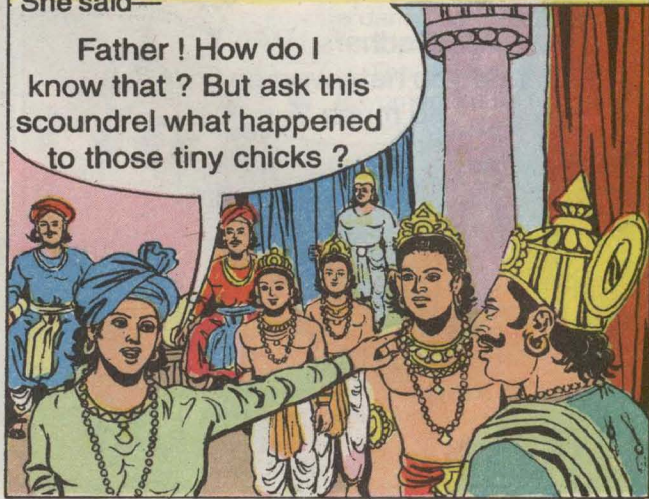
You tell a lie. It was you who killed me in the birth as a merchant. As king you exiled me. As Brahmin you threw me in fire. And you are that deceitful and selfish parrot who flew away leaving his mate and two chicks to burn alone.

King! If I am a liar just ask her what happened of those two chicks who burnt to death with her... ?

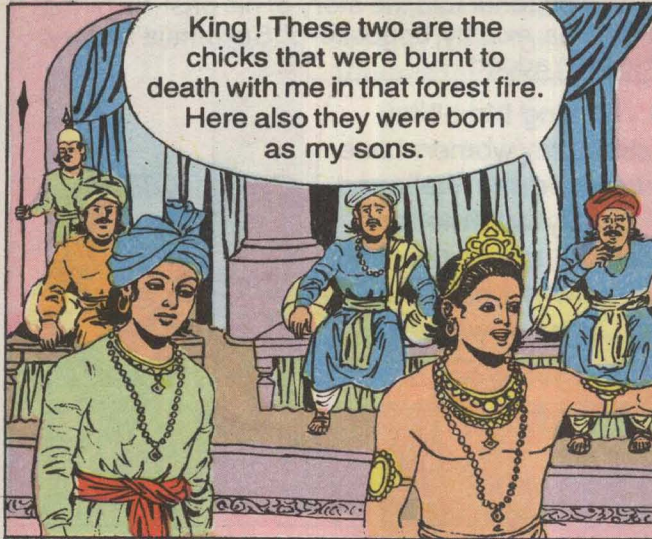


Sukumala was at a loss to answer this question. She said—

Father ! How do I know that ? But ask this scoundrel what happened to those tiny chicks ?



King ! These two are the chicks that were burnt to death with me in that forest fire. Here also they were born as my sons.

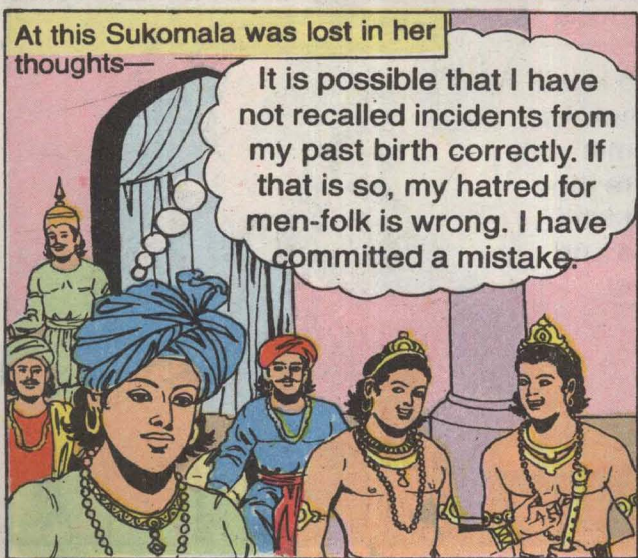


Yes ! It is true. We two were burnt alive as parrots in our last birth. We have reincarnated as his sons. Our mother had flown away leaving us burning alone.



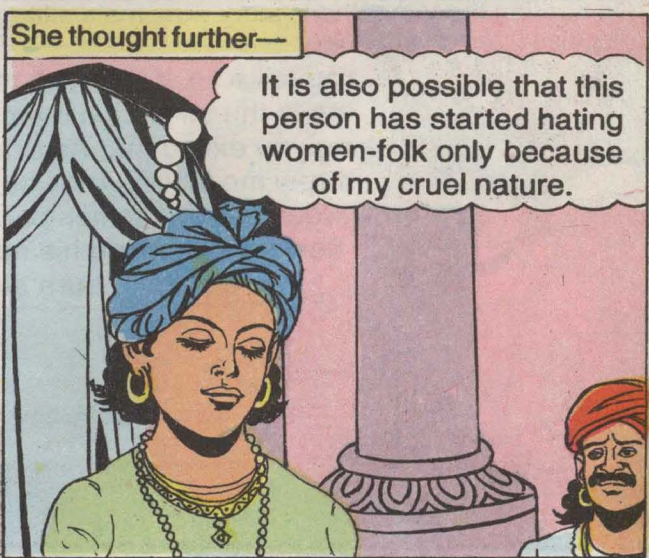
At this Sukumala was lost in her thoughts—

It is possible that I have not recalled incidents from my past birth correctly. If that is so, my hatred for men-folk is wrong. I have committed a mistake.



She thought further—

It is also possible that this person has started hating women-folk only because of my cruel nature.



Sukomala was in a disturbed state of mind. She said—

Father ! It was my mistake. Now I would like to marry this woman-hater, my husband of six births.

What is this man-hater Sukomala doing ?

How come this sudden transformation ?



Amazed Shalivahan asked—

Daughter ! Are you sure ? Do you really want to marry this person ?

Yes, father ! I will condone my mistakes by marrying him. Doesn't he hate women just because of me ?



King Shalivahan said to the Vidyadhar—

O Vidyadhar ! You have obliged me by making my daughter change her attitude. Please marry her now and relieve me of my worries.

No, sire ! Please excuse me.



The Vidyadhar refused for some time but in the end agreed. At an auspicious moment the two were married. King Shalivahan said after blessing the couple—

O divine person ! Please stay for some time in my seven storeyed palace. This will add to our happiness.

Sire ! As you wish.

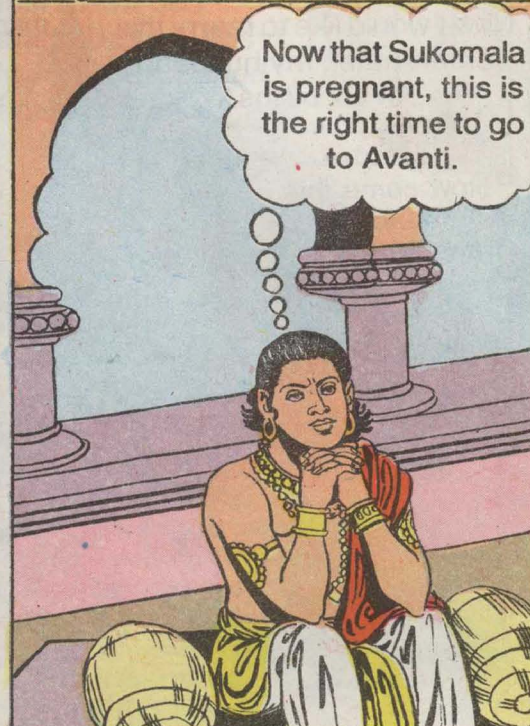


It is night and three persons are sitting in a garden talking—



Matribhatt and Vetaal returned to Avanti.

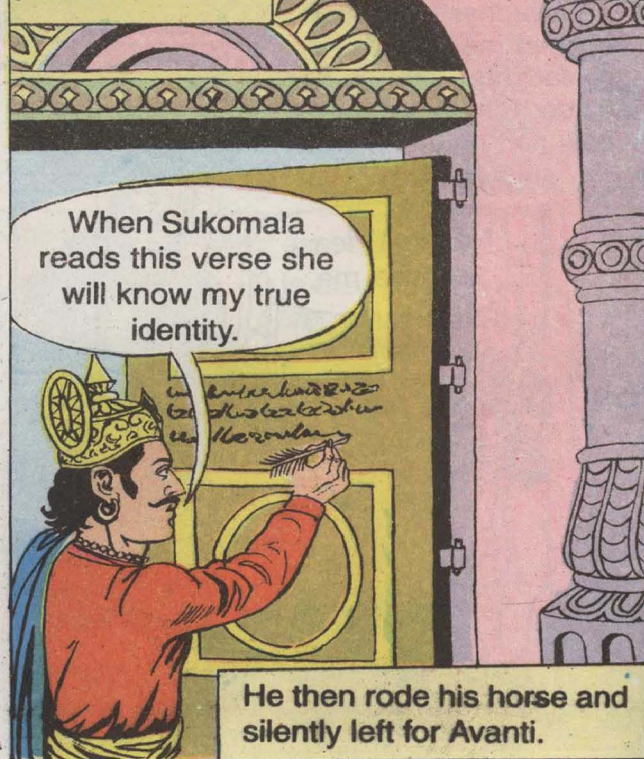
After spending some more happy days Vikram, disguised as a Vidyadhar, thought—



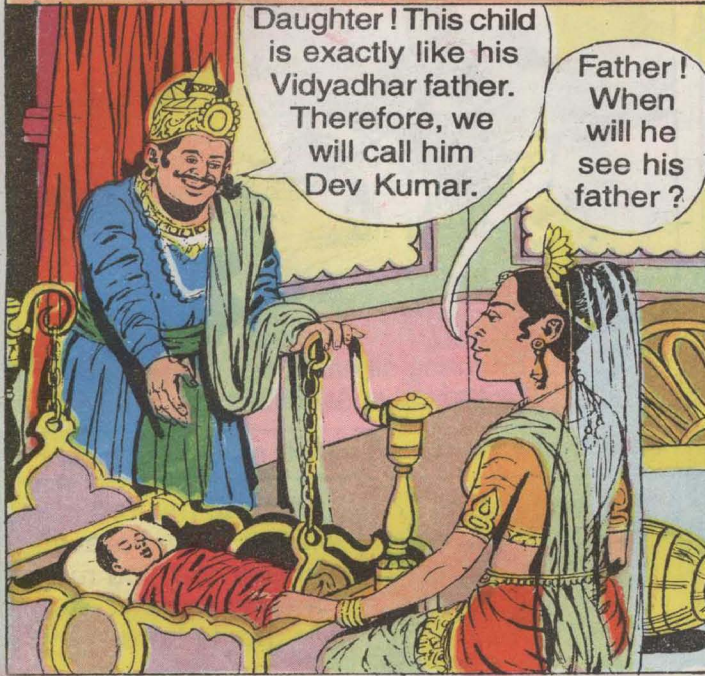
Vikram thought of a serious excuse and said to Sukomala—



One night Vikram went to the back door of the palace and wrote about his true identity.



In due course Sukomala gave birth to a beautiful son. When king Shalivahan saw the child he said—



Gradually Dev Kumar grew. He attended school and mastered all arts. One day a friend taunted him—



When Dev Kumar came and asked his mother, she started crying—



One day while moving around in the palace, Dev Kumar came to the back door. By chance he looked at the door.



I, who carry scepter to protect the land, return to my Avanti after marrying a pure hearted princess.

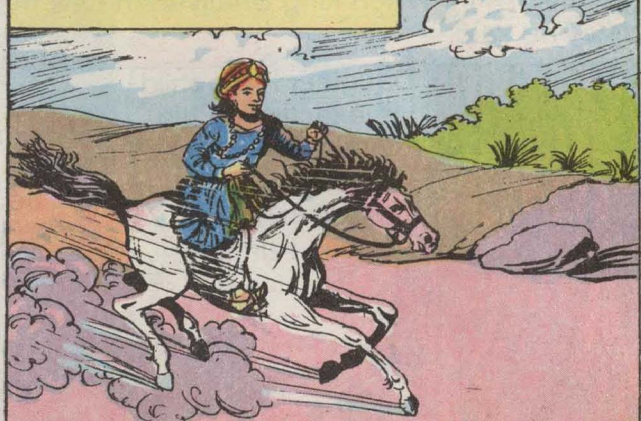
Dev Kumar came and told everything to his mother.

Is your father the king of Avanti ? Let's go there at once.

No, mother ! Father has cheated you. I will also use bluff to meet him. I will see that you meet him with all due honour.



Getting blessings from King Shalivahan and Sukomala, Dev Kumar left for Avanti alone.

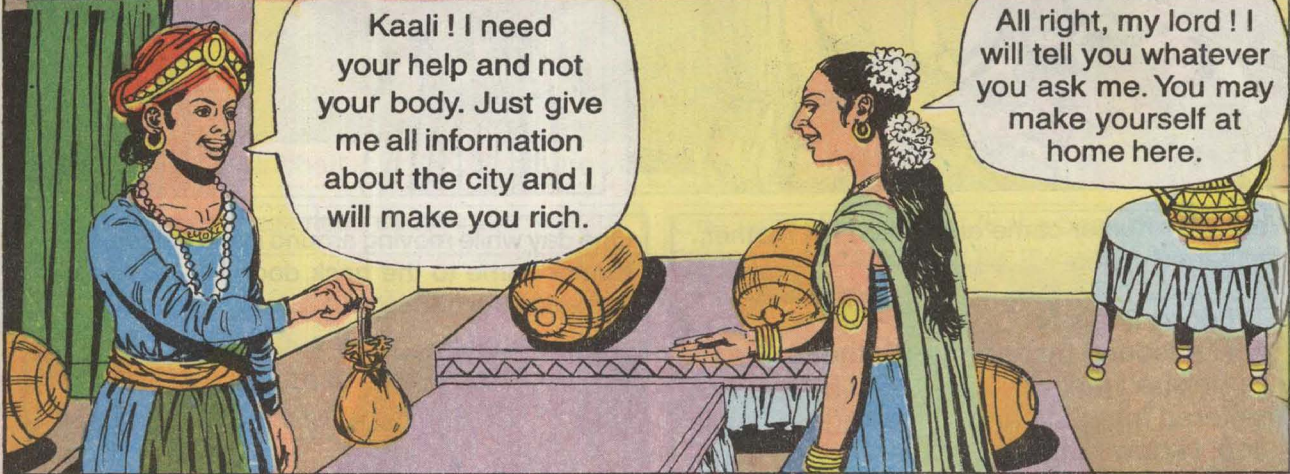


Enduring all hardships of the journey he arrived at Avanti.

Roaming around, Dev Kumar came to a courtesan named Kaali. He placed a lot of money before her and said.

Kaali ! I need your help and not your body. Just give me all information about the city and I will make you rich.

All right, my lord ! I will tell you whatever you ask me. You may make yourself at home here.



Dev Kumar rested during the night and in the morning asked—

At which floor does the royal couple sleep ? Tell me how to reach there ?

The royal couple sleeps at the seventh floor. The way to the palace is through the garden.



Dev Kumar collected information from Kaali and started making his plan.

When Vikramaditya reached his palace in the evening, Agni Vetaal came and said—

Sire ! I am going to divine islands to attend some divine celebrations. Please don't summon me for two months.

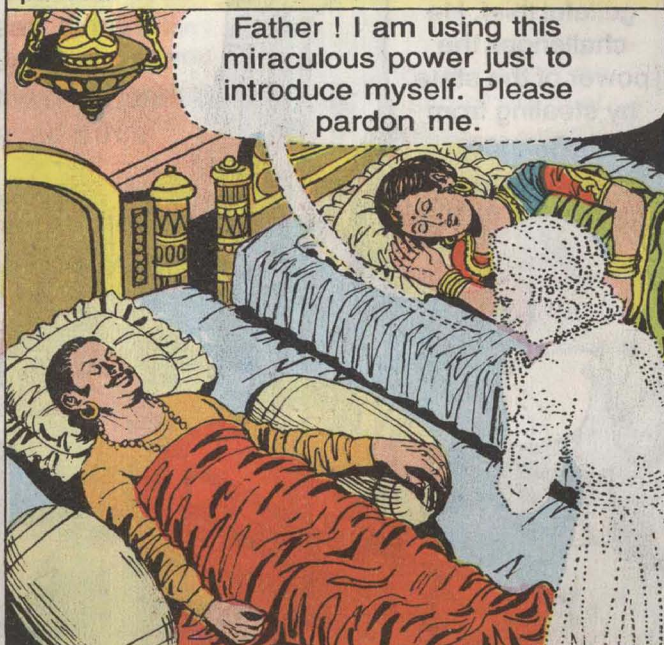
Alright, friend !
Bon voyage.



After bidding goodbye to Vetaal the king went to bed.

During the second quarter of night Dev Kumar employed his power to turn invisible and entered the palace. First he silently paid respect to parents—

Father ! I am using this miraculous power just to introduce myself. Please pardon me.

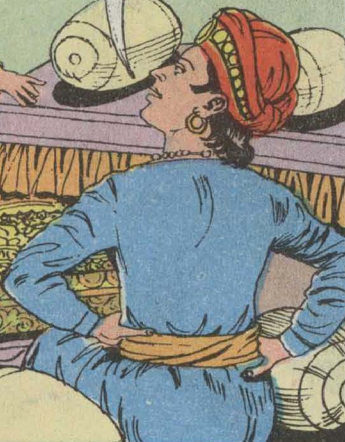


After that he took the queen's jewel box.

With his miraculous power he came straight to Kaali's house. When Kaali saw so much ornaments she uttered with surprise—

Oh God ! From where you got so many ornaments ?

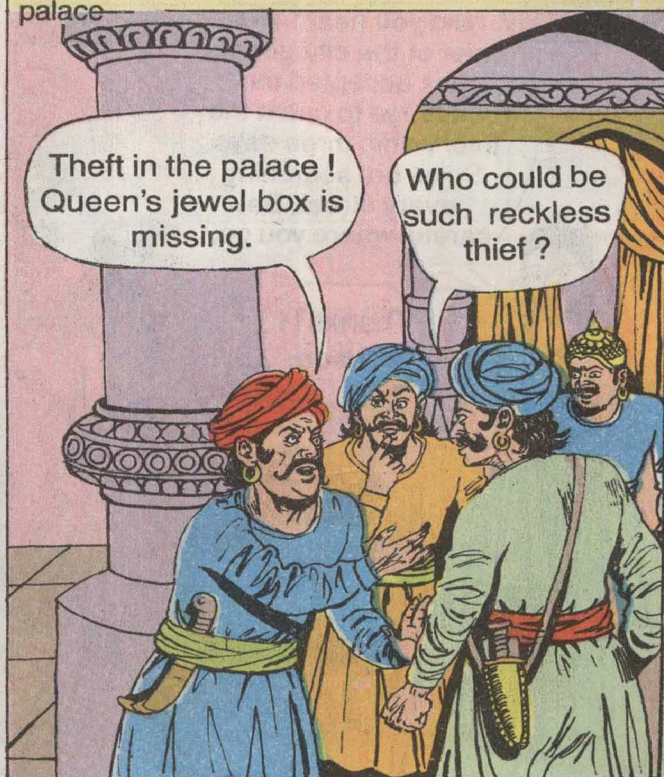
Silence !
These ornaments belong to queen Kalavati. Keep them safe.



Next day there was great commotion in the palace

Theft in the palace !
Queen's jewel box is missing.

Who could be such reckless thief ?



Vikramaditya called an emergency meeting of officers—

This must be some highly reckless and guileful thief. He challenges the power of the state by stealing from the palace.

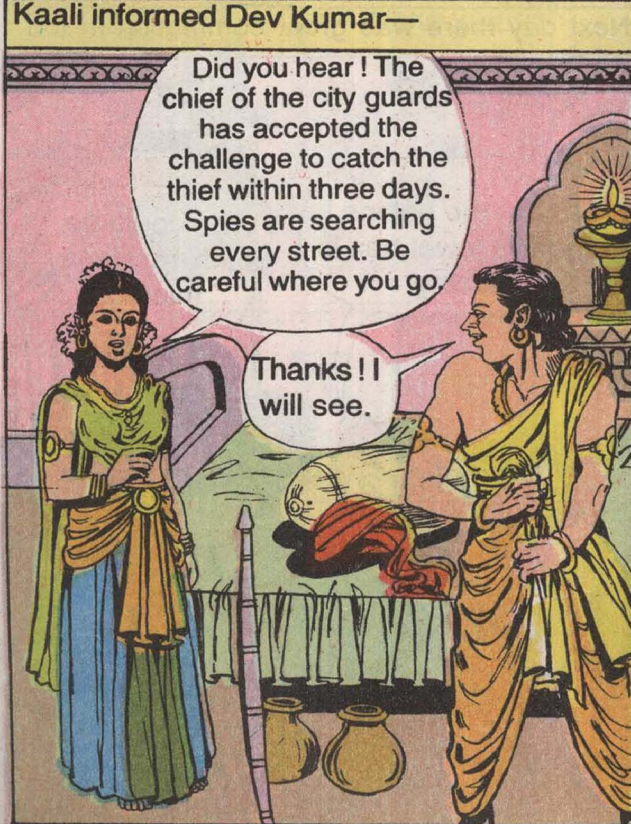
Sire ! No matter how reckless the thief is, rest assured I will catch him within three days.



Kaali informed Dev Kumar—

Did you hear ! The chief of the city guards has accepted the challenge to catch the thief within three days. Spies are searching every street. Be careful where you go.

Thanks ! I will see.

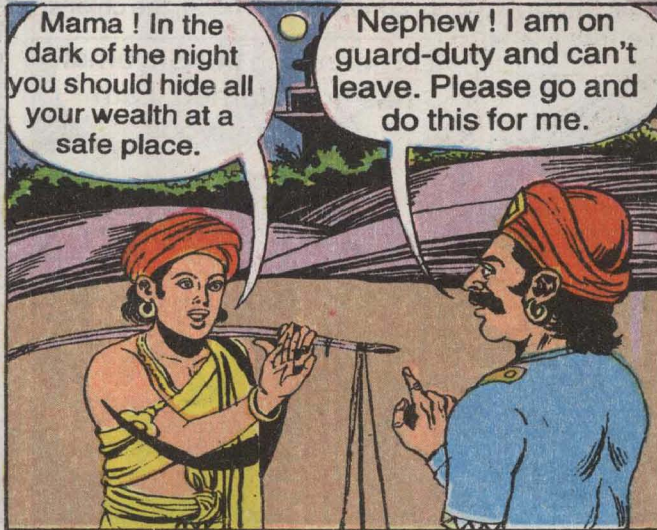
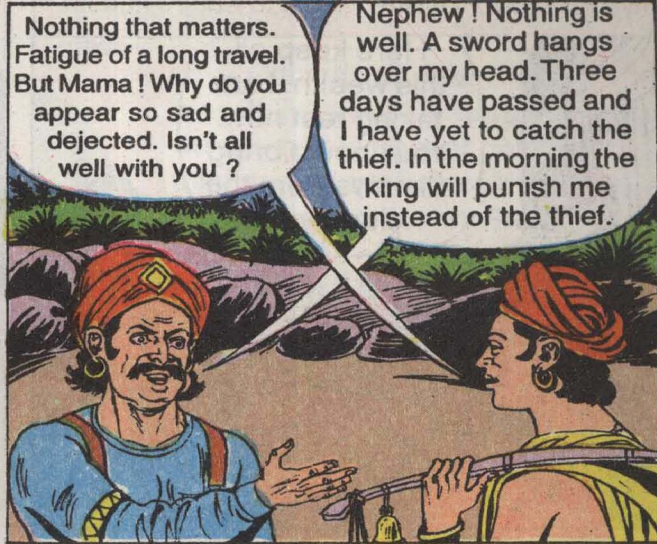
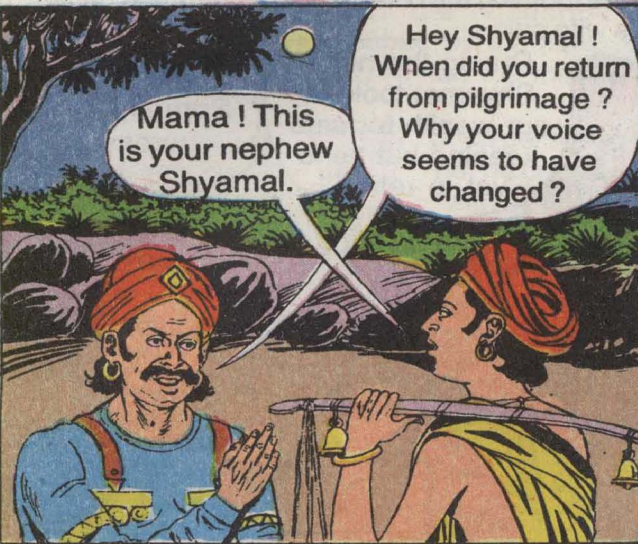


Around midnight on the third day a traveller with a sling-pole stopped the chief of guards on the street—

Mama ! Mama ! Please stop.

Who is it ?





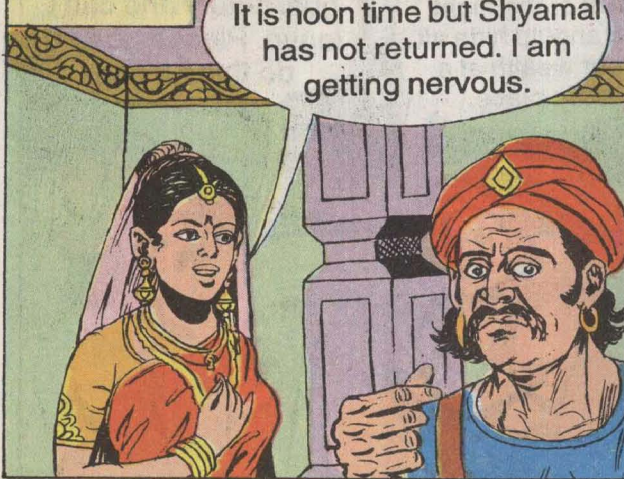
Shyamal brought all the wealth to Kaali's house.



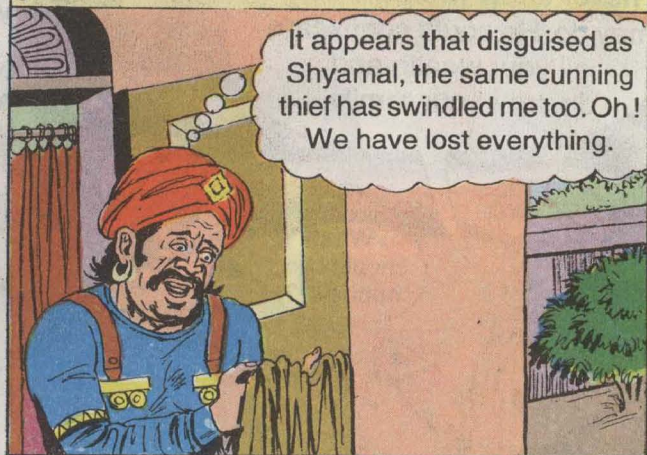
In the morning the chief of guards returned home. His wife said—



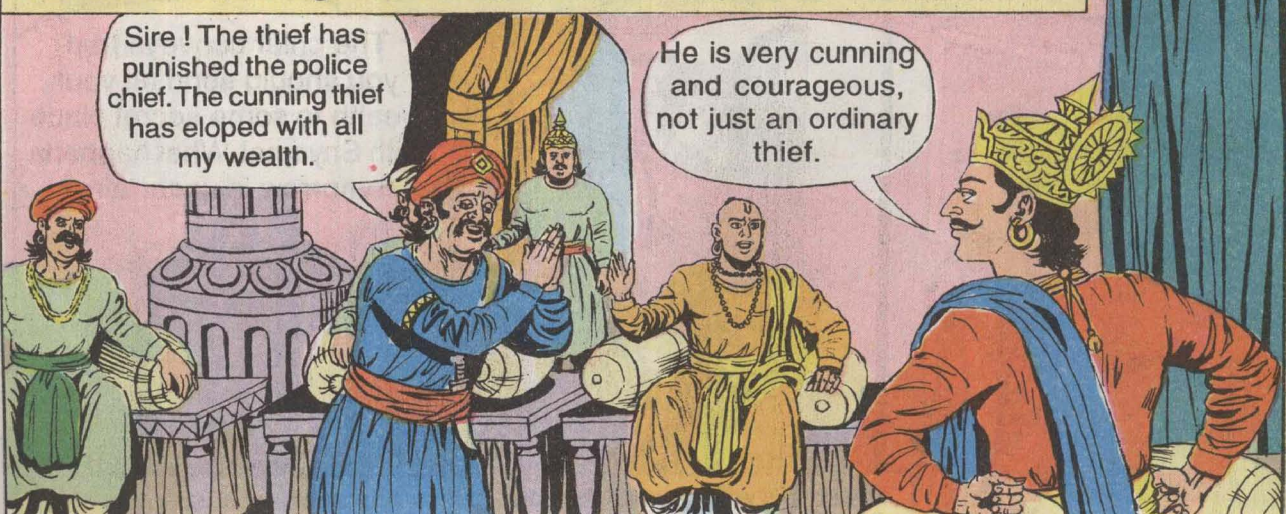
When Shyamal did not come even till noon, the chief's wife was worried



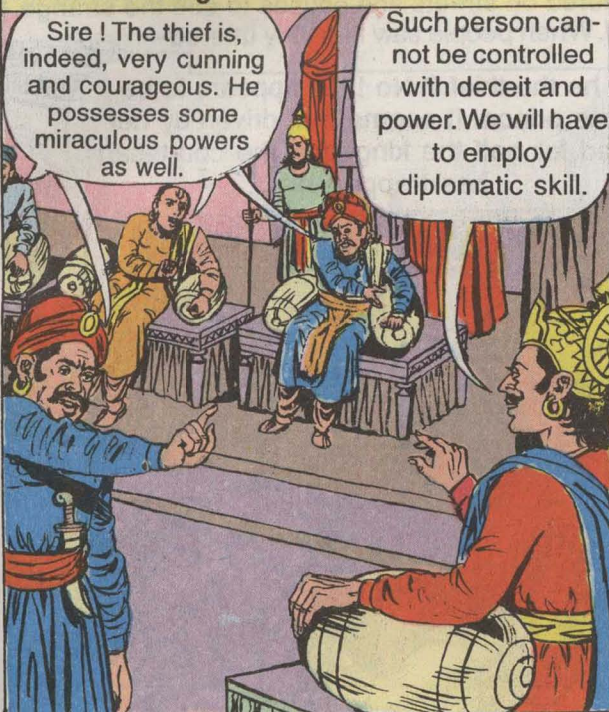
When the chief came out of the house he found the sling-pole and Shyamal's dress lying near the gate.



The chief went to King Vikramaditya and told everything—

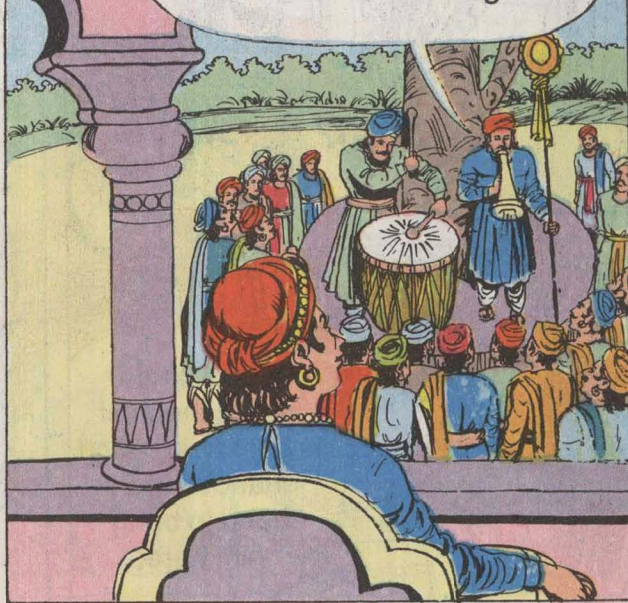


This way who ever took the challenge of catching the thief was robbed by the thief. No one could catch the thief. At last the ministers advised the king—



On the king's instructions an announcement was made—

Citizens of Avanti listen carefully. A thief is harassing the whole city. Whoever catches the thief and brings before the king will be awarded half the kingdom.



Dev Kumar said to Kaali—

Do you hear, Kaali ? It is now your salvation time. Go touch the drum and present me before the king.

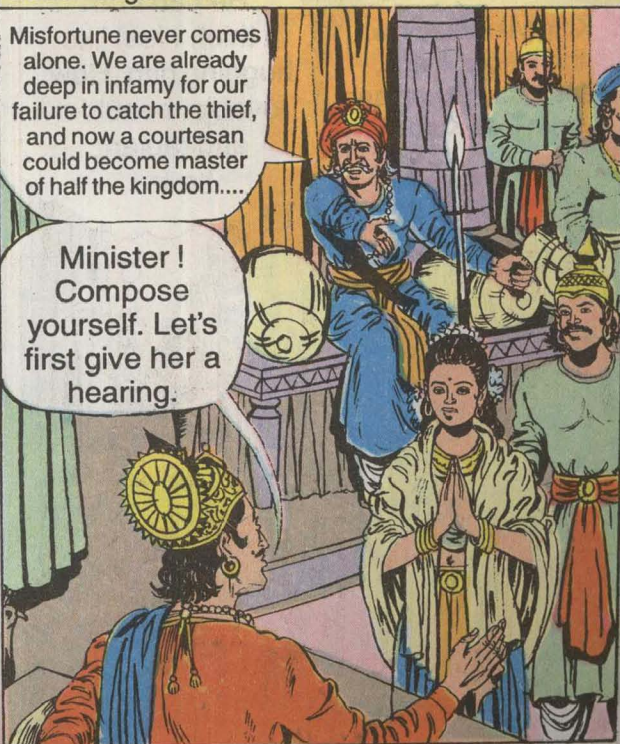


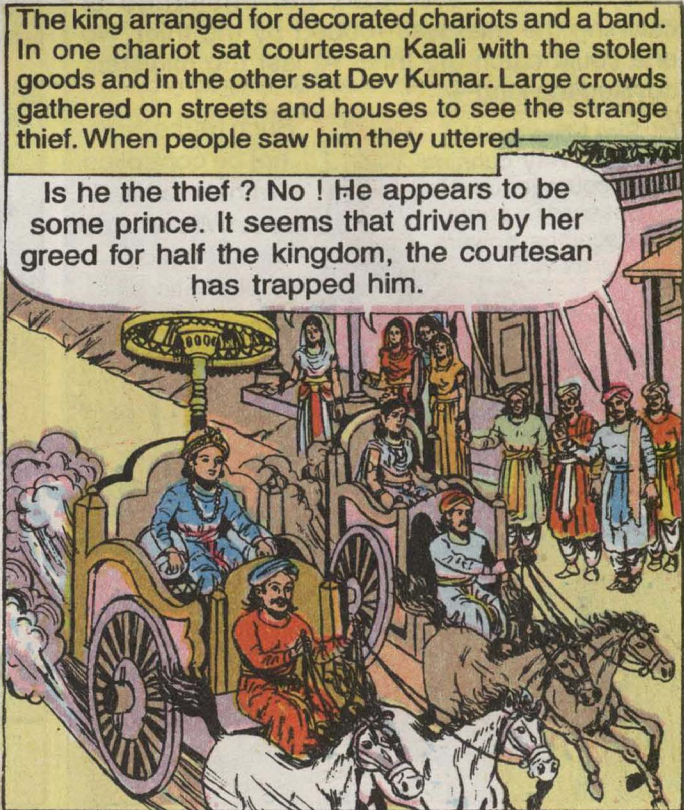
Dev Kumar explained the plan to Kaali and sent her.

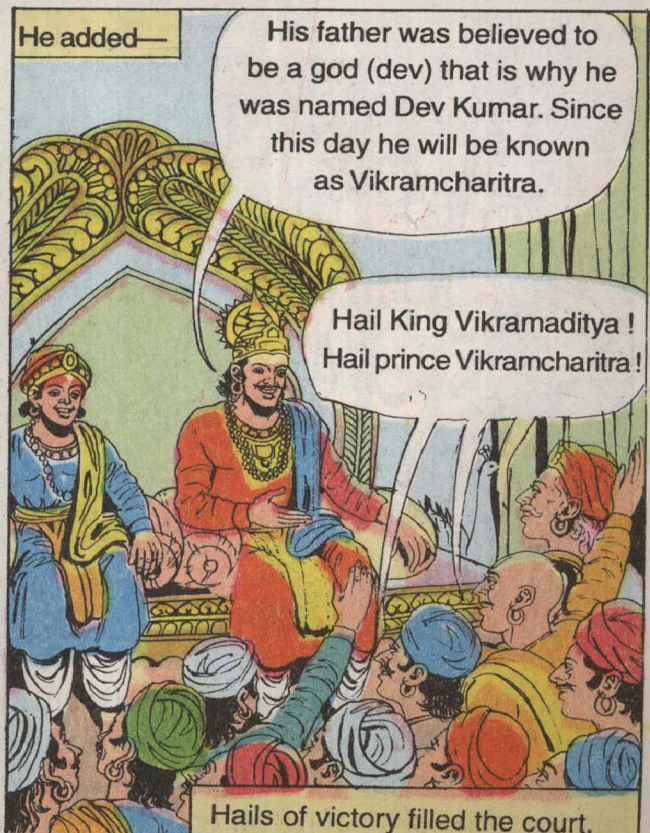
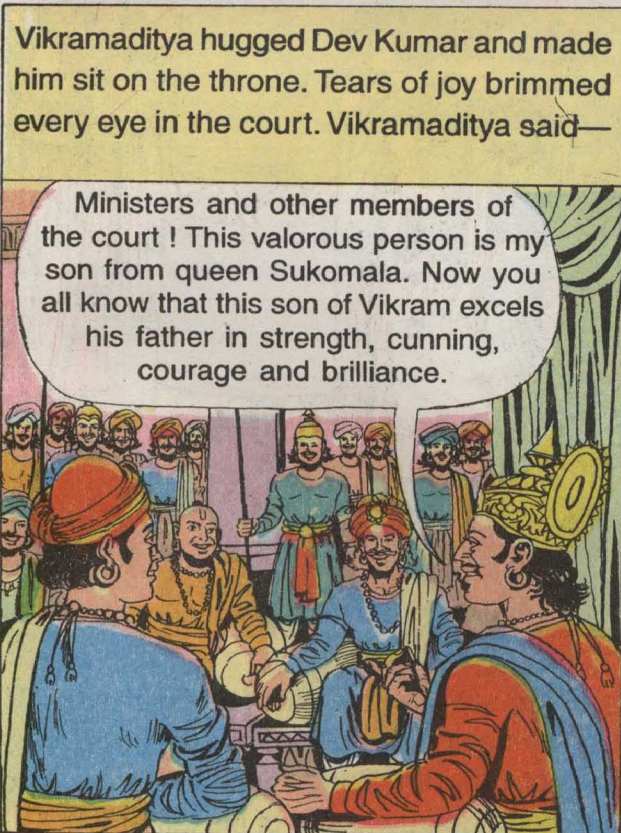
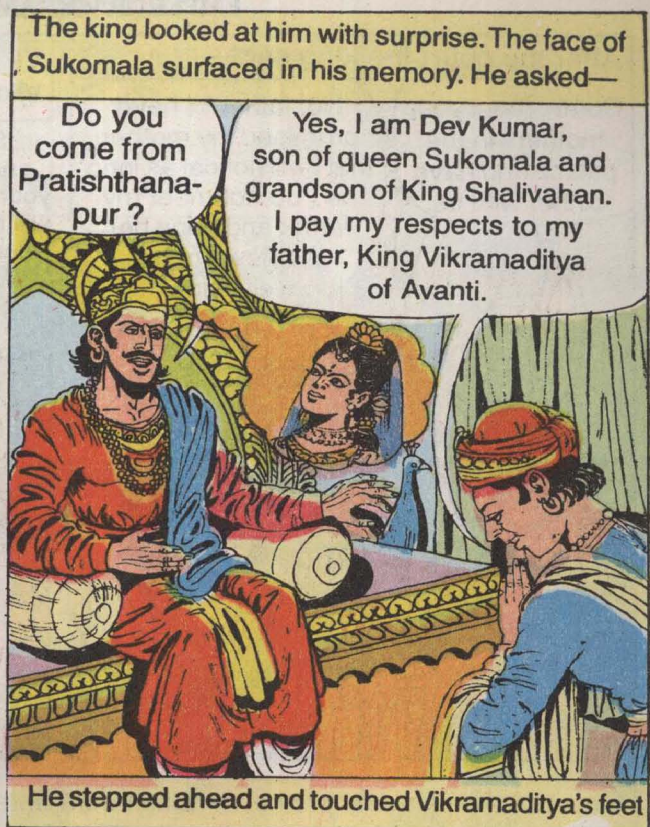
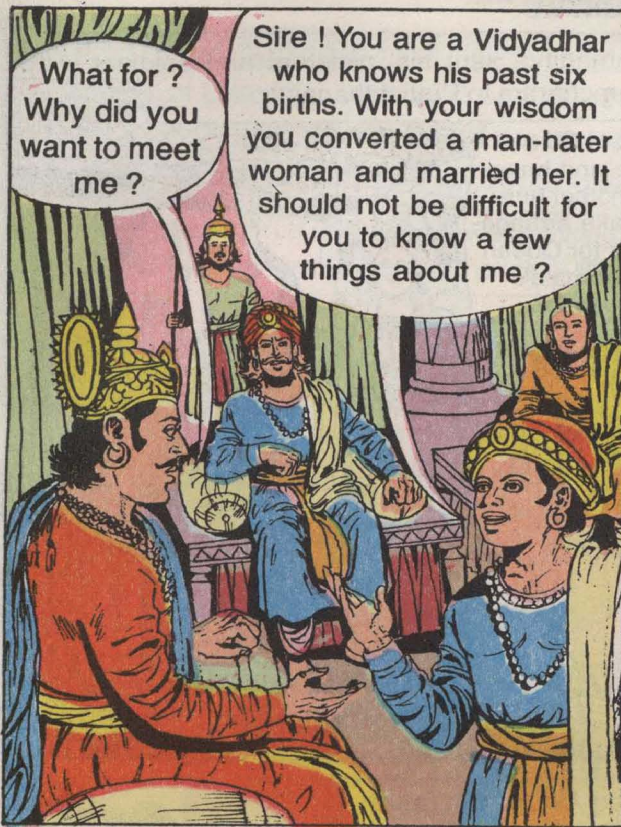
Kaali went and touched the drum. The soldiers presented him before the king. Minister Buddhisagar said—

Misfortune never comes alone. We are already deep in infamy for our failure to catch the thief, and now a courtesan could become master of half the kingdom....

Minister ! Compose yourself. Let's first give her a hearing.







After the court the king said—

Come, meet your mothers in the palace and have dinner with us.

No, father ! I have promised my mother that I will not eat as long as I do not meet my father and bring her the news of his well being.

Vikramaditya sent his ministers and soldiers with Vikramcharitra to Pratishthanapur.

Son ! Go at once and bring your mother here. I will make arrangements for Queen Sukomala's reception.

Queen Sukomala and prince Vikramcharitra entered Avanti with great fanfare.

Hail Queen Sukomala !
Long live prince Vikramcharitra !

And they lived happily with Vikramaditya.

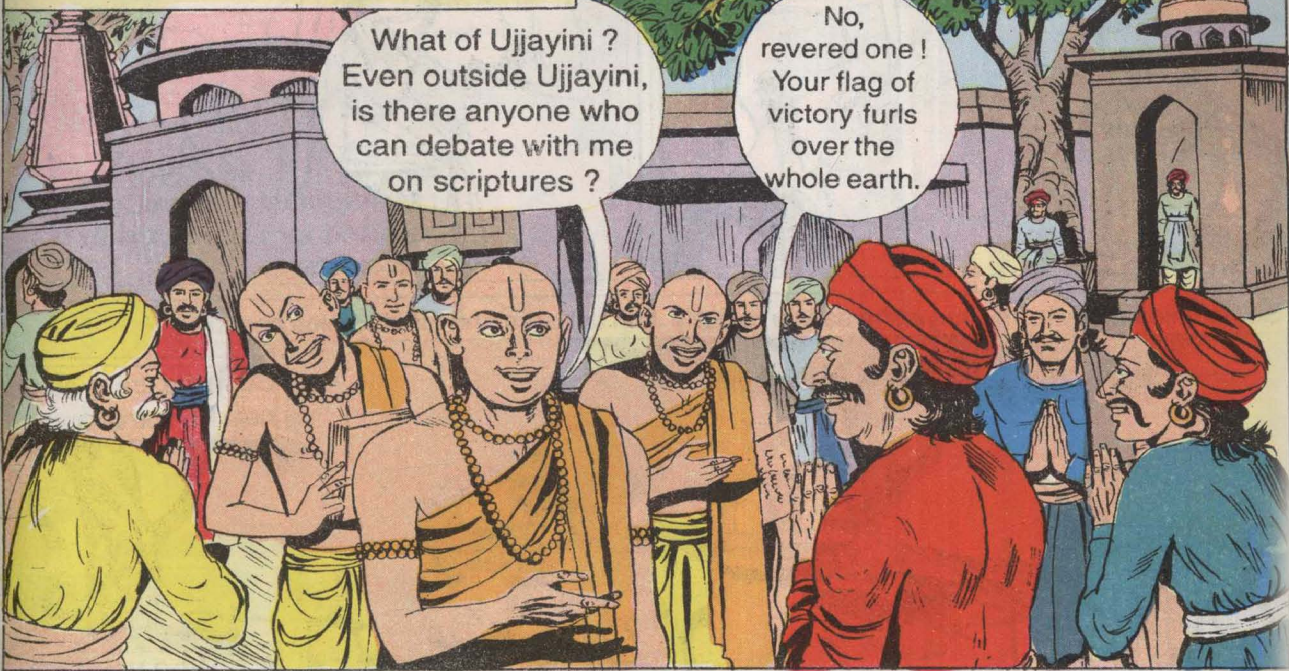
With his courage, cleverness and wisdom King Vikramaditya erased the feeling of aversion for males from the mind of a woman and brought her back into the mainstream of life. With his statesmanship he accomplished the welfare of masses. Prince Vikramcharitra also added to the glory of his parents by inheriting the courage and ideals of his father.

ACHARYA SIDDHASSEN AND KING VIKRAMADITYA Under the rule of King Vikramaditya the people of Ujjayini were happy and affluent. In that city lived Kumud Chandra, a Brahmin scholar of Katyayan clan. He was the son of the state priest Devarshi. Mahapundit [great scholar] Kumud Chandra was an alround scholar and expert of astrology and augury.

On day Mahapundit Kumud Chandra was walking on the street. People approached and paid him their respect. Kumud Chandra uttered with pride—

What of Ujjayini ?
Even outside Ujjayini,
is there anyone who
can debate with me
on scriptures ?

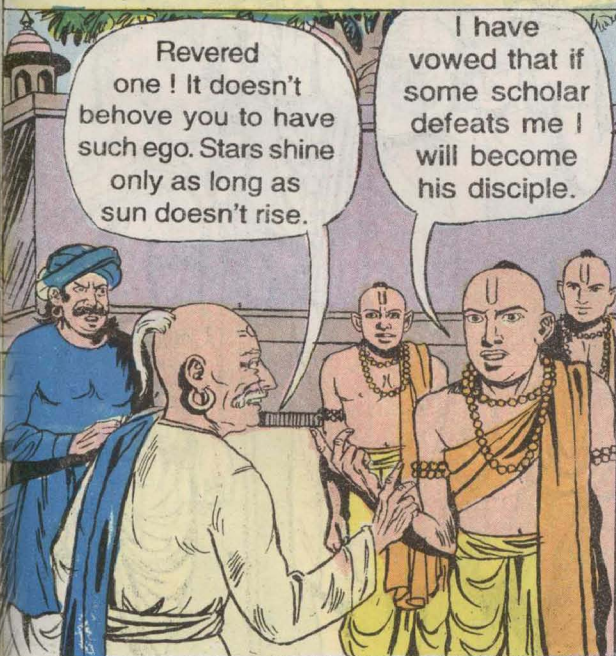
No,
revered one !
Your flag of
victory furls
over the
whole earth.



An elderly pundit stepped ahead and said—

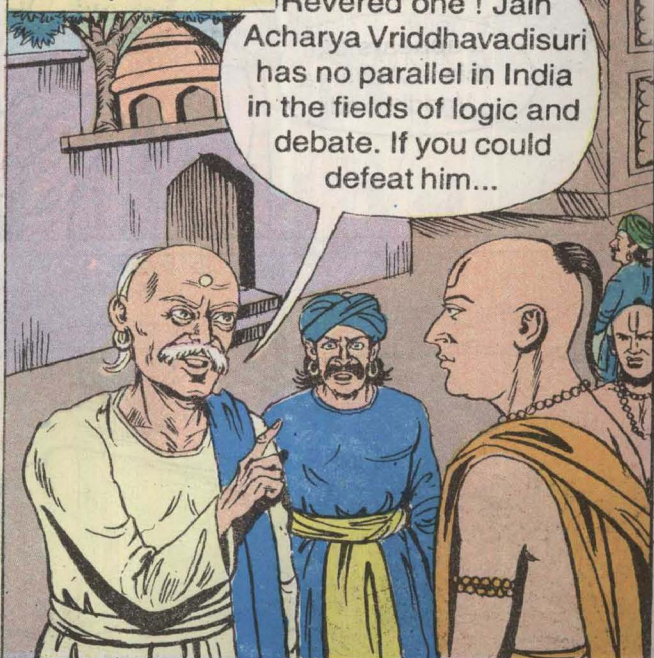
Revered
one ! It doesn't
behave you to have
such ego. Stars shine
only as long as
sun doesn't rise.

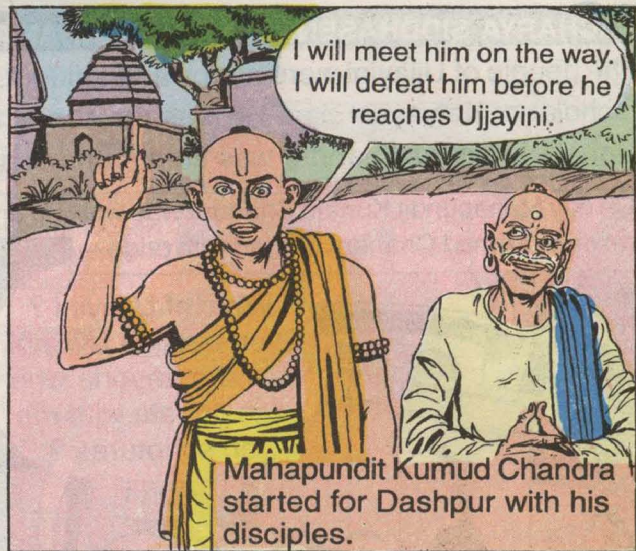
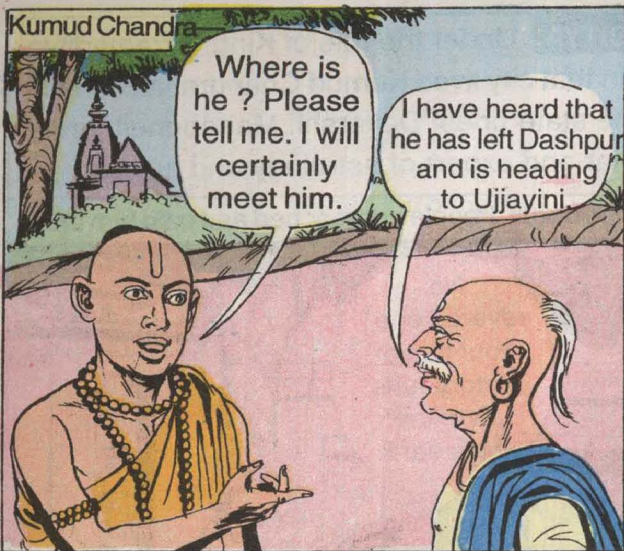
I have
vowed that if
some scholar
defeats me I
will become
his disciple.



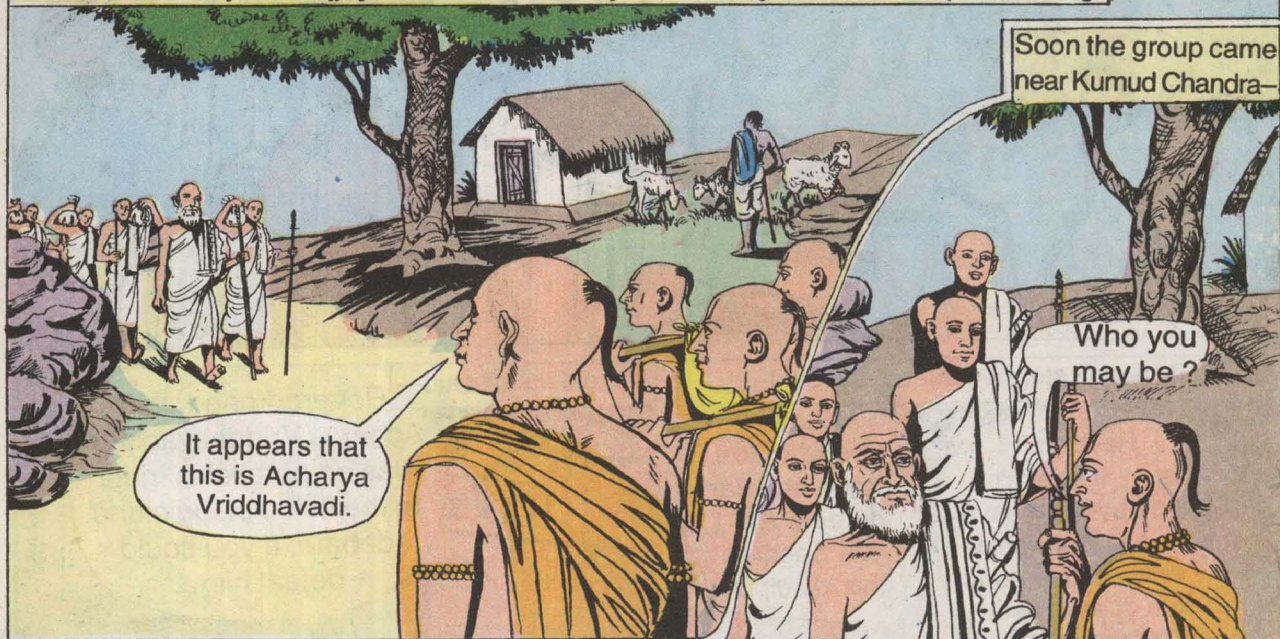
The old pundit said—

Revered one ! Jain
Acharya Vriddhavadisuri
has no parallel in India
in the fields of logic and
debate. If you could
defeat him...





Some miles away from Ujjayini he saw an elderly Jain acharya and his disciples coming.



The acharya stopped, looked up and said—

People call me Vriddhavadi.

Oh ! You are Acharya Vriddhavadi. I wanted to meet you.

Vriddhavadi said with a smile—

Tell me what do you want ?

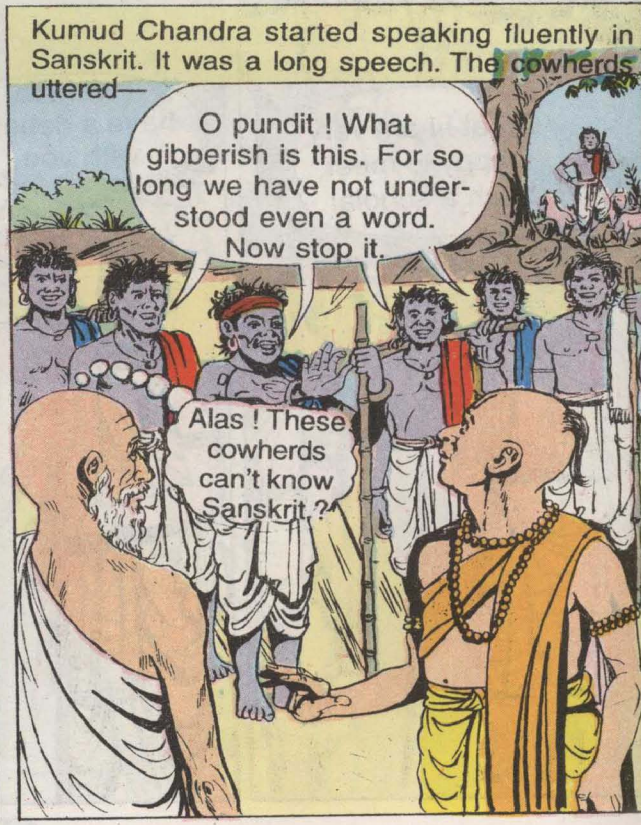
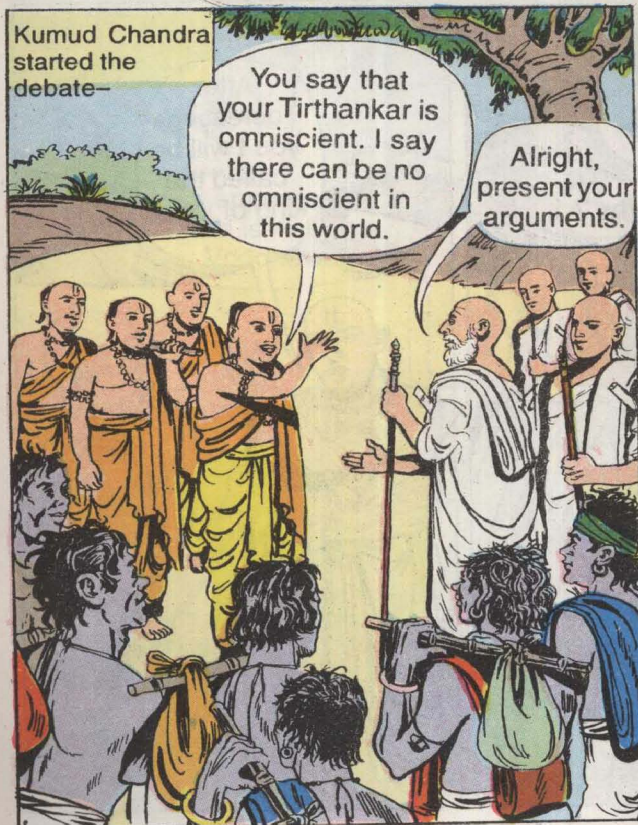
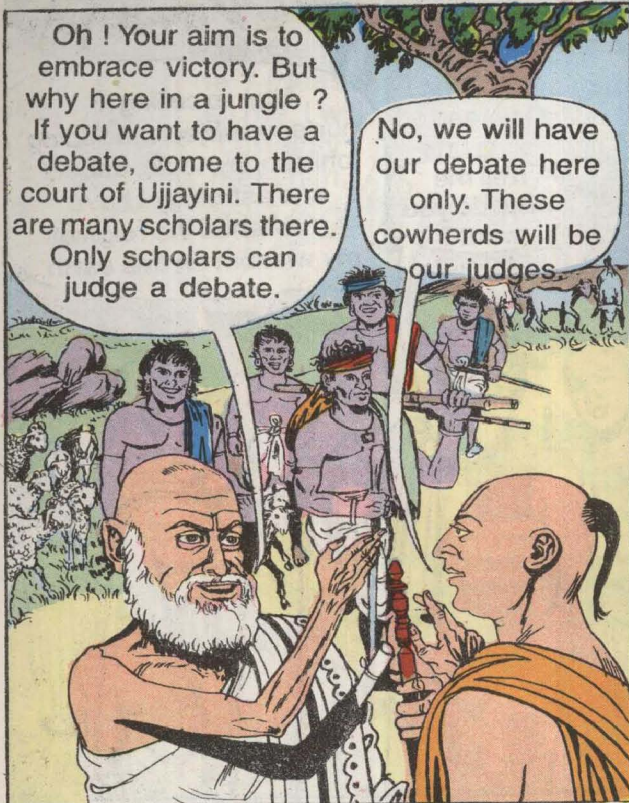
After excelling in fourteen subjects including philosophy, logic, debate and astrology I have established the reign of my wisdom on this earth.

Great ! I am very happy to meet such a scholar.

I want to have a debate with you.

Why ?

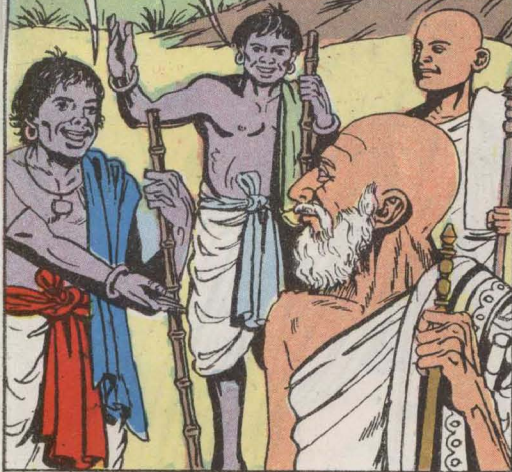
After defeating you I will be called the king of logic.



The cowherds turned to Vriddhavadi and asked—

Old man !
Now you
speak.

But do not
chatter like
the pundit.

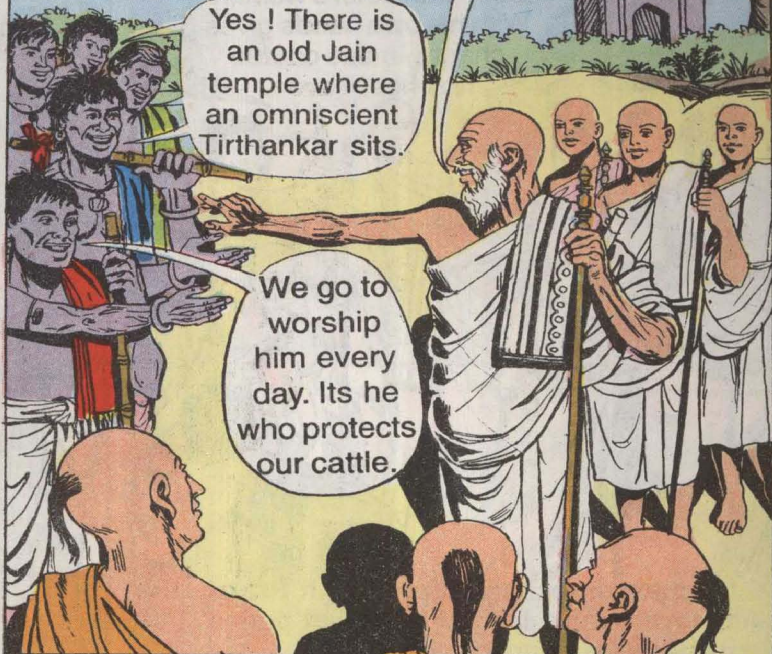


Vriddhavadi smiled and asked the cowherds—

Children ! Is there
some omniscient in
your village ?

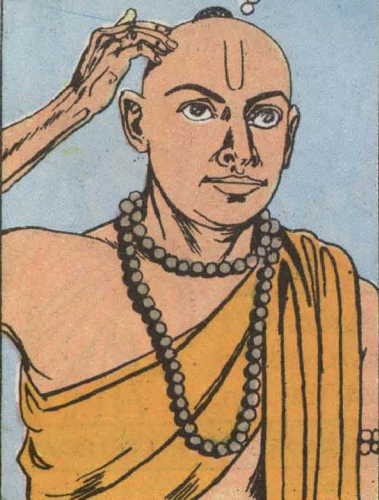
Yes ! There is
an old Jain
temple where
an omniscient
Tirthankar sits.

We go to
worship
him every
day. Its he
who protects
our cattle.



Astonished Kumud Chandra
thought—

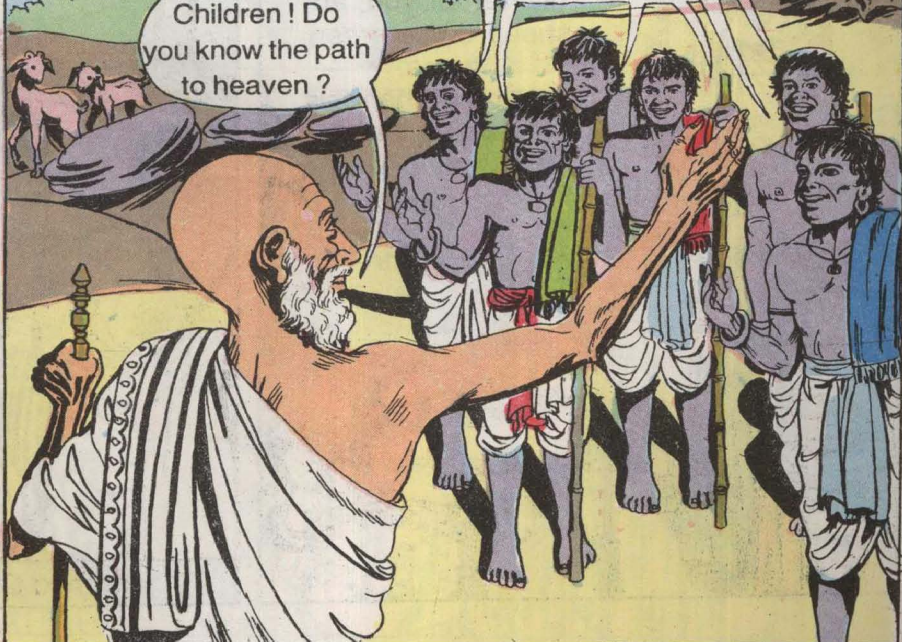
All my arguments
against
omniscience have
gone worthless.



Vriddhavadi asked the
cowherds—

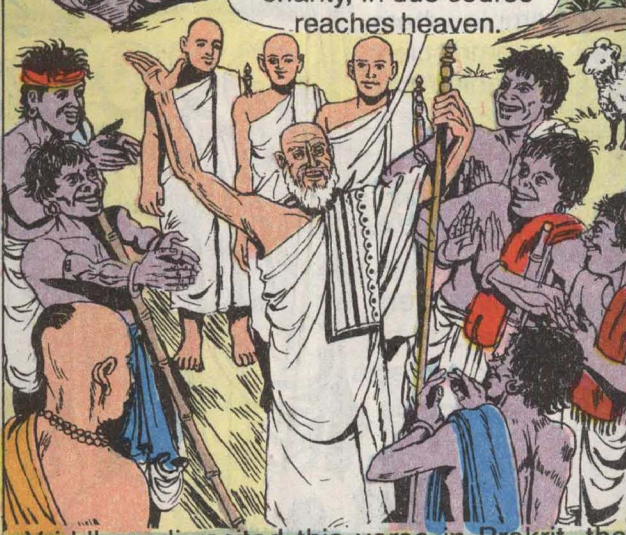
Children ! Do
you know the path
to heaven ?

No ! Please tell us old
man.



In dancing posture and gesturing with hands and eyes, Vriddhavadi sang—

He who does not
kill and steal, does not
sleep with other's woman.
With his own hands gives
charity, In due course
reaches heaven.

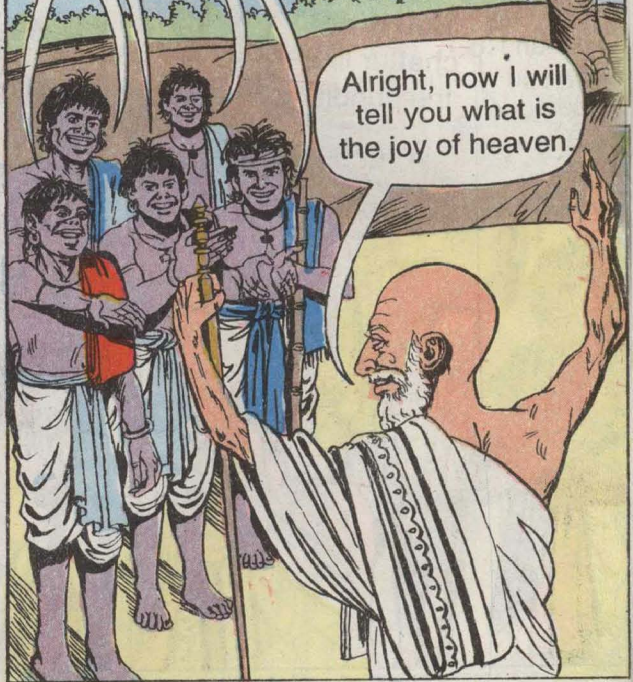


Vriddhavadi recited this verse in Prakrit, the common man's language of that period. The cowherds understood every word.

The cowherds clapped—

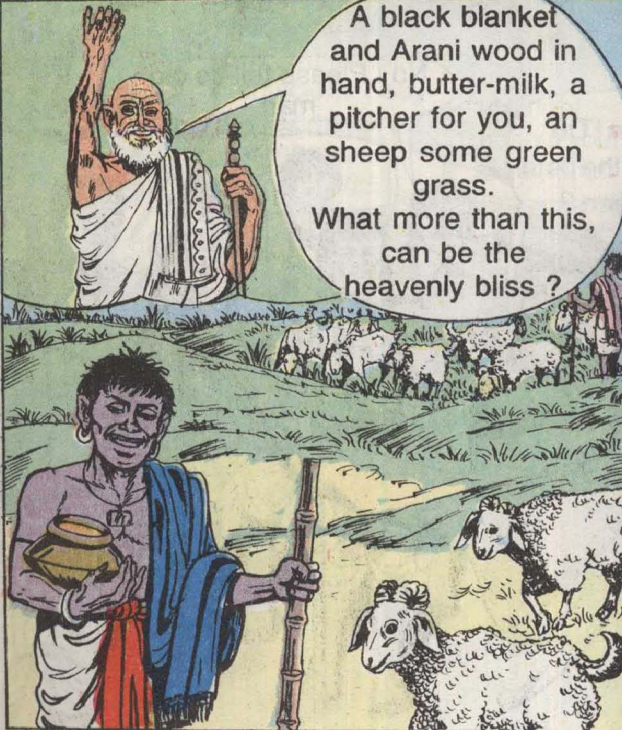
Great ! We enjoyed it, old man !
What you say is correct. Please
recite some more...

Alright, now I will
tell you what is
the joy of heaven.



Vriddhavadi recited another verse—

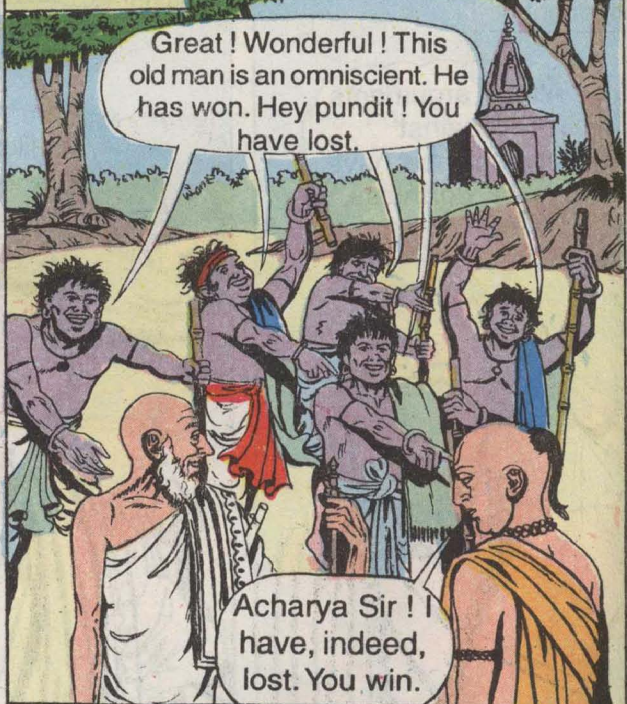
A black blanket
and Arani wood in
hand, butter-milk, a
pitcher for you, an
sheep some green
grass.
What more than this,
can be the
heavenly bliss ?



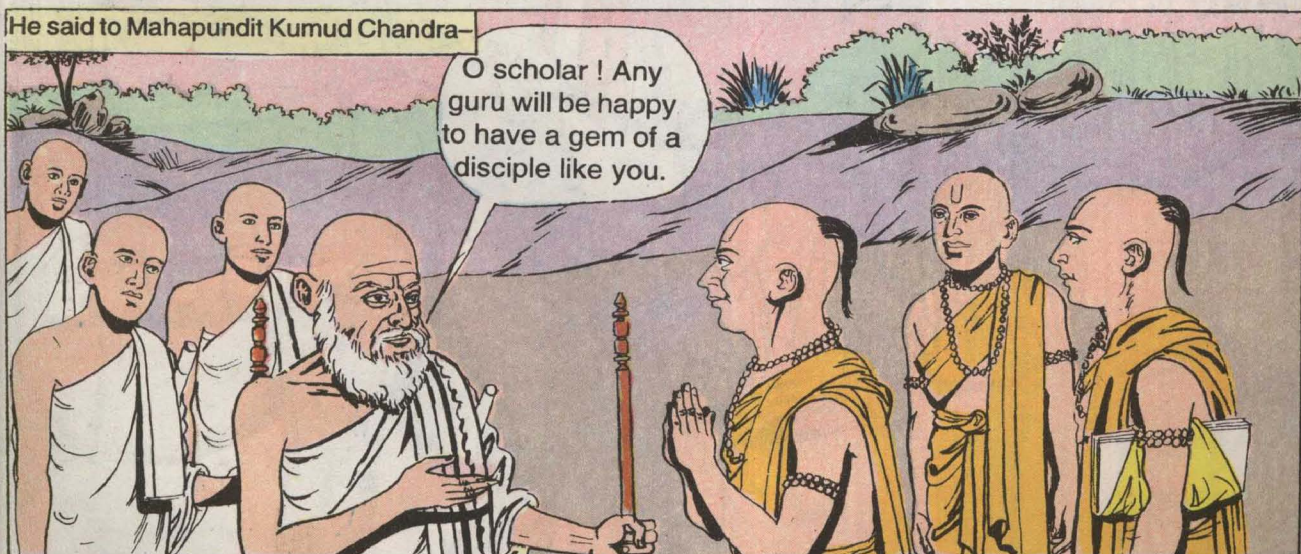
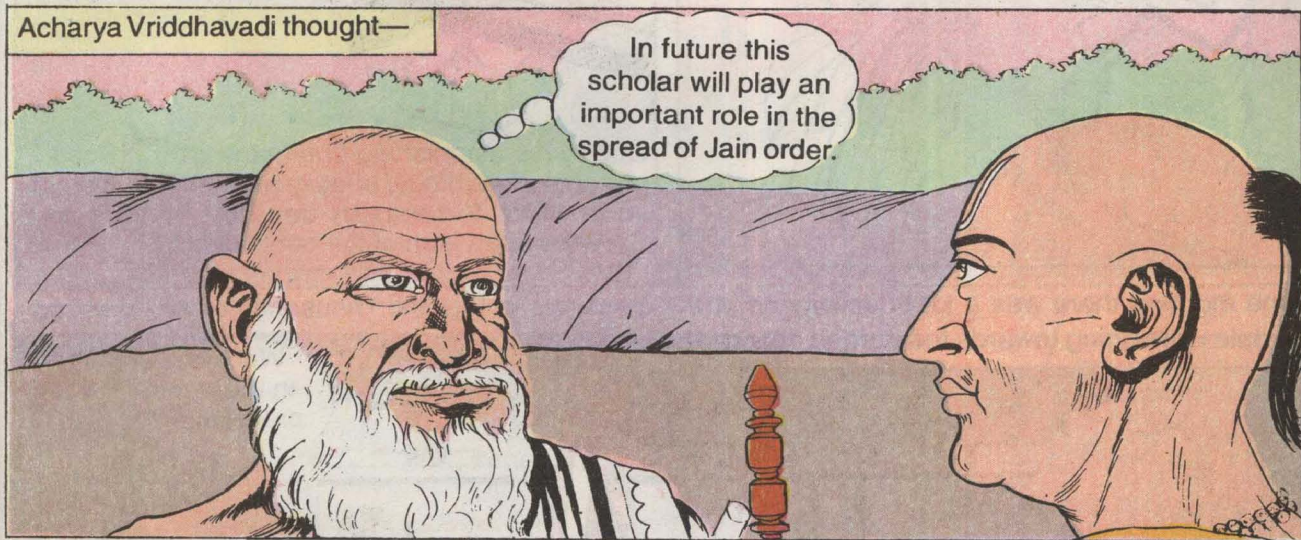
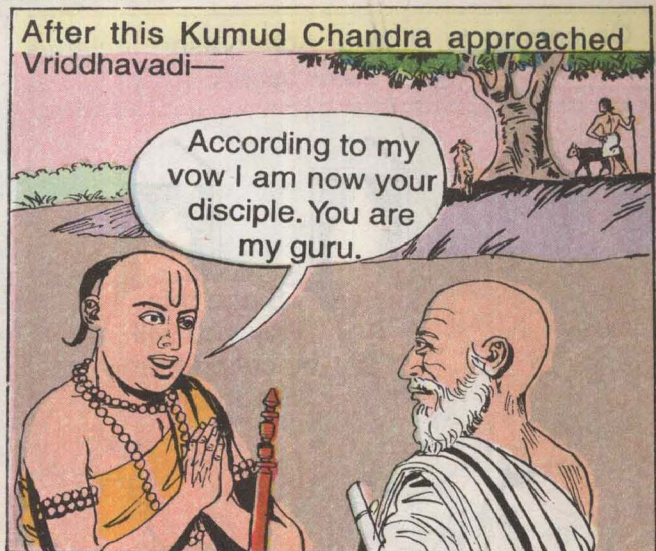
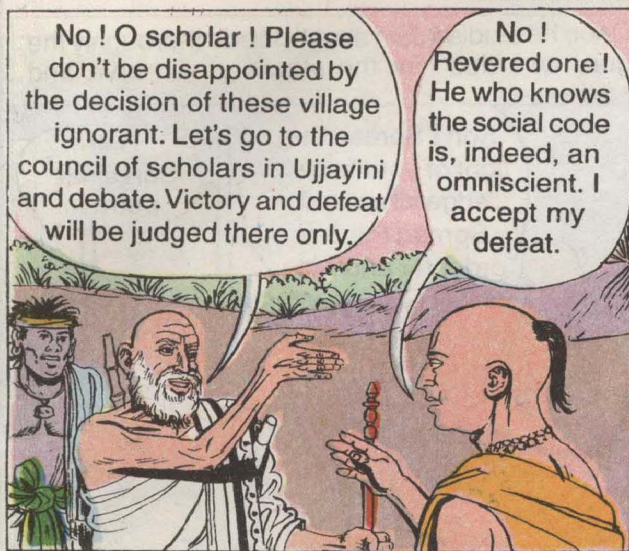
The cowherd—

Great ! Wonderful ! This
old man is an omniscient. He
has won. Hey pundit ! You
have lost.

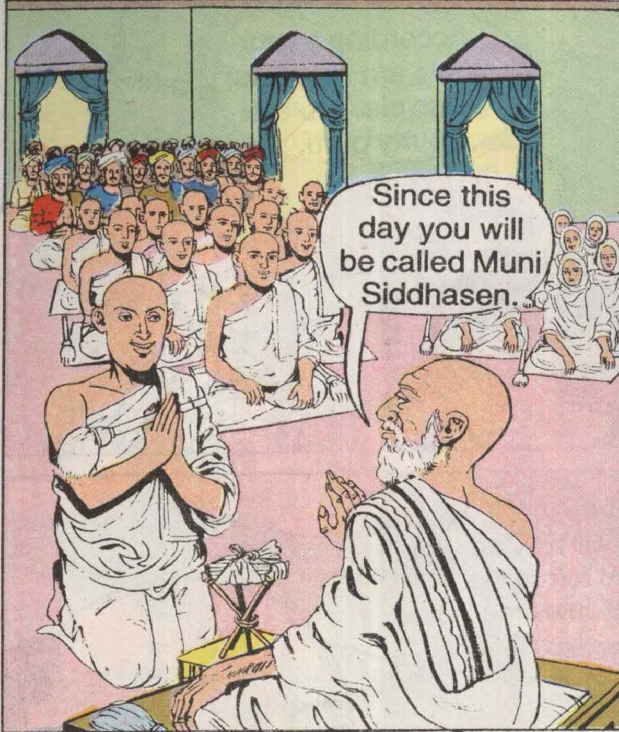
Acharya Sir ! I
have, indeed,
lost. You win.



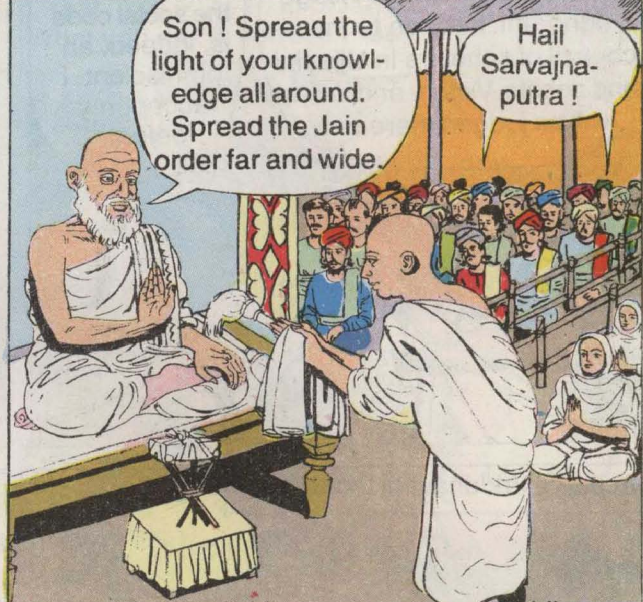
Kumud Chandra stood looking down.



On coming to Ujjayini Acharyashri initiated Kumud Chandra as a Jain ascetic—



Once he studied Jain ascetic-code thoroughly the guru awarded him the status of Acharya and said—



Due to his astonishing command over philosophy, logic, astrology, augury and other subjects soon Muni Siddhasen became famous as Sarvajnaputra [son of the omniscient].

One morning there was a lot of activity on street crossings in Ujjayini. Thousands of well dressed people were going towards the garden outside the city.



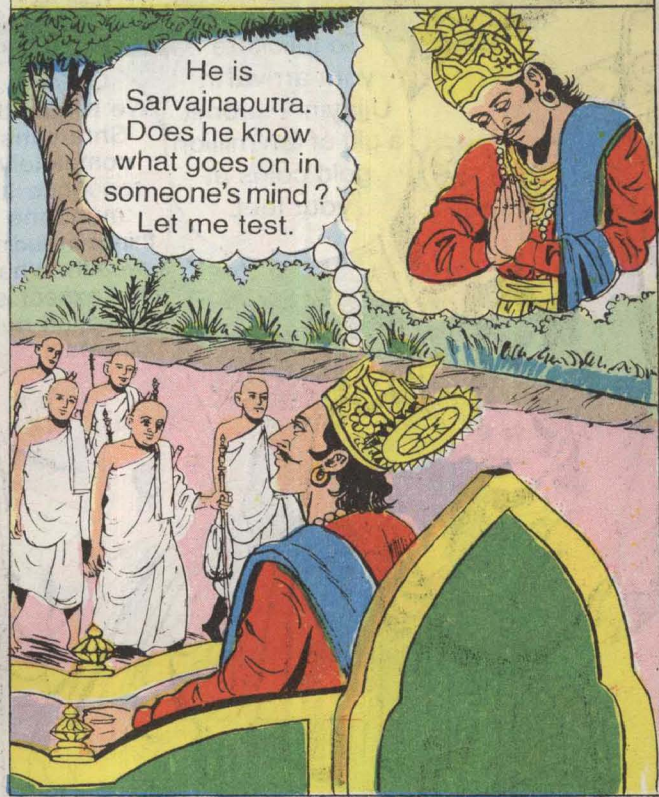
The mahout said—

Sire ! Today Jain Acharya Siddhasen Sarvajnaputra is arriving in Ujjayini. This is his procession.



The king silently paid homage to the Acharya.

He is Sarvajnaputra. Does he know what goes on in someone's mind ? Let me test.



When he came near, the Acharya raised his hand in blessing and said loudly—

The king at once got down from the elephant, paid homage to the ascetic and asked—

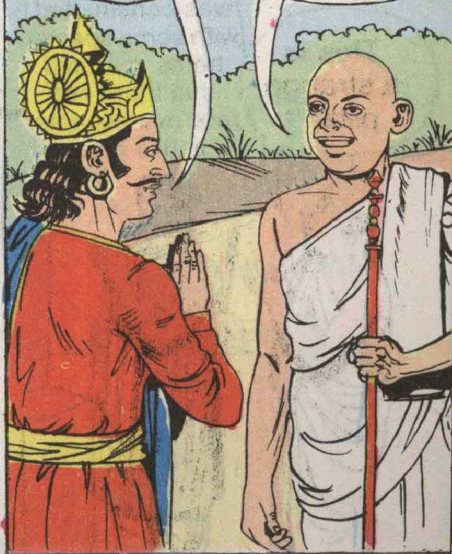
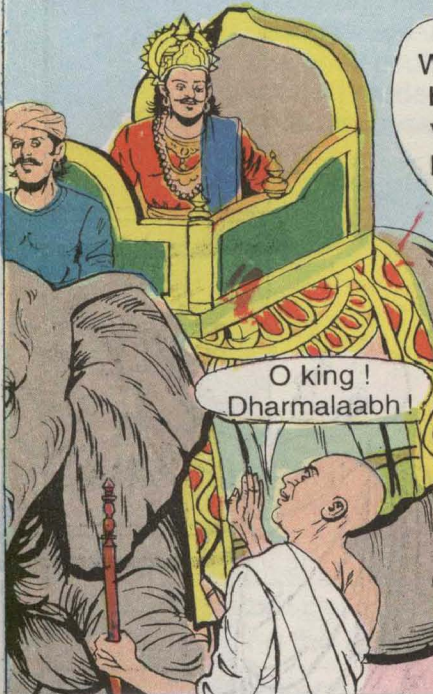
O sage ! Who did you bless even without his paying you homage ?

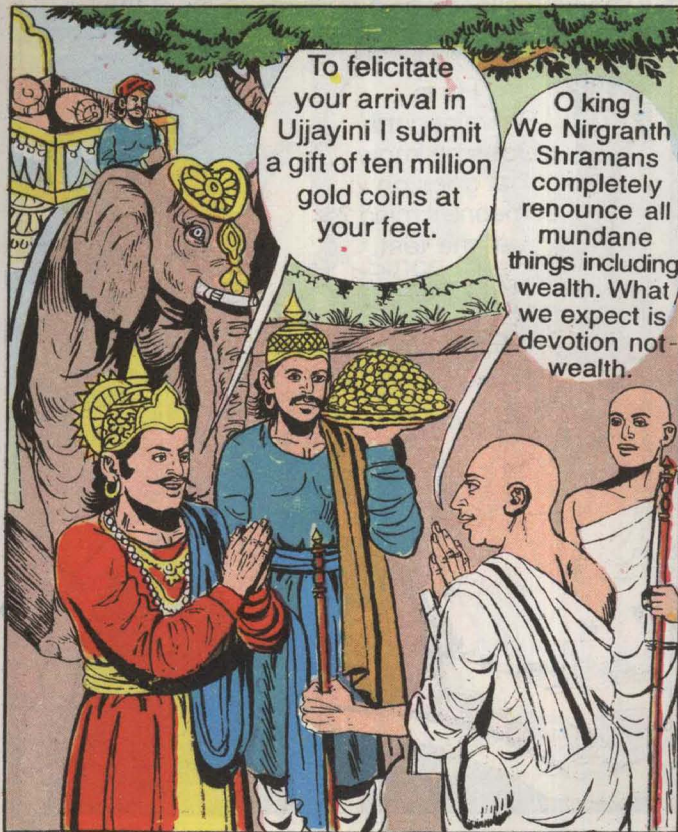
O king ! In your thoughts you paid homage to me. My blessings were in response to that.

O sage ! Other gurus give blessings for wealth, state and other such things. Why did you say—may you avail religiosity ?

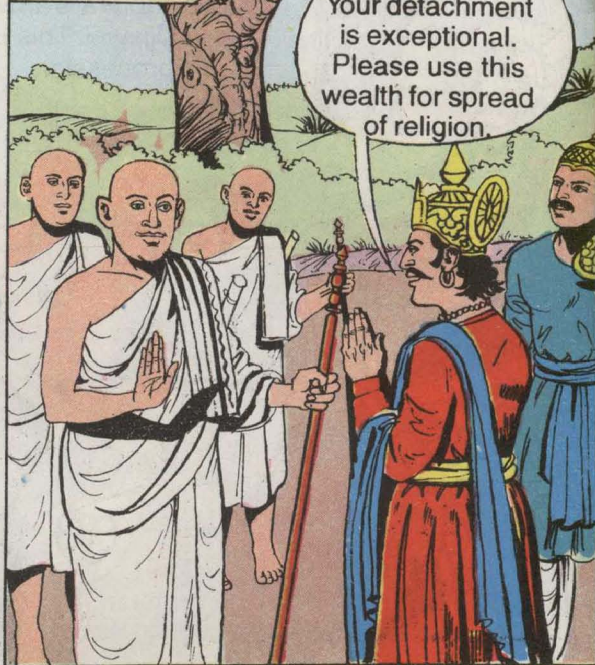
O king ! Wealth, good fortune and happiness all are fruits of the wish fulfilling tree of religion. If the roots are watered fruits will grow naturally.

O king ! Dharmalaabh !





Vikramaditya was highly impressed at these words. He said—

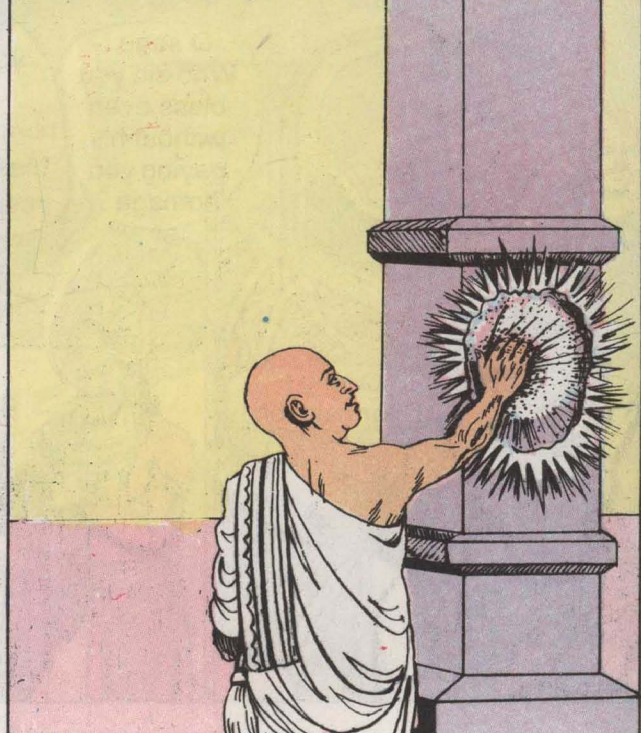


After discussing religion for some time Vikramaditya rode the elephant and left.

From Ujjayini Acharya Siddhasen proceeded to Chitrakoot. When he saw an ancient pillar in a hall, he said—



Acharyashri was an expert of mantra and tantra. He made a special powder and applied it on the pillar with chanting of some mantra.



He chanted the mantra again and there was a manuscript in his hands.



The hole closed automatically.

Acharyashri sat in solitude and started reading the palm-leave manuscript.

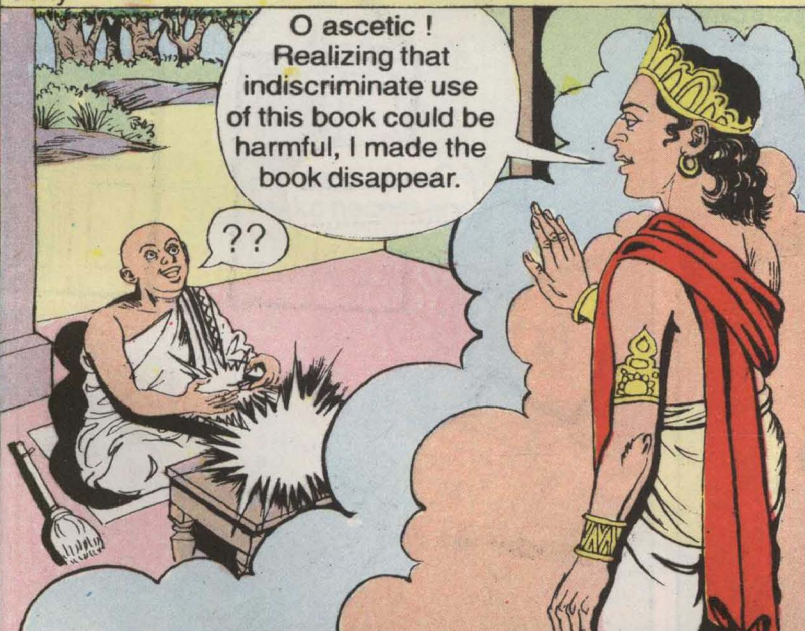


Oh ! Sarshap Vidya*

He read further—

Oh !
Svarnasiddhi
Vidya

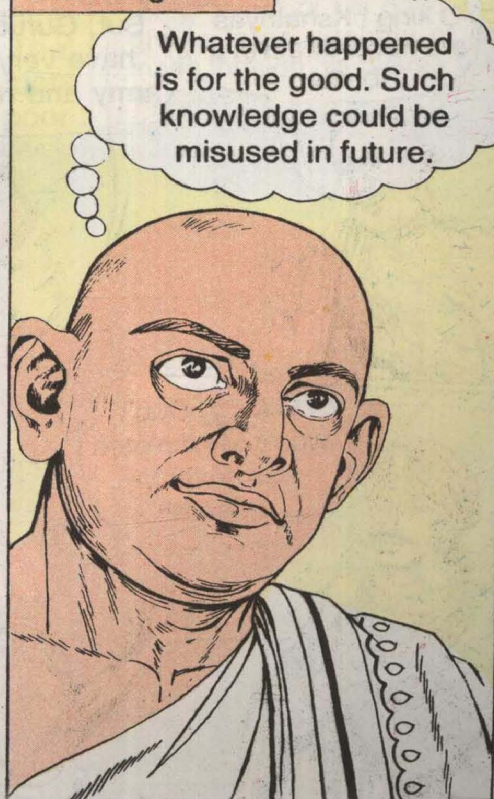
He then meditated for some time and proceeded to turn the leaves of the book. But the book had disappeared. He looked up in surprise and heard the pronouncement of the guardian deity—



O ascetic !
Realizing that
indiscriminate use
of this book could be
harmful, I made the
book disappear.

??

He thought—

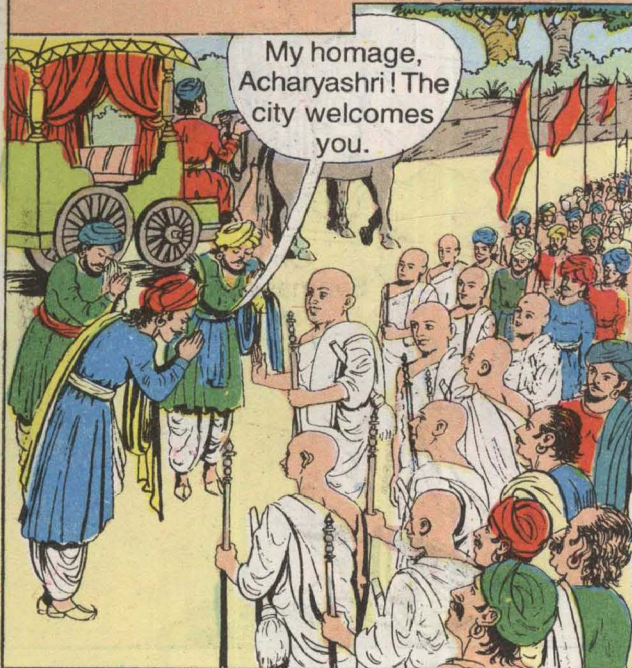


Whatever happened
is for the good. Such
knowledge could be
misused in future.

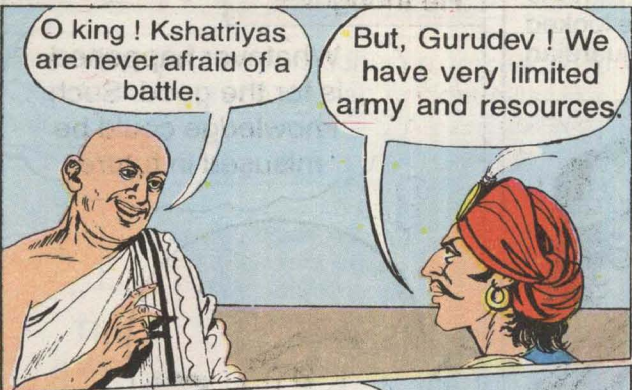
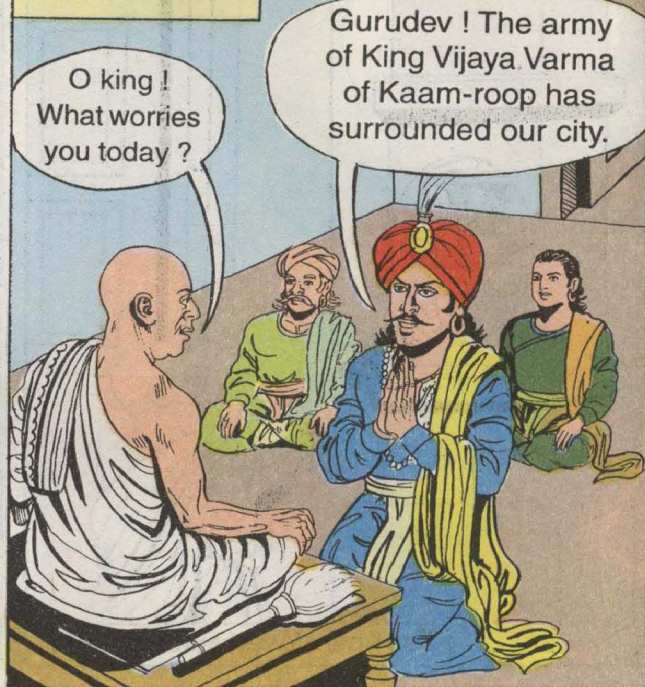
But Acharyashri had gained the knowledge of the two said subjects during the little time he got with the book.

A specific magical power.

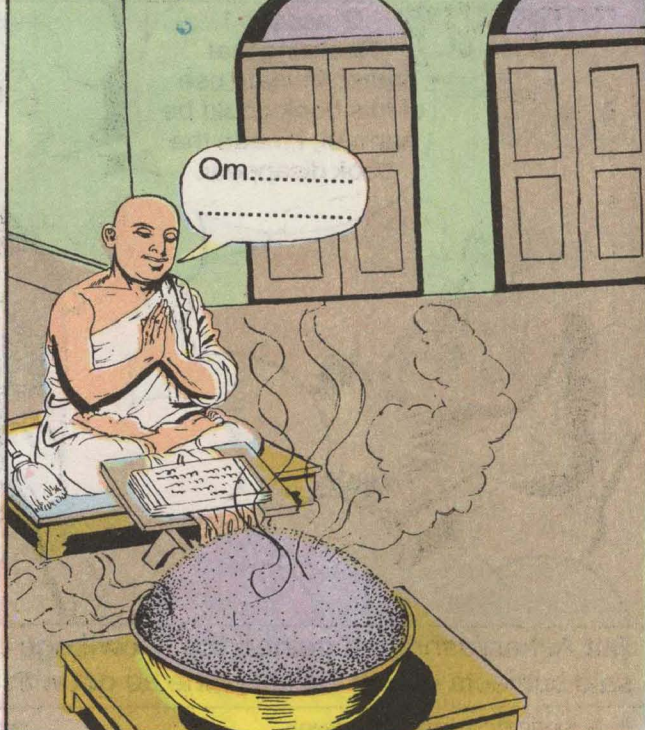
The fame of Acharya Siddhasen reached far and wide due to these miraculous powers. Thousands of people followed him wherever he went. One day he arrived in Kurmar city in Bengal. The ruler of the city came to pay him homage—



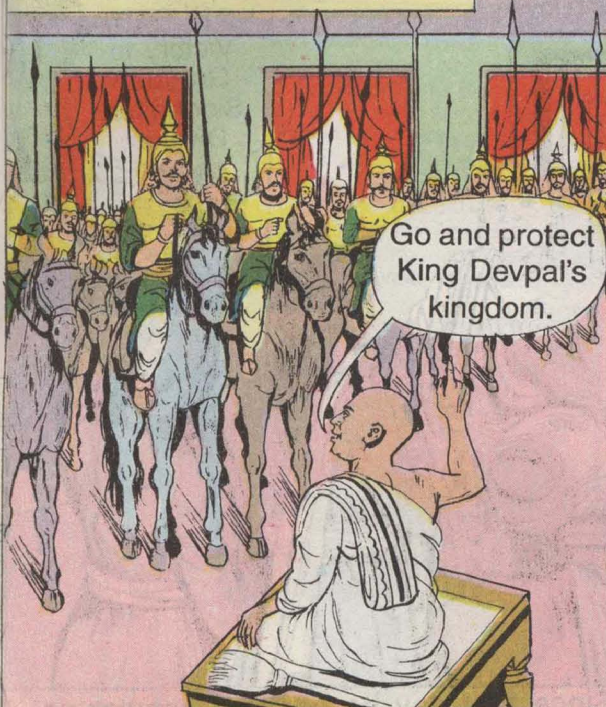
The radiant face and commanding speech of Acharyashri made the king his devotee. One day King Devpal came to Acharyashri. Finding him sad, Acharyashri asked—



During the night Acharyashri placed a plate full of sesame seeds and chanted mantras of Sarshap Vidya.



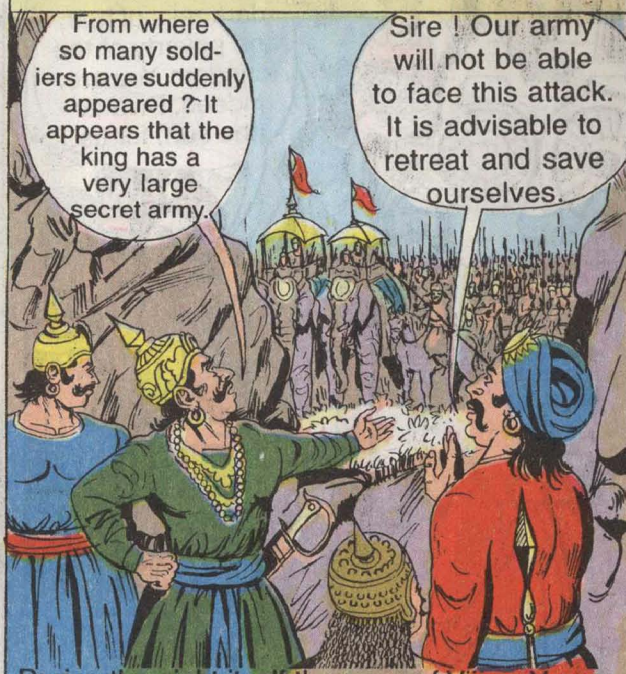
All the sesame seeds in the plate turned to soldiers on horse back. Acharyashri instructed—



Go and protect King Devpal's kingdom.

The soldiers at once rode towards the battle field.

When Vijaya Varma saw thousands of soldiers joining the opposing army he got nervous. He asked his commander—



From where so many soldiers have suddenly appeared? It appears that the king has a very large secret army.

Sire! Our army will not be able to face this attack. It is advisable to retreat and save ourselves.

During the night itself the army of Vijaya Varma retreated.

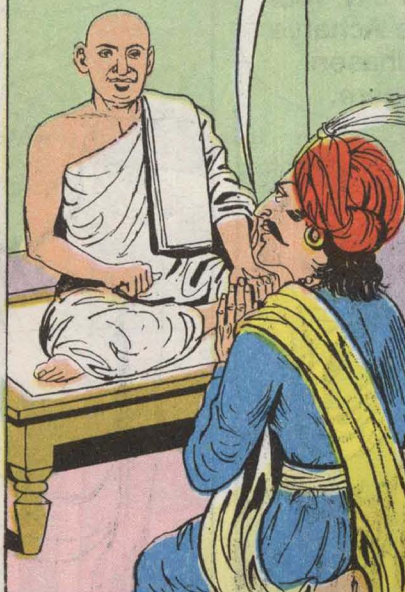
In the morning Devpal came and paid homage to Acharyashri—



Gurudev! You have favoured me by performing a miracle.

O king! Now make necessary arrangements for a strong army.

Gurudev! This would require a lot of money. The treasury of the state is already in a poor state due to war.

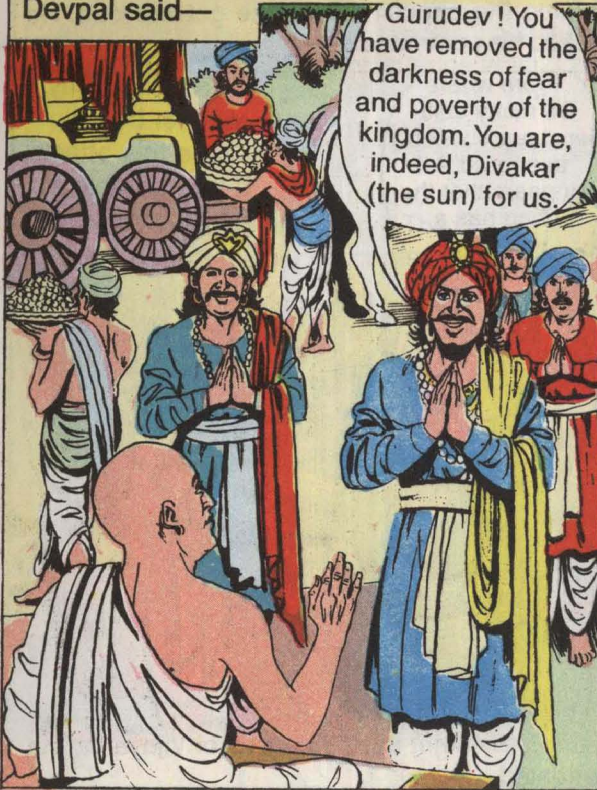


Once again Acharyashri solved the problem of his devotee by giving large quantity of gold made through his Svarna siddhi Vidya.

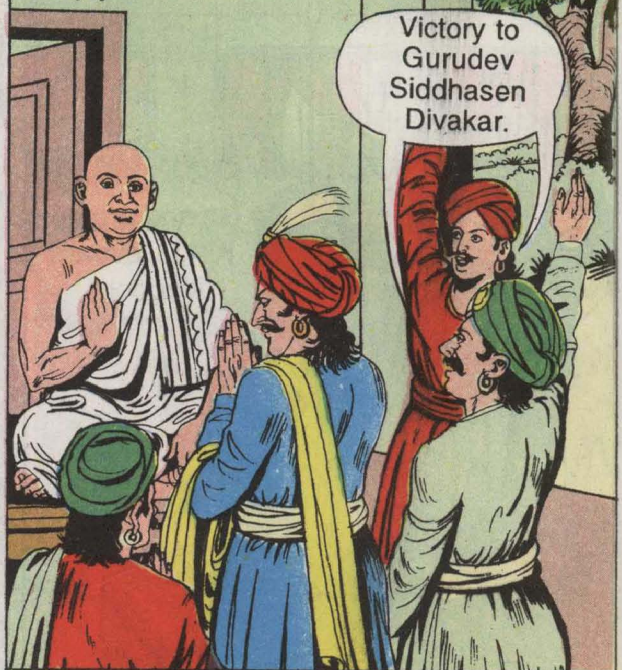


Take it and make all necessary arrangements for the security of your people.

Expressing his gratitude for the favour, Devpal said—

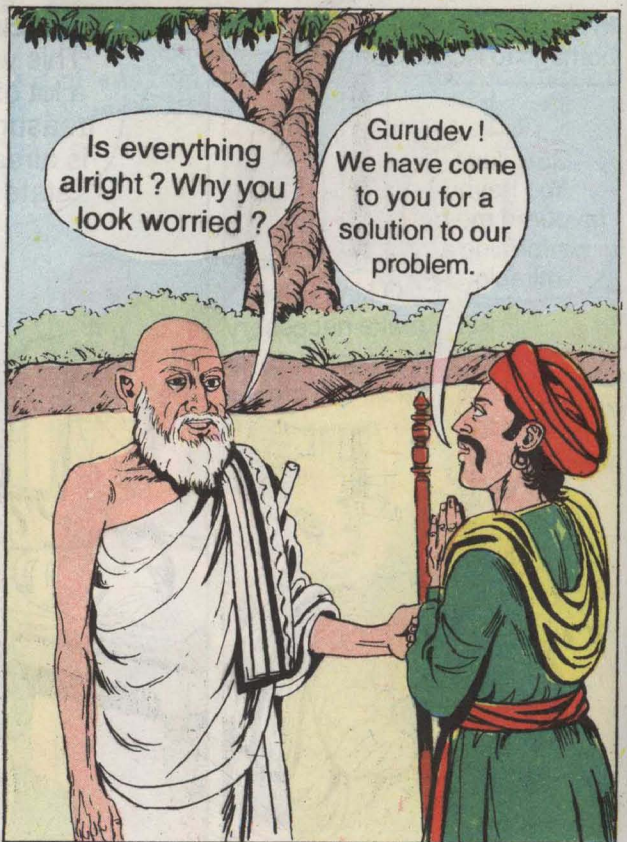
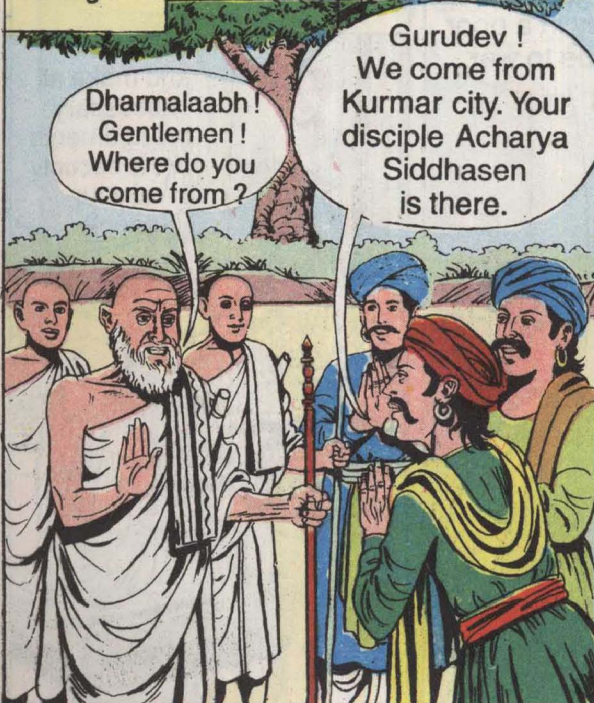


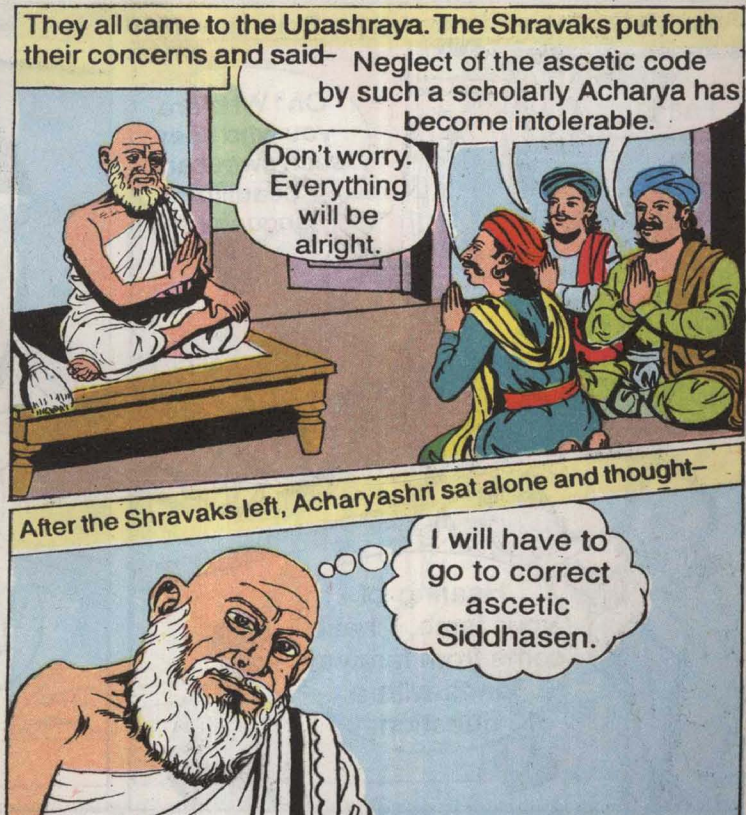
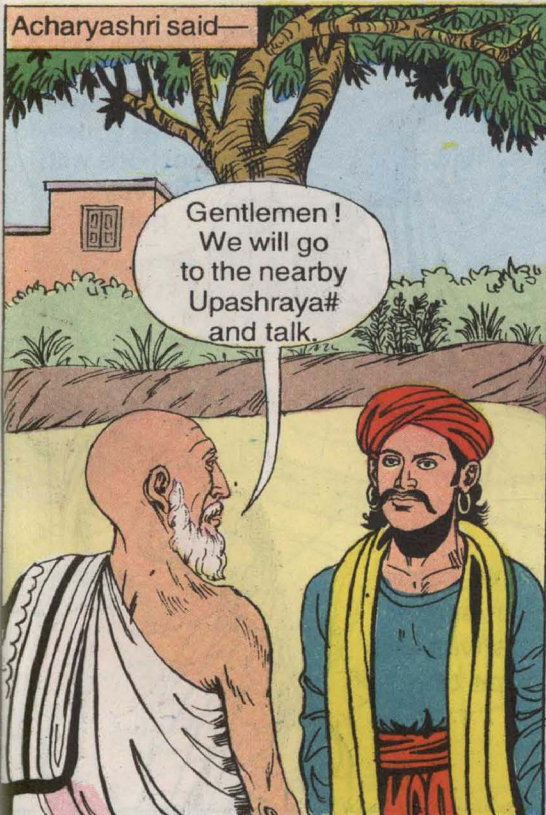
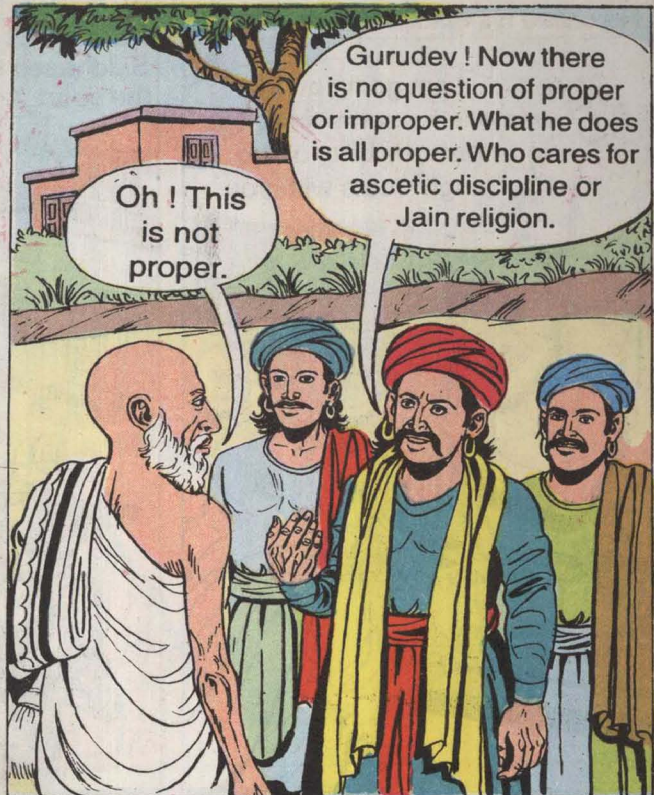
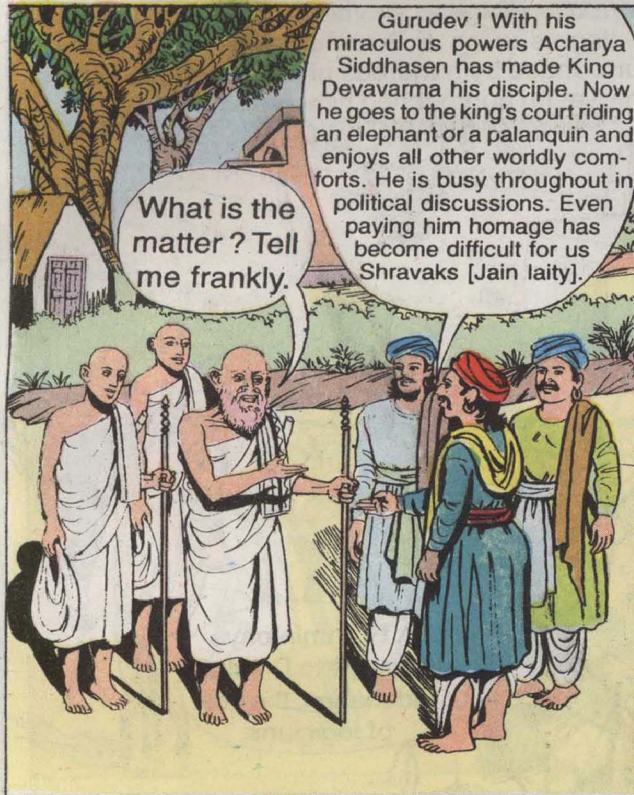
When the king conferred the title of Divakar on Acharya Siddhasen the ministers hailed with joy—



Since that day he became popular as Siddhasen Divakar.

Acharya Vriddhavadi was in Malav those days. One morning when he was returning after the morning visit to temple, some visitors paid homage.





He called his disciples and said—

I am going away alone for some time. The responsibility of the Sangh# rests with you.

As you say, Gurudev.

Wandering from one village to another Acharyashri came to Kurmar city disguised as a Brahmin. He saw Acharya Siddhasen surrounded by hundreds of people on his way to the court. Acharyashri approached him and said—

A Brahmin pays homage to Divakar Siddhasen, the best of logicians.

Acharya Siddhasen looked at the Brahmin with surprise.

Oh ! Who are you who uses such sweet and beautiful language ?

Hearing of your fame, I have come from faraway lands with a question.

Respected Brahmin ! You will find answers of all your questions with Sarvajna-putra.

I have come from distant lands with this hope only.

The Brahmin said—

I could not understand the meaning of this verse. Please explain.

Ask whatever you want to but be quick.

The old Brahmin recited a verse—

Why pluck buds ? Why destroy garden ? Offer flowers to unblemished, why wander in jungle ?*

Siddhasen scratched his head and thought.

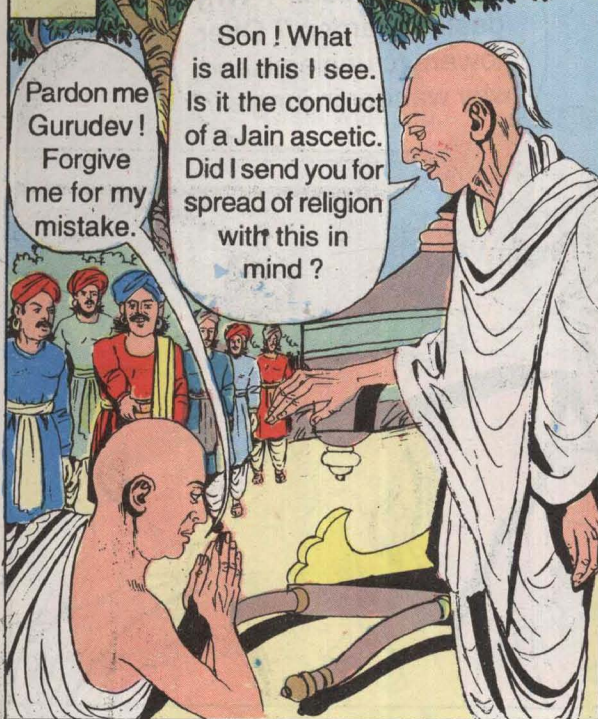
Even I do not understand the meaning of this verse. Who is this scholar ?

Lost in his thoughts, Siddhasen was suddenly alarmed. He looked at the old man carefully.

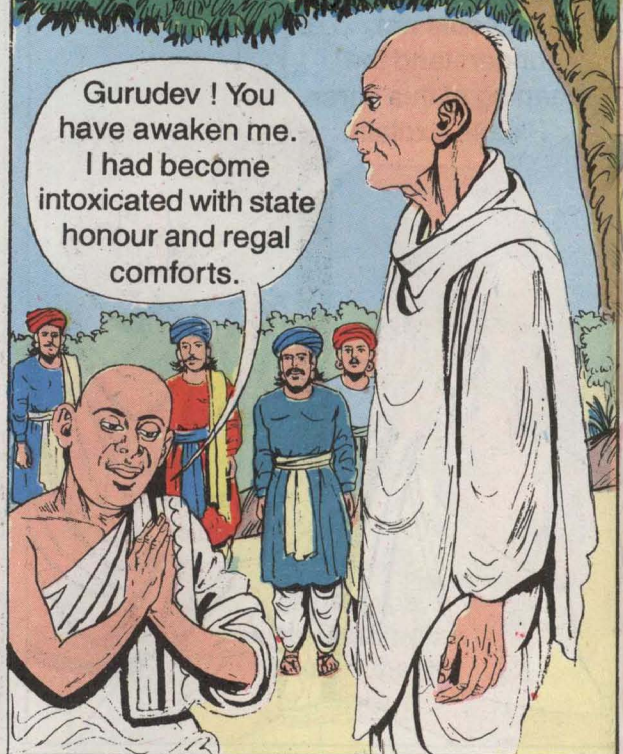
Only my guru is such a scholar. Isn't he my guru ?

* This human life is a creeper with delicate flowers. Why destroy it by plucking buds of mundane comforts ? Over indulgence in the mundane destroys the spiritual garden. Offer the flowers of virtues to the unblemished Jina, why wander in the jungle of rebirths ?

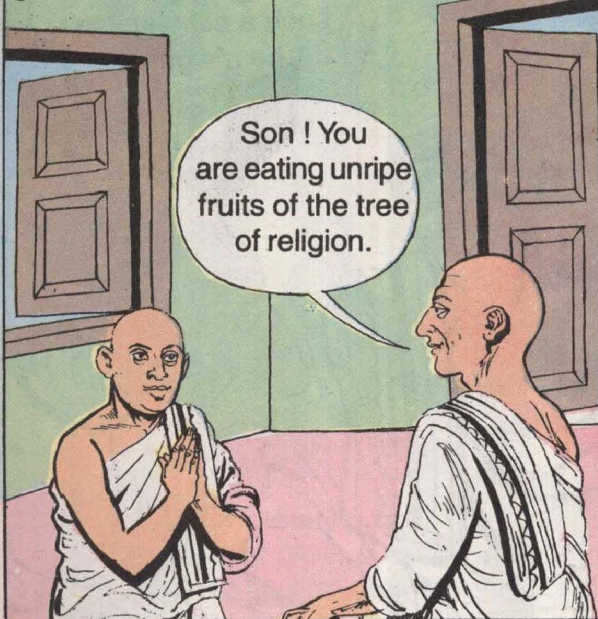
Siddhasen recognized his guru. He at once got down from the palanquin, joined his palms and bowed at the feet of his guru—



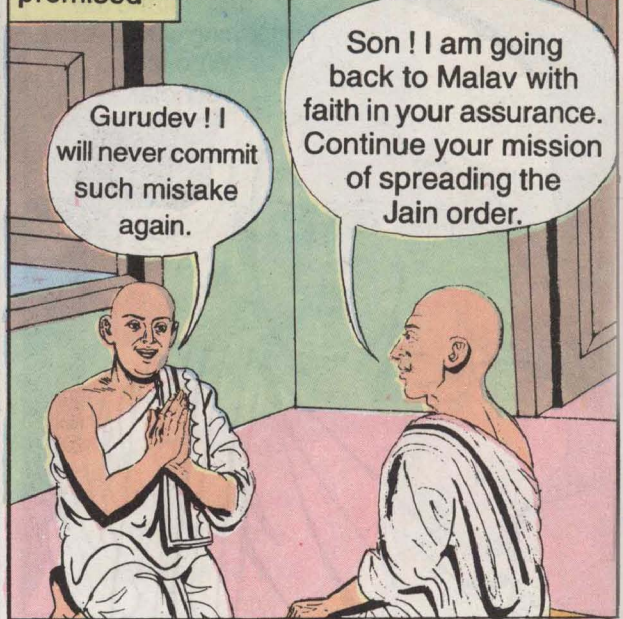
Siddhasen touched the feet of his guru and sought forgiveness—



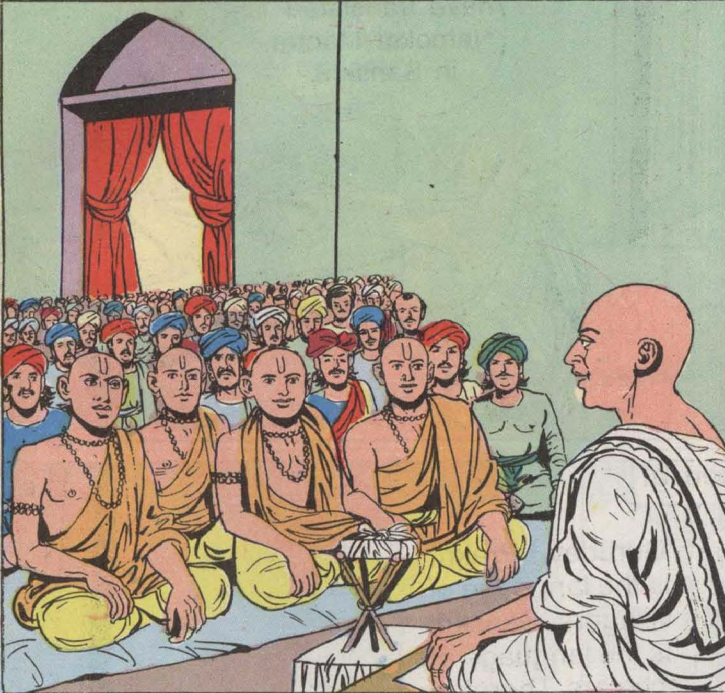
Siddhasen came to the Upashraya with his guru. When he asked the meaning of the verse the guru said—



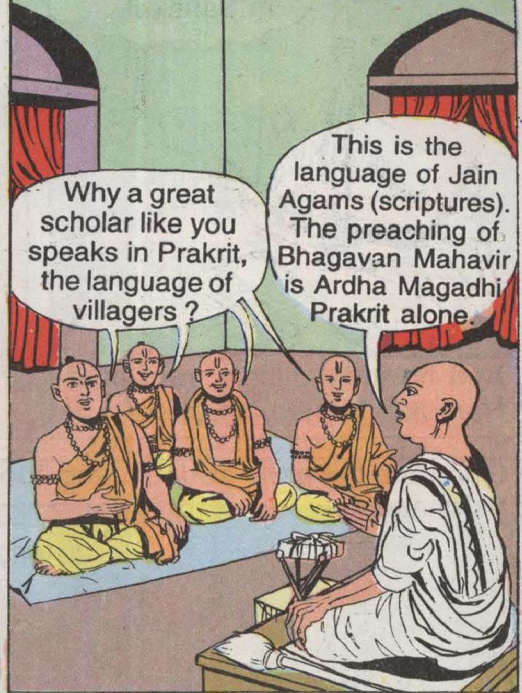
The words of the guru hit him like lightning. The guru prescribed an atonement. Siddhasen promised—



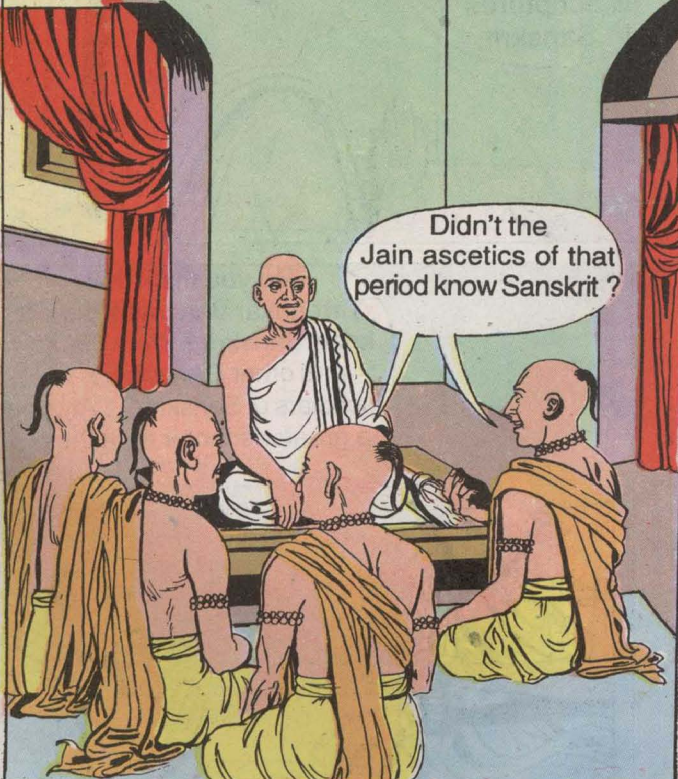
Acharyashri Siddhasen is giving a discourse on scriptures in the large Upashraya in Pratishtanapur. In the large gathering four scholar Brahmins are also sitting.



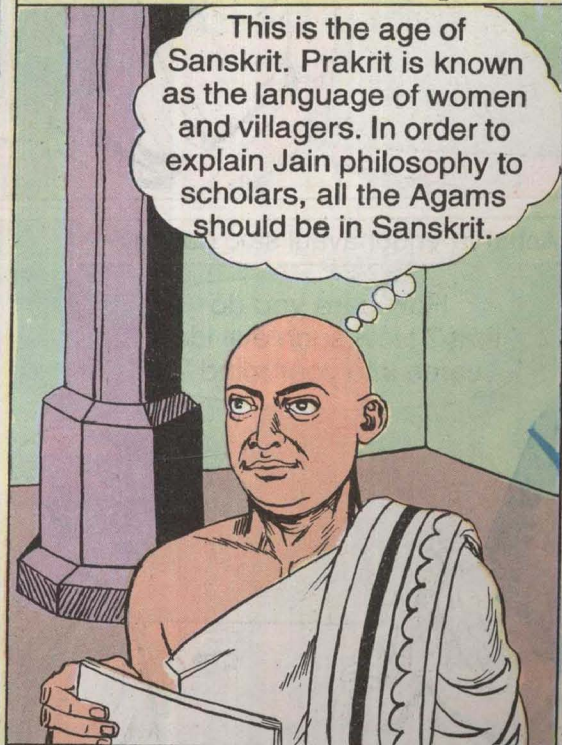
After the discourse the Brahmin scholars said—



The pundits—



Acharyashri convincingly answered the scholars but later he thought—



He thought further—

I will translate all Agams in Sanskrit.

And he immediately translated Namokar Mantra in Sanskrit.

After some time he went to his guru, Acharya Vriddhavadi, and said—

Gurudev ! I have translated Namokar Mantra in Sanskrit.

Gurudev became serious and looked at Siddhasen—

Why ?

Gurudev ! Prakrit is the language of villagers. Sanskrit is the language of scholars. Therefore I want to translate all scriptures in Sanskrit.

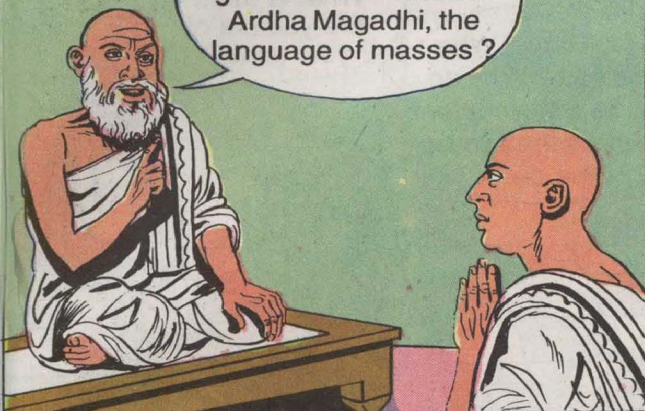
Acharya Vriddhavadi said harshly—

How dare you do that ? How such evil idea came into your mind ?

Do you think that Tirthankar Bhagavan did not know Sanskrit ? Were Gautam and other Ganadhars* not scholars of Sanskrit... ? Are you a greater scholar than them ?

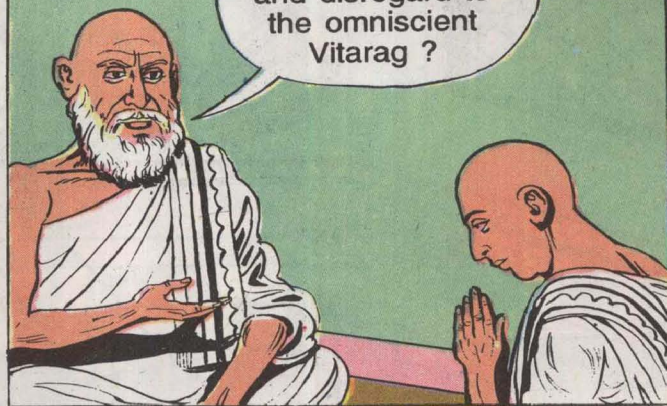
Siddhasen looked agape at Acharyashri—

Do you know why the omniscient Tirthankars gave their sermons in Ardha Magadhi, the language of masses ?



Ashamed Siddhasen looked down.

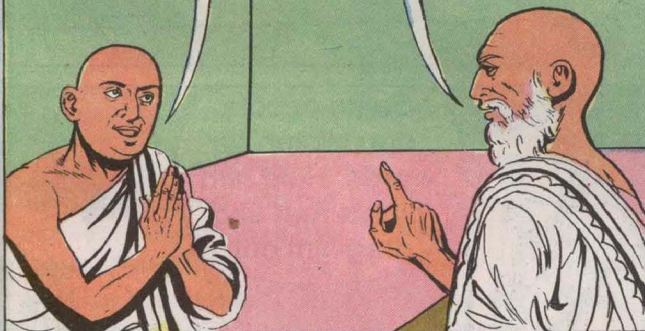
How dare you show disrespect and disregard to the omniscient Vitarag ?



Siddhasen, with joined palms—

Gurudev ! I have committed a mistake.

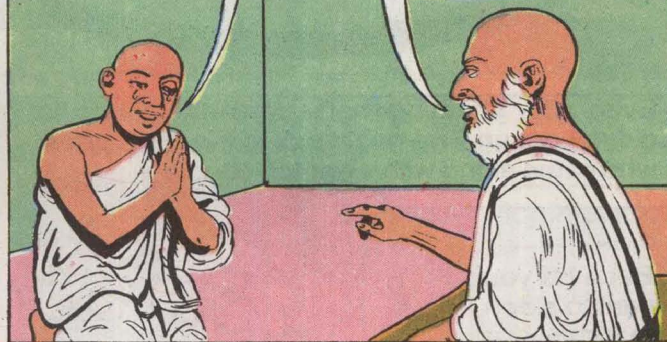
You have committed a grave mistake by showing disrespect to omniscient Tirthankars.



There were tears in the eyes of Siddhasen—

Gurudev ! I am sorry, please pardon me.

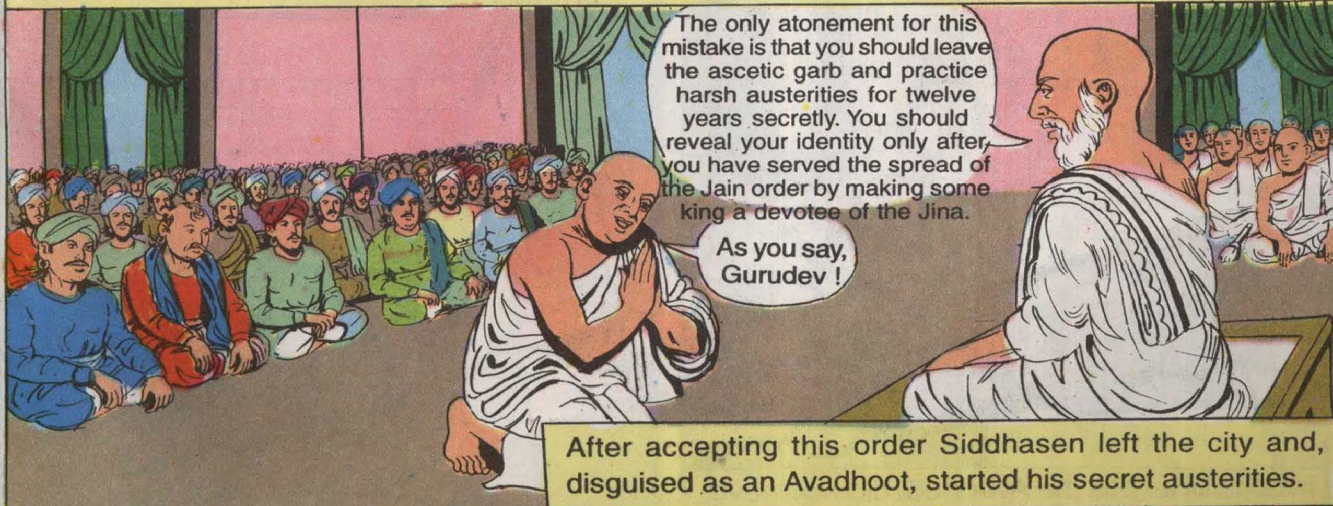
The atonement for this grave crime will be prescribed for you before the Sangh.



Acharya Vriddhavadi summoned the Sangh and after reproaching Siddhasen's deed said—

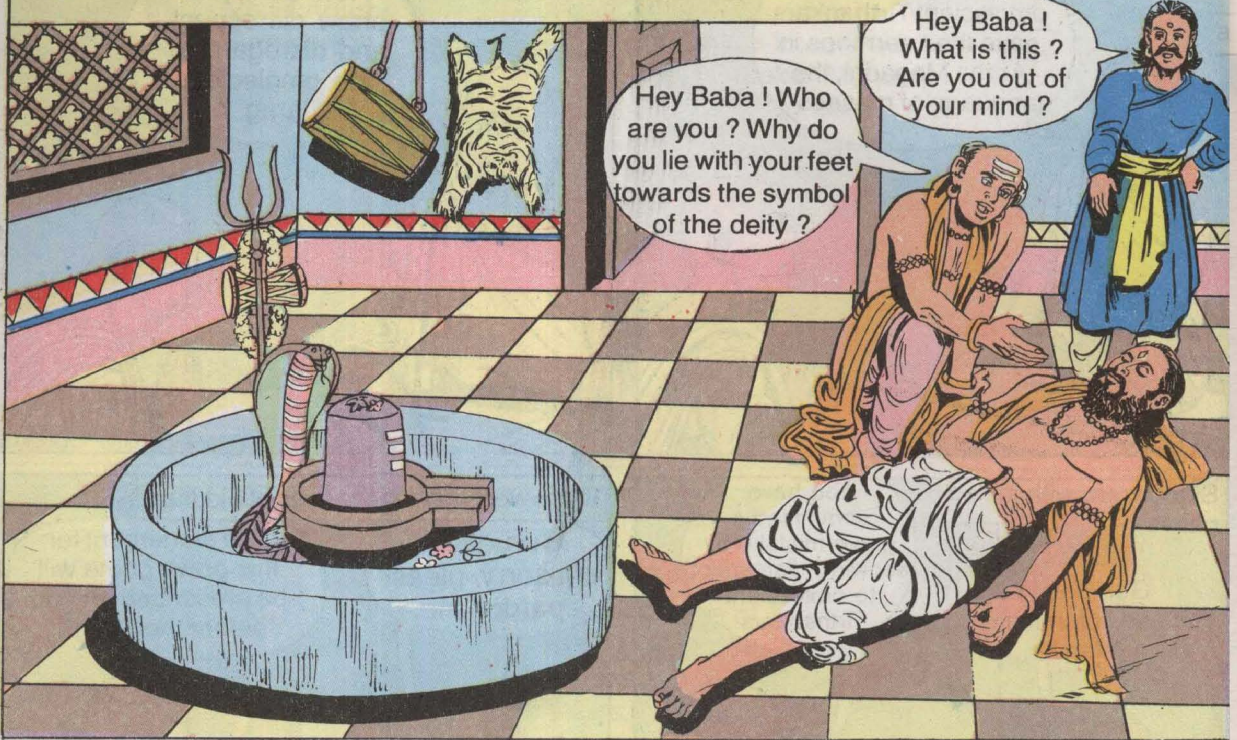
The only atonement for this mistake is that you should leave the ascetic garb and practice harsh austerities for twelve years secretly. You should reveal your identity only after, you have served the spread of the Jain order by making some king a devotee of the Jina.

As you say, Gurudev !

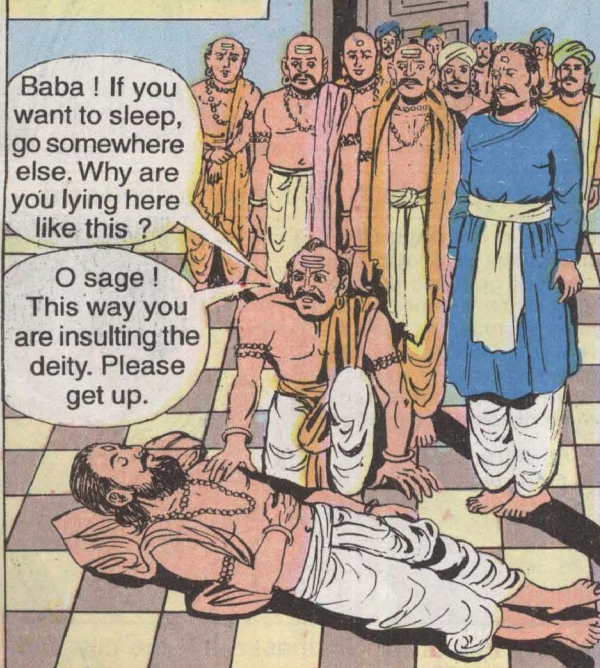


After accepting this order Siddhasen left the city and, disguised as an Avadhoot, started his secret austerities.

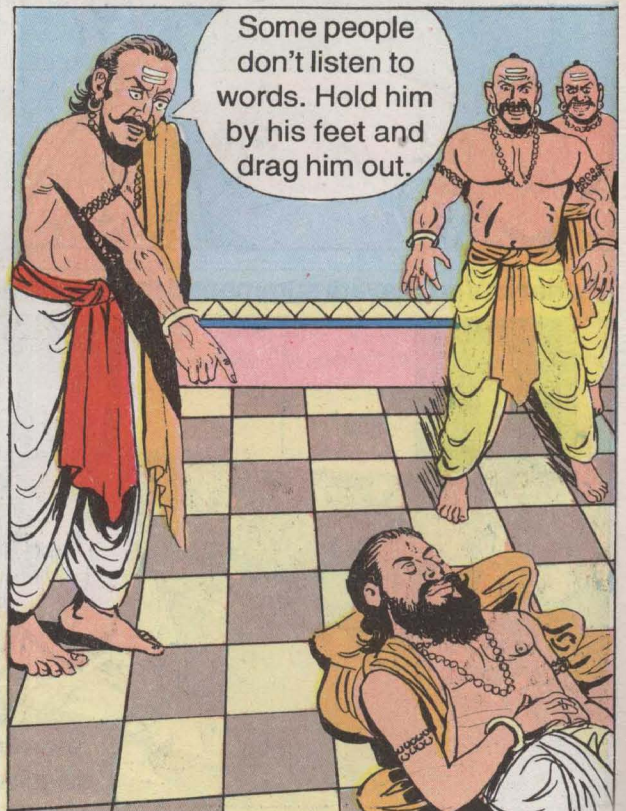
The Mahakaal temple of Ujjayini. In the temple an Avadhoot is lying with his feet towards the Shiva Linga. When the priest saw this he came to the Avadhoot and tried to wake him up—



Even after shouting many times the Avadhoot did not get up. The priest called the head priest, who came along with eight-ten people—



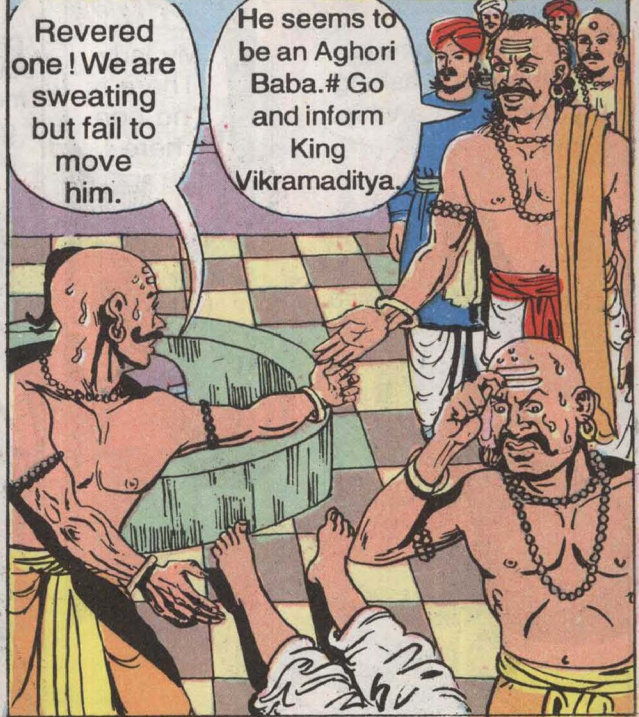
In spite of all this the Avadhoot did not move.



Two persons caught his feet and tried to drag—



Four five persons tried again. Even their combined strength could not move the Avadhoot even an inch.



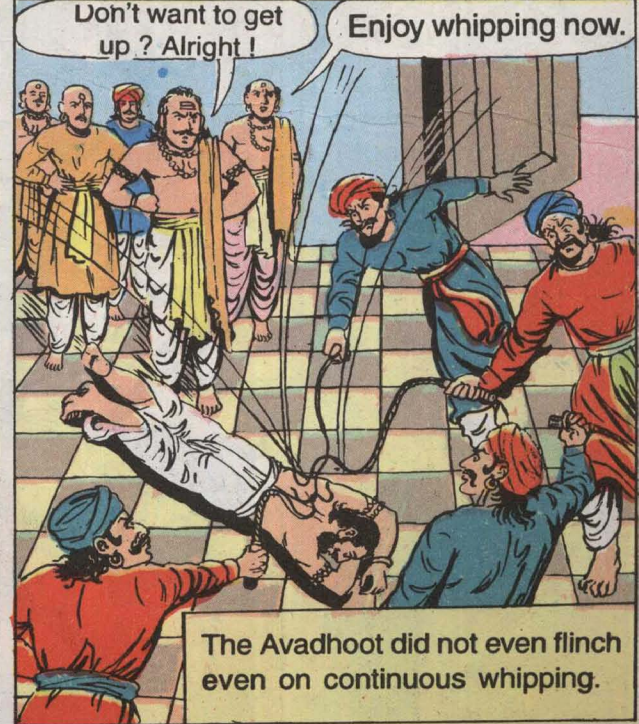
Two guards came and informed King Vikramaditya—

Sire! Some Aghori Baba is sleeping with his feet in the direction of the image of Mahakaaleshvar. In spite of all efforts he is not getting up.

Who is that cunning impostor? Wake him up by whipping. Arrest him and present before me.



The guards returned to the temple and started whipping the Avadhoot who turned to show his back.



Shaivite mendicants having evil magical powers.

All of a sudden loud wailing and moaning sounded from King Vikramaditya's palace. The queen shouted—

Oh ! Some one is beating me. Lashing my back with a whip.

My lady ! There is no one here !

The maids were alarmed. They rushed to the king and informed—

Sire ! The palace is filled with sounds of wailing and moaning. Some evil ghost or magician is lashing the queen's back.

Sire ! There are red bruises on the queens skin. We don't know who is this invisible ghost.

Vikramaditya scratched his head and thought over for a moment—

Isn't it a spell by that Avadhoot ?

He at once rushed to the Mahakaal temple.

Stop it ! Wait ! Don't hit the Avadhoot.

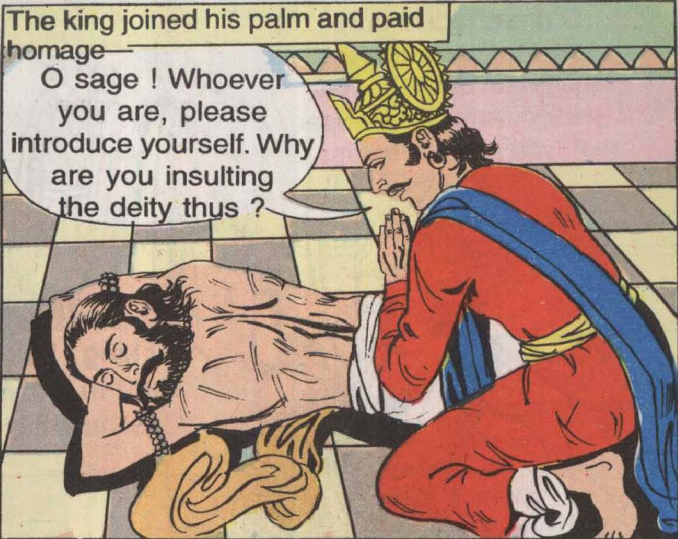
The king went near and looked—

He appears to be some accomplished yogi disguised as an Avadhoot.



The king joined his palm and paid homage—

O sage ! Whoever you are, please introduce yourself. Why are you insulting the deity thus ?

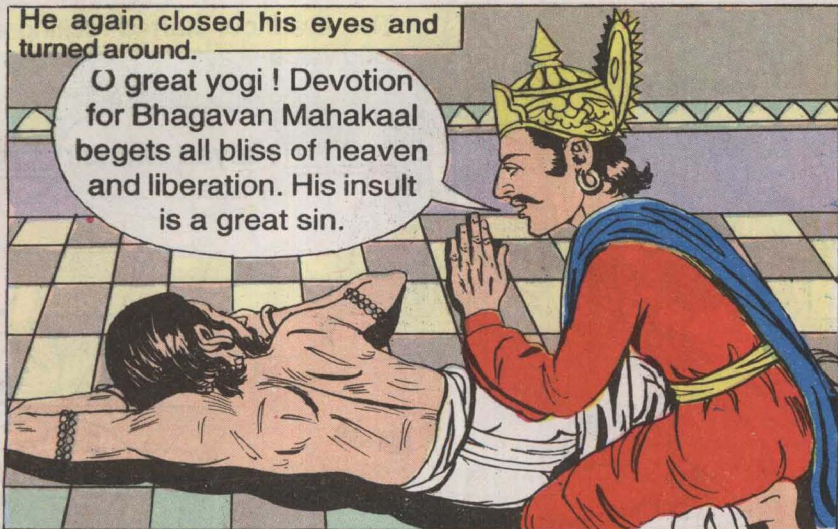


The Avadhoot opened his eyes and looked at the king.



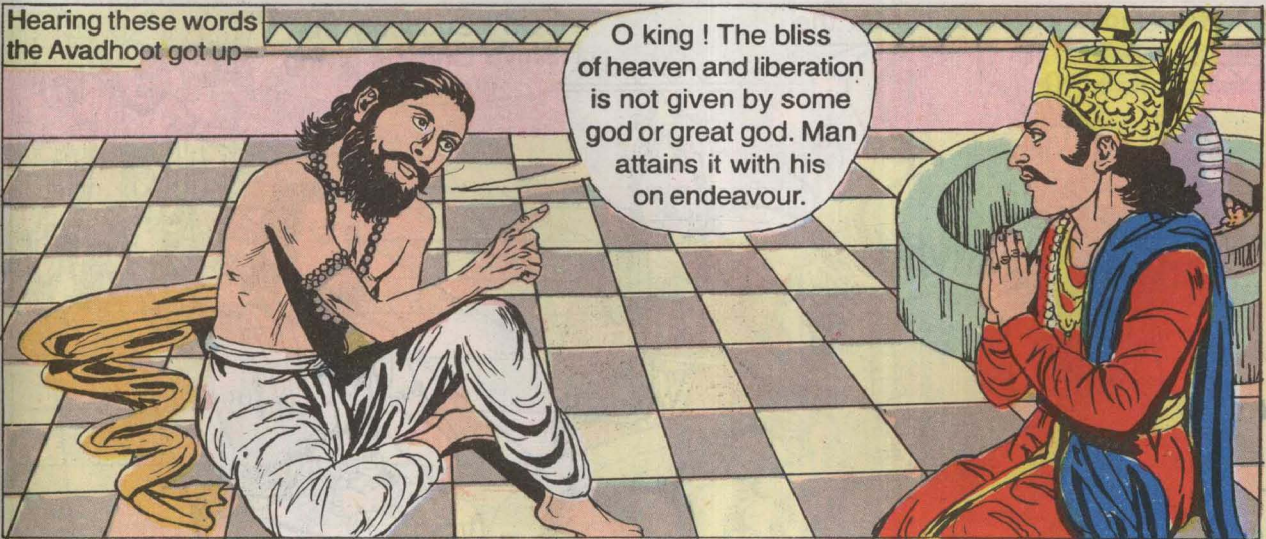
He again closed his eyes and turned around.

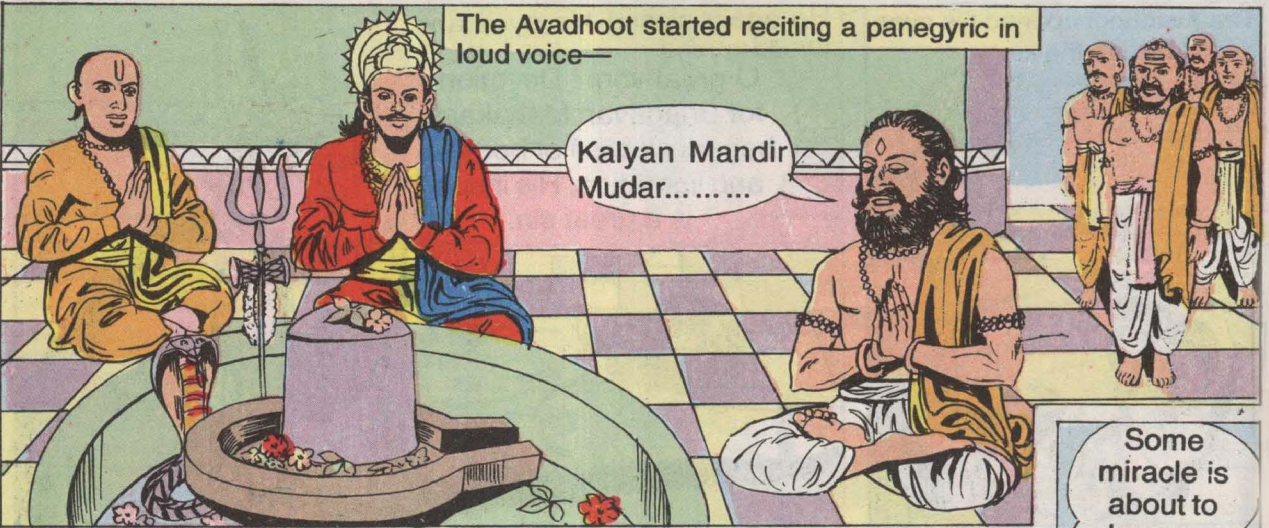
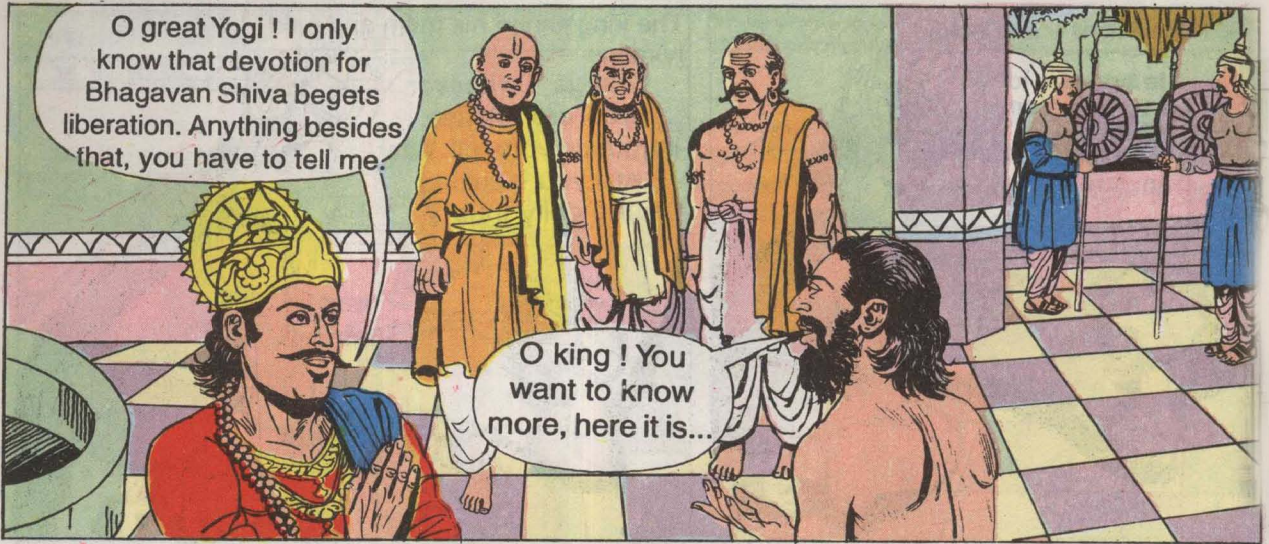
O great yogi ! Devotion for Bhagavan Mahakaal begets all bliss of heaven and liberation. His insult is a great sin.



Hearing these words the Avadhoot got up—

O king ! The bliss of heaven and liberation is not given by some god or great god. Man attains it with his on endeavour.





Some time later a divine image emerged from the Shiva Linga. Everyone looked agape. The king also witnessed the scene with astonishment—



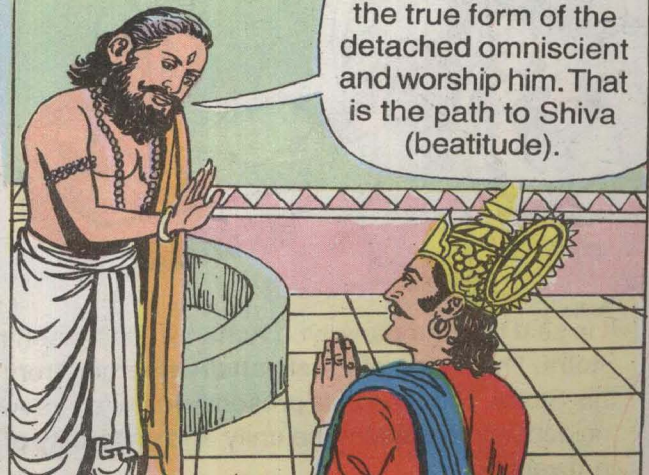
Vikramaditya paid homage to the Avadhoot—

O great yogi !
Please give your
introduction. Why did
you perform this
miracle ?



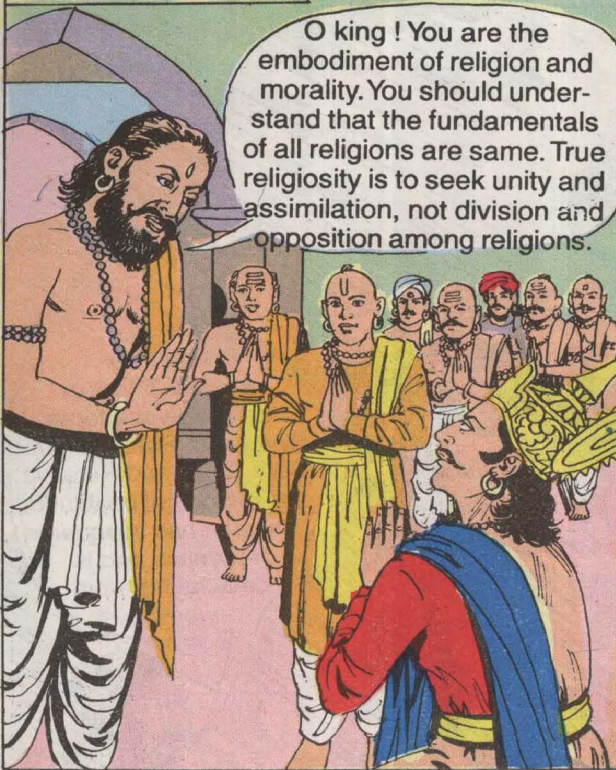
Acharya Siddhasen introduced himself. Overwhelmed with devotion Vikramaditya bowed at his feet.

O king ! Understand
the true form of the
detached omniscient
and worship him. That
is the path to Shiva
(beatitude).

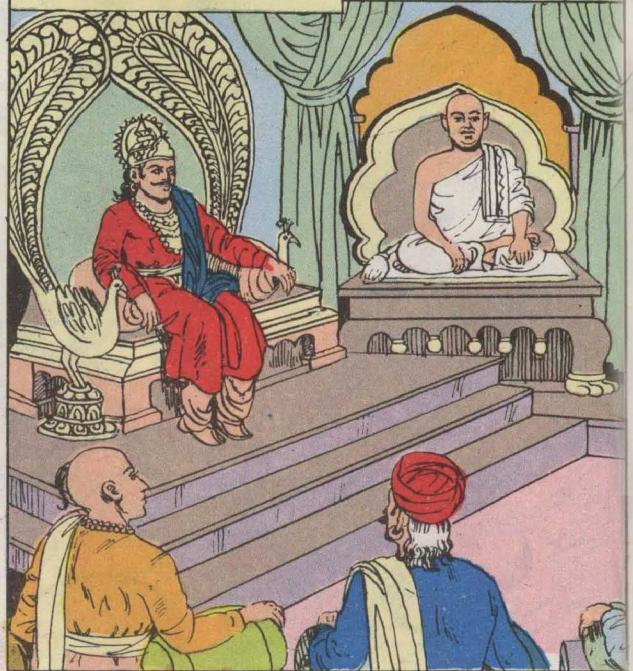


The Acharya then added—

O king ! You are the embodiment of religion and morality. You should understand that the fundamentals of all religions are same. True religiosity is to seek unity and assimilation, not division and opposition among religions.



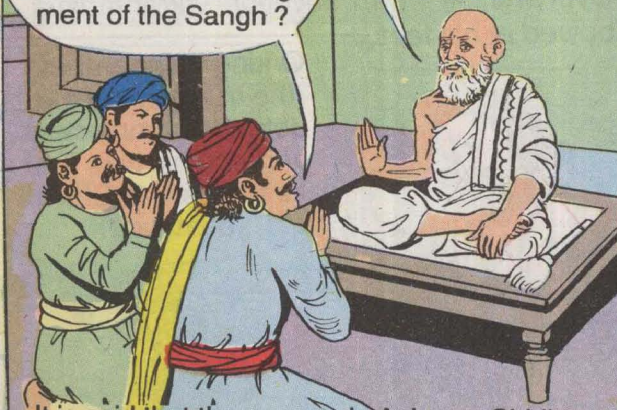
Acharyashri's preaching made King Vikramaditya tilt towards Jainism and he started respecting Jain Shramans. He gave a position of honour to Acharya Siddhasen in his council of scholars.



At that time Acharya Vriddhavadi was stationed at Bhrigukachha. One day prominent members of the Sangh came and informed—

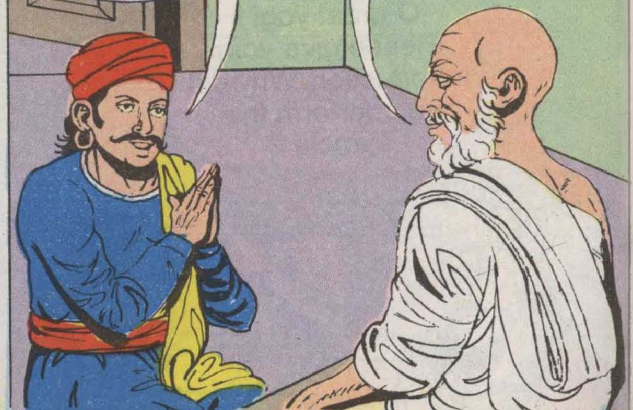
Gurudev ! You have become very weak due to old age. Have you thought about the future management of the Sangh ?

Acharya Siddhasen is capable of taking over the Sangh management but five years still remain in his allotted atonement period.



Looking at his services towards the spread of the Jain order, can't his atonement period be reduced ?

I am also on the same track. Now we should invite Siddhasen with due honour.

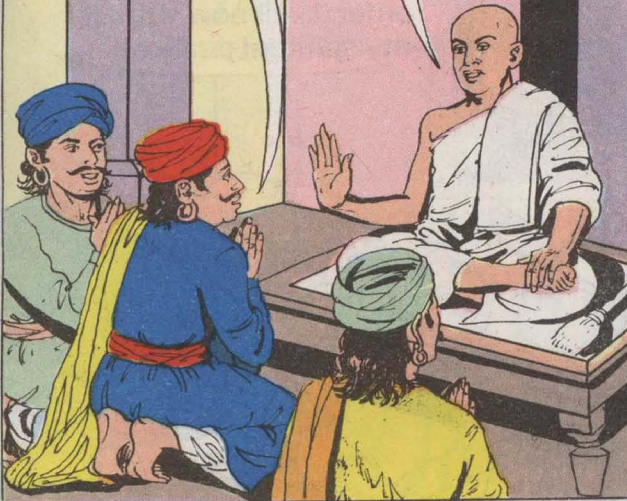


It is said that the panegyric Acharya Siddhasen recited became popularly known as Kalyan Mandir Stotra. The image of Parshvanath emerged from Shiva Linga at the conclusion of eleventh verse of this Stotra. That image is presently installed as Avanti Parshvanath in the Jain temple in Ujjayini. This incident informs about the unity and uniformity of Shiva and Parshvanath and inspires towards unity in diversity.

On getting permission from guru Vriddhavadi, the prominent Shravaks went to Ujjayini and requested Siddhasen—

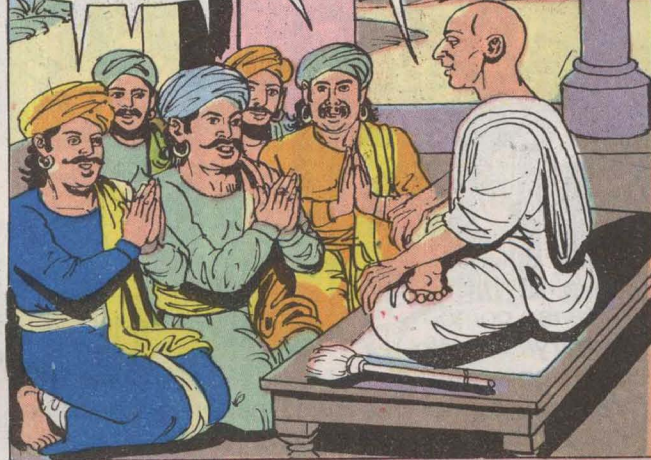
Gurudev and the Sangh are happy with your contribution towards spread of the order. The Sangh is very grateful to you

What instructions Gurudev sends for me ?



You should again grace the position of the Acharya of the Sangh. This is the wish of Gurudev and the Sangh.

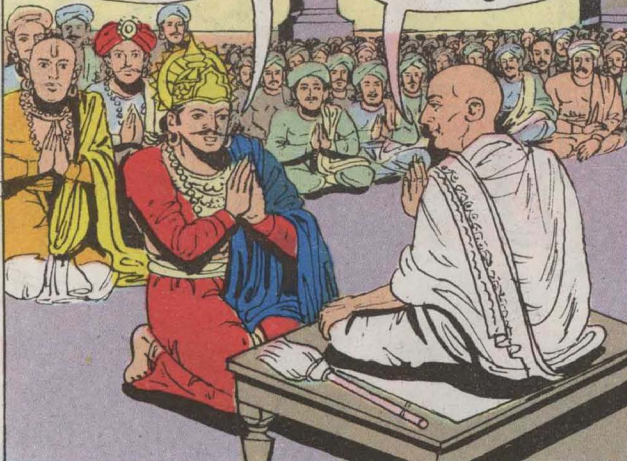
It is my duty to accept the order of Gurudev and the advise of the Sangh.



Acharya Siddhasen was re-installed as the Acharya of the Sangh with due ceremony on an auspicious day. King Vikramaditya attended this ceremony and honoured Acharyashri with the shawl of honour.

Acharyashri we are indebted to you for bringing the river of religion to Ujjayini.

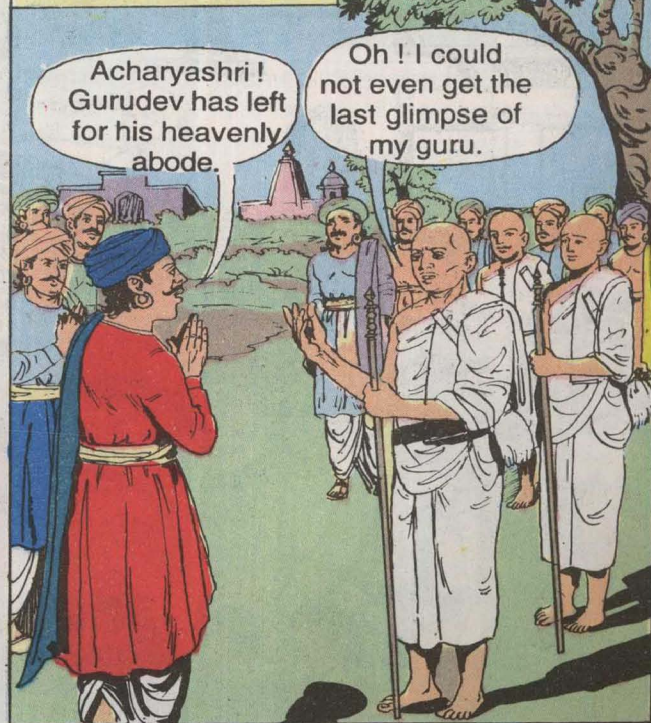
O king ! To tread the path of religion is the greatest service to the guru.



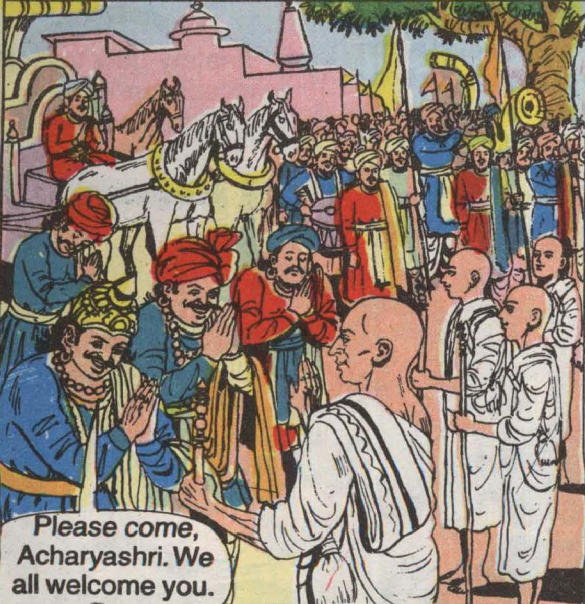
A few days later Siddhasen left for Bhrigukachha to see his guru. On the way he got the sad news.

Acharyashri ! Gurudev has left for his heavenly abode.

Oh ! I could not even get the last glimpse of my guru.



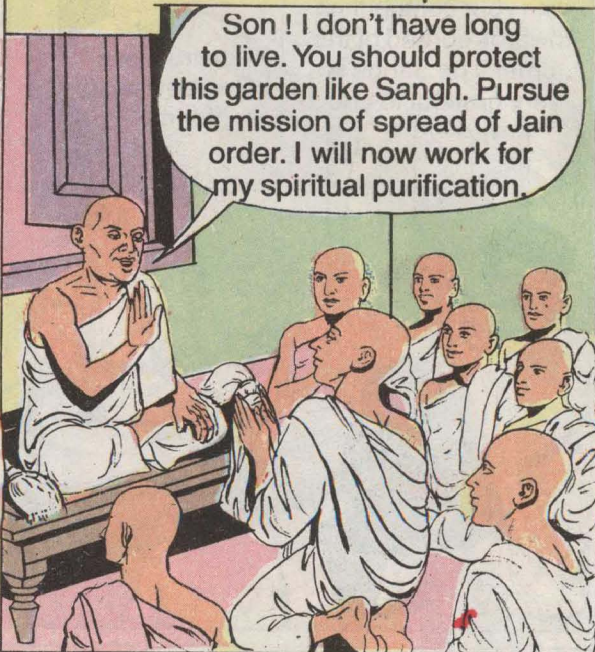
Acharya Siddhasen reached Bhargukachha. The whole Sangh warmly greeted him. King Dhananjaya of Bhargukachha came to receive him.



Please come, Acharyashri. We all welcome you.

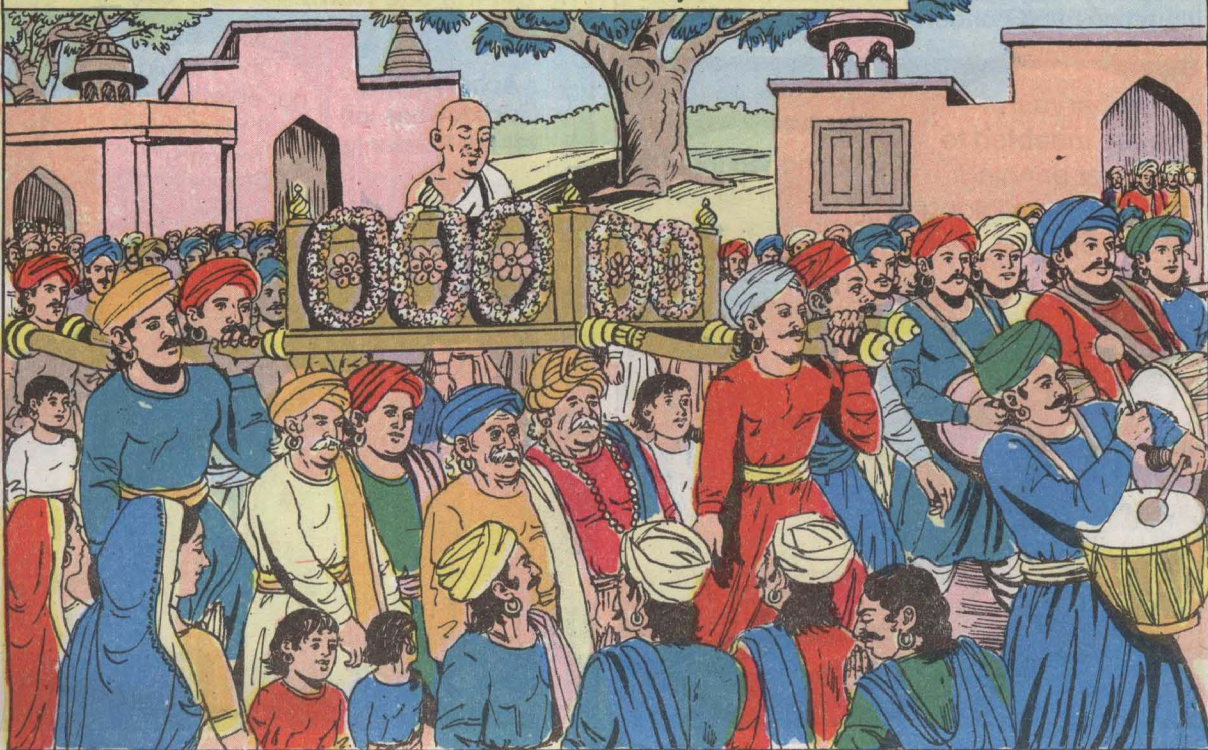
With passage of time King Dhananjaya became his devotee and Acharyashri showed him the path of devotion for the Jina.

After some time Acharyashri came to Pratishthanapur. By now he was also quite old. One day he had a premonition during his meditation. He summoned his disciples and said pointing at a senior and able disciple—



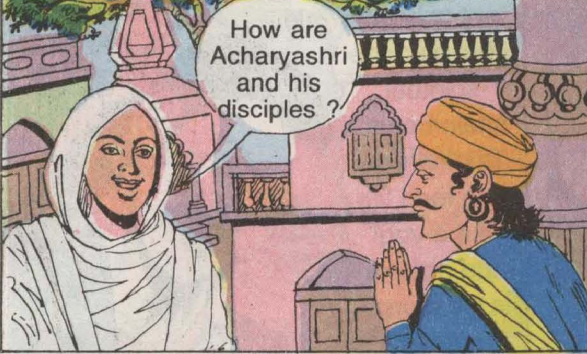
Son !! I don't have long to live. You should protect this garden like Sangh. Pursue the mission of spread of Jain order. I will now work for my spiritual purification.

He then took the ultimate vow (Santhara) and, engrossed in the thoughts of Arihant Siddha Bhagavan,* embraced meditational death. Thousands of Shravaks joined his last rites.

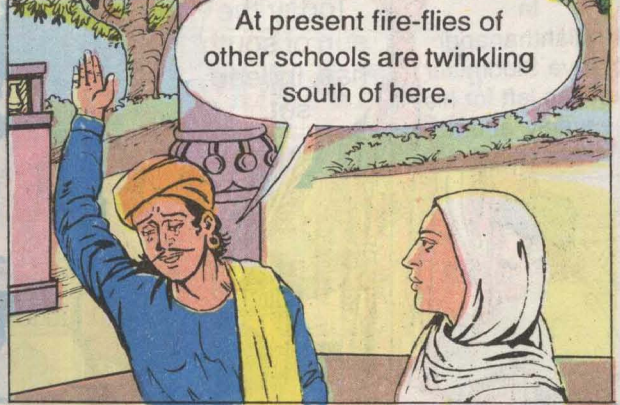


The all conquering perfected liberated souls. 94

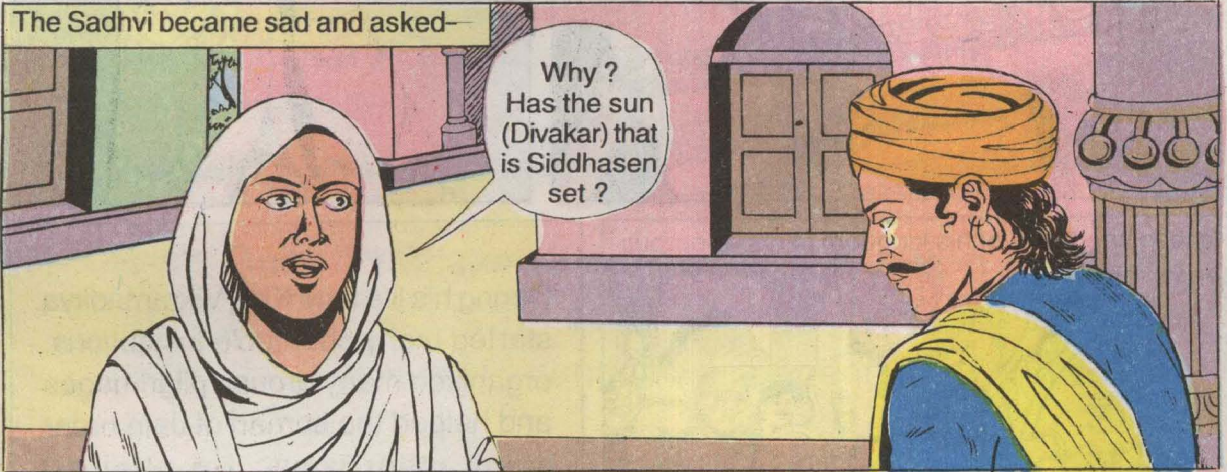
Some days later a bard from Pratishthanapur came to Vishaala city. There he met Sathvi Siddhashri, the sister of Acharya Siddhasen. The Sathvi (female ascetic) asked—



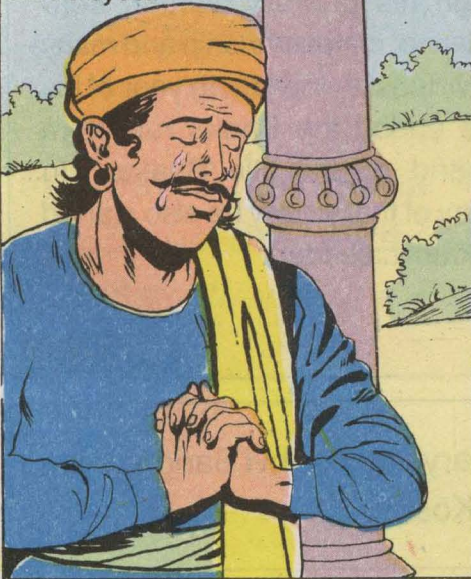
Tears brimmed in his eyes. He said in choked voice—



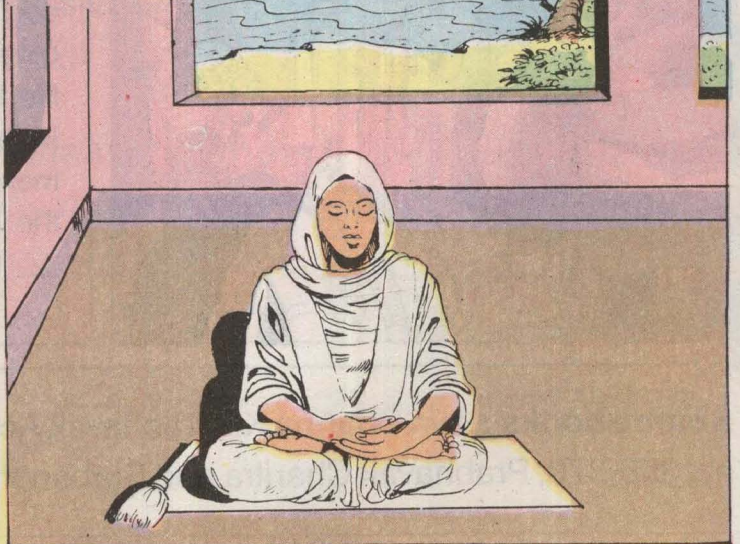
The Sathvi became sad and asked—



Tears started flowing from the bard's eyes.



On getting the news Sathvi Siddhashri also took the ultimate vow and embraced meditational death.

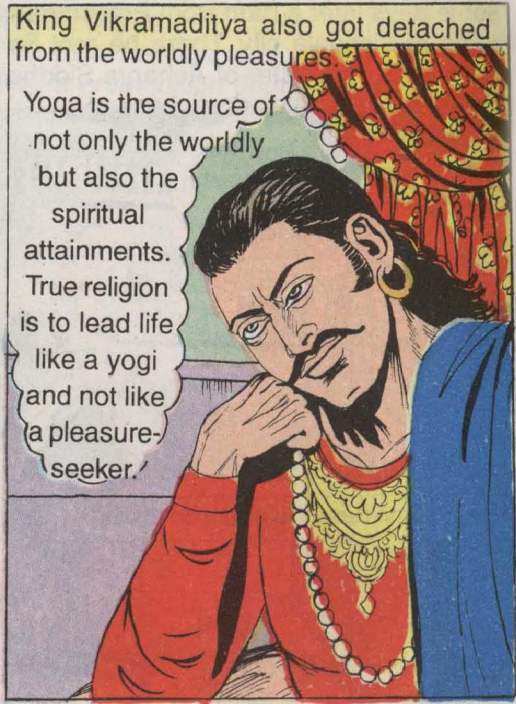




King Vikramaditya also got the news—

In Pratihthanapur Acharya Siddhaser Suri has left for his heavenly abode.

Today the sun of south has, indeed, set.



King Vikramaditya also got detached from the worldly pleasures.

Yoga is the source of not only the worldly but also the spiritual attainments. True religion is to lead life like a yogi and not like a pleasure-seeker.

He then handed over his kingdom to his valourous son Vikramcharitra.



During his life time King Vikramaditya started many charitable institutions, organized many groups pilgrimages and helped the spread of Jain order many other ways. He attained immortality in the history of mankind through his bravery, valour, self-confidence, statesmanship and many other virtues. In the fiftieth year of his life he ended the Shaka rule from India and got the title 'Shakari'. In memory of that victory he also started the Vikram calendar.

THE END

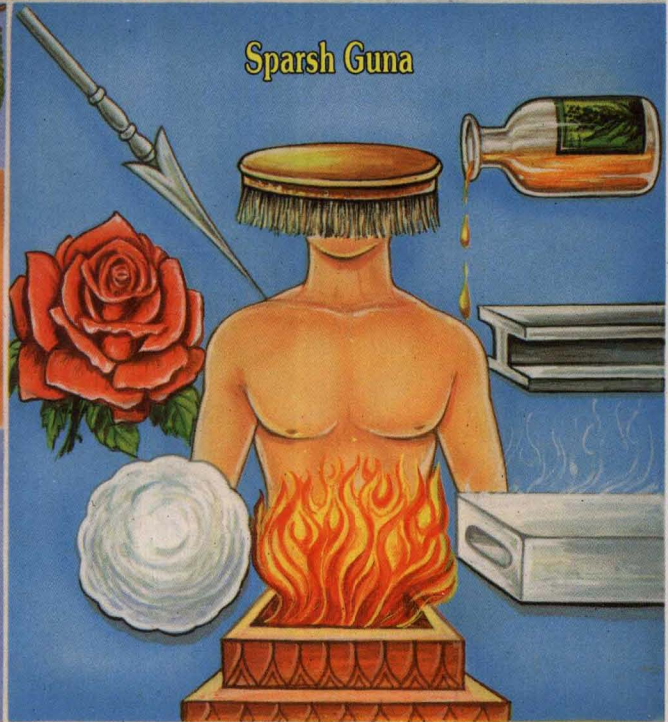
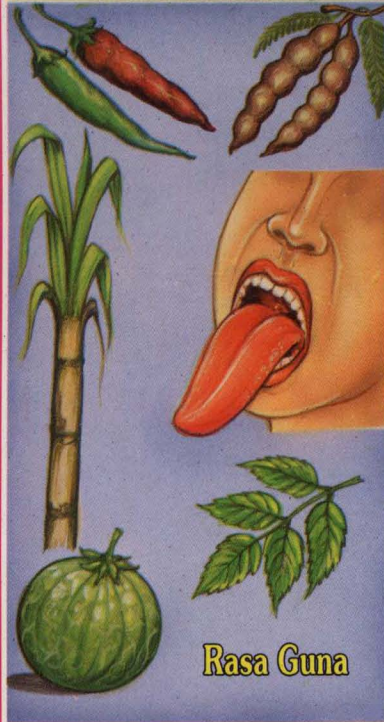
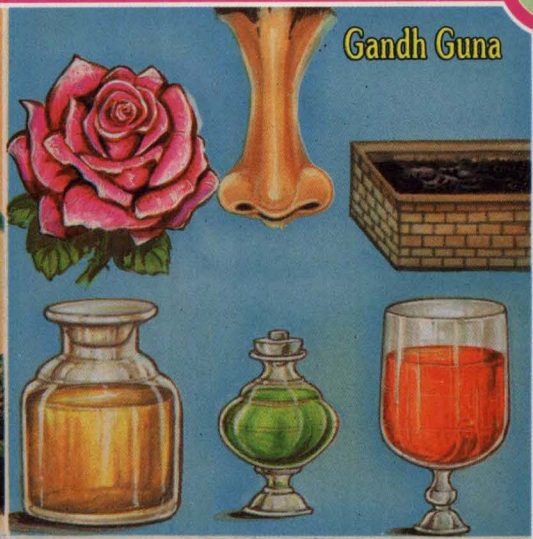
Source books : Jain Dharma Ke Prabhavak Acharya by Sadhvi Sanghamitra, pp. 356-373; Prabhavak Charitra and Prabandh Kosha.

AJIVA GUNA PRAMAAN

- (1) **Varna Guna Pramaan (Standard of Validation by Appearance or Colour-attributes)**—Information acquired through eyes—the five colour attributes black, blue, red, yellow and white.
- (2) **Gandh Guna Pramaan Standard of Validation by Smell-attributes)**—Information acquired through nose—good smell and bad smell attributes.
- (3) **Rasa Guna Pramaan (Standard of Validation by Taste-attributes)**—Information acquired through tongue—the five taste attributes—bitter, pungent, astringent, sour and sweet.
- (4) **Spars Guna Pramaan (Standard of Validation by Touch-attributes)**—Information acquired through body—the eight attributes of touch—abrasive or hard, soft, heavy, light, cold, hot, smooth and coarse or dry.
- (5) **Samsthan Guna Pramaan (Standard of Validation by Structure-attributes)**—Five kinds including *Parimandal Samsthan Guna Pramaan* (circular-plate structure).

—Aphorisms 429-434, pp. 270-273





AJIVA GUNA PRAMAAN

(See Details Overleaf)

Picture taken from Illsutrated Anuyog-dvar Sutra, Editor: Shri Amar Muni